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Prime Angeles
Interview: All Condon

GEMMILL AND JOSEPH GUILFOYLE
OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Ark.—Gov. Orval Faubus
the Arkansas capitol
most full day there
and spent bet-
chedule ex-
something

School Head Defends Move In Sending Negroes Home

Threat of Troops May Lead Other Governors to Withdraw Forces Harder for Solutions

But Extremists Are B

**BOYS OF 4 RACIAL ORIGINS
USE SCHOOL FLAGS IN TEXAS**

E. Tex., Sept. 28.—The boys of different racial
ise the American flag
side's integrated schools
before studying together
under the giant oaks
its grounds.
ire: Martin Stone, a Ne-
Jesse Tanamachi, of Ja-

SURGE POLICE QUIT

"Turn in your badge and your gun," the police command yelled at the police officers' school immobile. "I'm only doing my job," didn't I lose my job?" "Go ahead, go ahead and turn in your badge," the police were urged.

Out of the police of Thomas Duanyar, took a badge and walked away. "Hurray, hurray," the cheered.

"He's the only villain the force," a young man plain shirt shouted.

"He's the last person," someone suggested, in a moment of persons were thrown, collecting three men, who were issued in the

RACE A

Continued From First Page

... Already, Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Michigan and Oklahoma are among the states that have passed laws to speed up the process of removing illegal immigrants from the country. In some cases, the laws allow for the immediate deportation of illegal immigrants who are caught at the border. In other cases, the laws allow for the deportation of illegal immigrants who are caught in the interior of the state. The laws also provide for the deportation of illegal immigrants who are caught in the process of crossing the border. The laws are designed to speed up the process of removing illegal immigrants from the country and to ensure that the process is fair and efficient.

School Crisis

Girl, 16, Has
 Solution to
 School Row
 BY CHARLES N. QUINN
 LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 26
 A 16-year-old girl, a junior

ists in other states to similar economic reser-
ance; bitterness spurred at Little Rock with-
spread, at least temporarily, to many South-
erners of more moderate leanings.

Crackdown
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"to crack down
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Negroes Have 'Terrible Day'

AND

APPROVAL

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at Central High made a tearful plea for him to stay home and work out integrations. "If parents work themselves out of school and let us stay home and let us stay

Negro, White Unite to Rout

THE SCHOOLS:

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WASH. POST
LONG TROOP
FOR LITTLE RO
Prospects for Early Solu
of Education Controver

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School Crisis

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"ration

made a tearful plea for parents to stay home and let pupils work out integration at the school themselves.

10

"We just want them to be right," said the youngster, who declined to identify himself.

"We can do it," the brown-haired girl, shaking with emotion, sobbingly told reporters she had been warned by another student not to attend classes or "I was going to get it."

identical sections.



After office hours in Puerto Rico. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

The Executive Life in Puerto Rico

THE OTHER DAY somebody questioned our wisdom in stressing the good life in Puerto Rico. "If life is so delightful," he said, "how can you expect executives to *work*?"

Well, they do. Over four hundred and fifty U. S. manufacturers have set up new plants on this sunny island. *Their net profit on sales is three times as high as the average in the United States.*

These figures speak volumes. They reflect the stimulus of Puerto Rico's remarkable Operation Bootstrap. They also give some idea of the extraordinary industrial renaissance that is attracting manufacturers at the rate of *three new plants a week.*

But they cannot express the more personal rewards you get from being part of it all. Hence our picture. It was

taken on Luquillo Beach. After a hard day, wouldn't *you* appreciate a sea so warmly gentle it doesn't even tickle the soles of your feet? And how about a house in those green hills?

It's all within the bounds of possibility. This whole idyllic picture is under five and a half hours from New York.

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She helps people find the products and services they want. Mrs. Vonna Lou Shelton, telephone representative in Minneapolis, Minn., checks the advertisements that business men have placed in the classified directory.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

This telephone girl is a big help to businesses

When you think of a telephone woman you probably think of the operator. But there are many other women at the telephone company who do important jobs for you. And they, too, have the "Voice with a Smile."

For example, Vonna Lou Shelton handles a very necessary service in the business man's world. She is one of many women throughout the country who help different concerns plan and place their advertising in telephone directory Yellow Pages.

Friendliness, good judgment, and follow-through have won for Mrs. Shelton the confidence of business men who appreciate quick, competent service and painstaking efficiency.

Vonna Lou's life is filled with people. Among her principal off-the-job interests are her husband and Sunday School class.

She's a program chairman of a missionary society. Sparks many a fund-raising campaign. Goes to college to study piano and takes lessons to improve her golf.

Like so many folks in the telephone company, Mrs. Shelton has made a lot of friends—on her own, and on the job.

"I don't know of any other work," she says, "that would bring me so close to all my neighbors. Our customers get to think of us as their personal representatives. I like that a lot."

She has a loyal following in the "younger set." Mrs. Shelton has a way with the children of the neighborhood which inspires a faithful attendance at her class in Sunday School.



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JANUARY ATLANTIC

1958 VOLUME 201 NUMBER 1

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COVER DESIGN BY GYORGY KEPES

1 YEAR \$7.50 2 YEARS \$14.00 3 YEARS \$20.00

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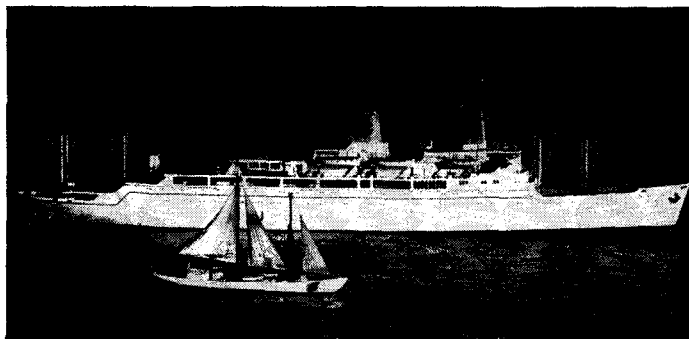
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ship of **DEEMS TAYLOR**, the noted composer and commentator. Other members include **JACQUES BARZUN**, author and music critic; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **JOHN M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of the Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of the Music Division, New York Public Library; and **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University. Any work of music recommended by such a group certainly belongs in any representative collection.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EACH MONTH three or more RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records will be announced and described to members in a little publication, *GREAT MUSIC*, sent without charge. One will always be singled out as the *record-of-the-month*, and unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record will be sent to the member.

If the member already owns the work in a satisfactory recording, he may specify that one of the alternate records be sent to him. Or he is free to instruct the Society to send him nothing.

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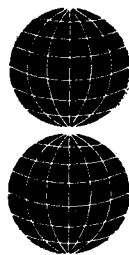
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CITY.....

ZONE.....

STATE.....



BERLIN

BERLIN has lately been a forgotten sentinel, on everlasting outpost duty deep in potential enemy territory. But Berlin retains one big advantage — it is a peephole into the Eastern world and a furtive meeting place for the people of both Germanies. East Berlin mirrors East Germany more nearly than West Berlin mirrors the Federal Republic. Here one can best assess Germany's drift away from national unity, as the division of Germany becomes daily more absolute.

Personal stories best illustrate the starkness of the division of Germany. Here are three:

In West Germany there is rule of law. In East Germany asthmatic Ernst Wollweber recently had to give up his post of minister of state security. His successor was 52-year-old "Revolver Erich" Mielke, who distinguished himself twenty-six years ago by slaying two Berlin police officers, Captains Anlauf and Lenk. Anlauf was too tough with Communist rowdies; Lenk happened to be walking with him across the Bülow Platz when Mielke shot them both in the back. Mielke took his orders on that occasion from Walter Ulbricht, now deputy prime minister of East Germany.

In West Germany there is freedom of speech. In East Germany an old-guard Communist and Spanish War veteran, Alfred Kantoriwitz, found himself a few months ago at odds with the system. He refused to sign a manifesto drawn up by fellow intellectuals (he is a poet and historian, and was head of the Germanistics Institute of East Berlin's Humboldt University) and directed against the Hungarian patriots. He even dared to propose the disgraced Georg Lucacz, the Hungarian philosopher, for a Nobel Prize. For that he had to flee for his life to West Germany. Previously he had only sought refuge from the enemies of Communism.

In West Germany there is a right of political asylum. Rudolf Paul, until then prime minister of East German Thuringia, claimed this right on September 1, 1947. More than ten years later, on November 5, the High Court in West German Hesse granted him recognition as a genuine refugee. Could anything better illustrate how alien Germans are becoming to other Germans?

Keystone of the Soviet bloc?

It has sometimes been supposed that East Germany might, sooner or later, become too much of a burden to the Soviet Union. Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, for instance, believes this, and as late as last summer West German newspapers were publishing reports of approaching political revolution and economic catastrophe in East Germany.

But recent developments suggest that, far from becoming a burden, East Germany is to an increasing extent becoming the keystone of the satellite bloc and of Soviet policies in Central Europe. Last January an agreement was signed defining the status of Soviet troops in Germany and making them liable for trial in German courts for civil offenses. In June Polish Prime Minister Wladislaw Gomulka visited East Berlin at the insistence of Nikita Khrushchev. He signed a trade agreement with East German Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl, promised full coöperation between the two countries, and confirmed the permanence of the Oder-Neisse Line as Germany's eastern frontier.

On August 7 Khrushchev himself came to Berlin and spoke in the East German Parliament. He gave his full support to the Grotewohl Plan for the creation of a German Confederation, in which both German states would retain their own administrations, laws, and economic setups. The Grote-

The books you want to read are - usually - Book-of-the-Month Club selections or alternates

FOR EXAMPLE: HERE ARE 10 OF 130 BOOKS AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS THIS MONTH



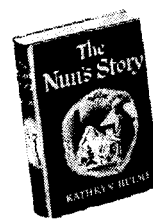
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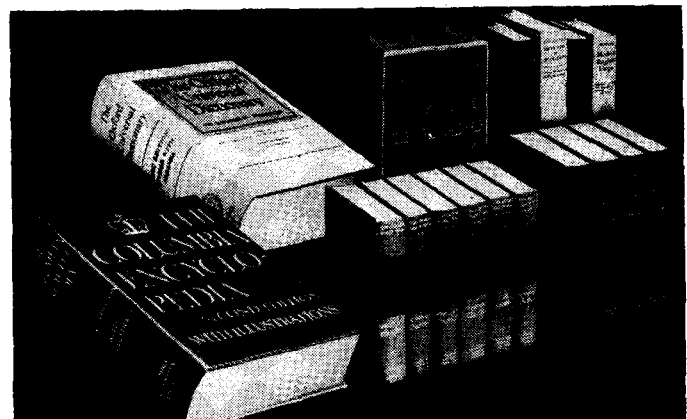
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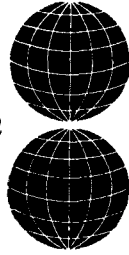
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Report on Berlin



wohl Plan laid down three conditions for the formation of the confederation: phased withdrawal of the armed forces of the great powers from Germany, a ban on the production and storing of nuclear weapons on German soil, and the withdrawal of West Germany from NATO. Khrushchev backed the plan and repeated the now standard Soviet demand for all-German talks as the necessary preliminary to German reunification.

The Kremlin puts on the heat

On September 20 the Soviet Union formally recognized the absolute sovereignty of the East German Republic. This step suggests that German reunification, on any terms, has been written off in Moscow. It was only natural that Khrushchev should then have put pressure to bear on Marshal Tito to recognize the East German Republic. Yugoslavia did this on October 14, and a few days later the Federal Republic reluctantly found itself forced to break off diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia.

Full of high hopes, East German trade missions have since gone to Egypt, India, and Syria, seeking recognition of the East German Republic by countries outside the Communist bloc.

It is always possible for the Soviet Union to organize events in the interests of a puppet state. It is less easy for the Soviet Union, thus far, to ensure that puppet's material progress. East Germany has suffered more than any other satellite from Communist economic rule — from the drift of skilled labor to the more attractive West German market, from exploitation of its most valuable resources, from the contradictions of economic despotism and an enduring lack of real patriotism. East Germany's population is actually declining. For instance, that of two of its few big cities, Dresden and Chemnitz, has fallen by 13,000 and 8000 respectively in the last four years. Would it not, therefore, be reasonable to expect its economy to decline too? That, at any rate, is one of Konrad Adenauer's hopes.

To a great extent East Germany's continued existence as a state will depend on its economic viability. The Soviet Union would not welcome, and might even have to discard, the dead weight of an economically bankrupt East Germany. But

the economic value of a prosperous East Germany to the Communist bloc is considerable.

The East German is still conditioned to austerity. He can buy a liter of milk for each of his children at a cut rate of 25 pfennigs, or 6 cents. But the three liters a head which he must buy additionally cost 1.20 marks, or 28 cents, each. One pound of beef costs the equivalent of 40 cents on the ration, but \$1.30 on the free market. The corresponding prices for butter are 50 cents and \$1.70, and for sugar, 13 cents and 36 cents. And the basic rations for meat, fat, and sugar are only 2.7, 1.8, and 2.4 pounds a month. Free market prices, like those of 60 cents for a half liter of Pilsener lager and \$2.50 for a square meal at a restaurant, are out of line with industrial workers' average wages of only \$100 to \$120 a month.

At the Munich October Festival, the traditional fare is chicken roasted on the spit, washed down by the best beer in Europe. At the Peoples' Festivals in East Germany, it is waste-meat sausages and pea soup. The beer is thin, chemical stuff. The East German is equally conditioned to poor clothing, bad footwear, and a chronic housing shortage. A quarter of a million homes have been built in the last ten years; in West Germany half a million are built each year. The Federal Republic has forty-one automobiles to every thousand inhabitants; East Germany has five.

Plugging the holes

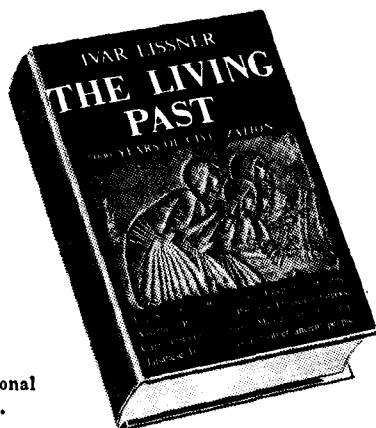
Stringencies have not prevented the steady stabilization of the East German economy. In October, 1956, paper currency was called in, and as a result the value of notes in circulation has been reduced from 5.8 billion to around 4.7 billion marks. Last spring a thousand utility shops were used to run off surplus stocks of cheap stuff, and the introduction of installment buying has brought sales worth another one billion marks. The gap caused by reduced deliveries of Polish coal was plugged with Russian imports from the Donetz basin.

Since the Hungarian Revolution, imports of Russian rolled-steel products have also been substantially increased. Walter Ulbricht has promised that East Germany will be almost self-supporting in foodstuffs by the last year of the present Five Year Plan — 1960 — and he has said that he will try to abolish food rationing next year as well. Already the rationing system is due less to shortages than to the difficulty of abolishing a dual pricing system which gives some minimal protection to the lowest income groups.

There were adequate harvests this year, and there will be no food shortages. Limited industrial failures can always be made good by the Soviet Union, as happened during 1957. In return, East



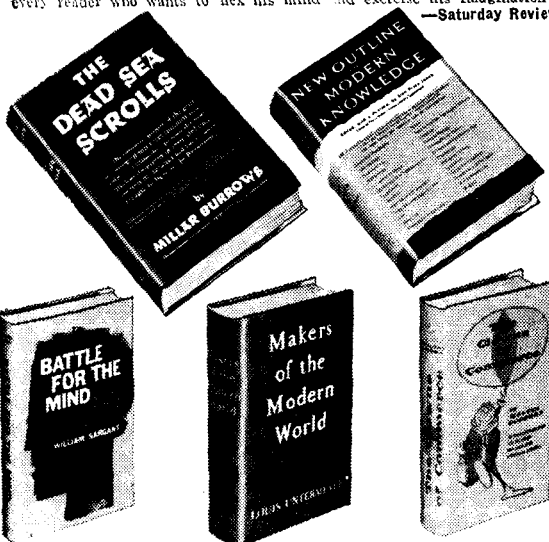
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Report on Berlin

Germany will go on producing large quantities of uranium ore, chemicals, fertilizers, machinery, and precision instruments needed by the whole Communist bloc.

Political control

The twenty-two Red Army divisions are being kept in East Germany for political, even more than for strictly military, reasons. The Hungarian Revolution taught the Soviet leaders just how tenuous their hold was on the satellites. Their garrisons in East Germany discourage Poland from emulating Hungary's example and help to keep Czechoslovakia in its place. A strong, united Germany could be a rival focus and threat to Soviet predominance in Central Europe.

That is why the Grotewohl-Ulbricht regime will be maintained in power, and why it is being helped in taking steps to ensure its survival. The communal elections in June resulted in the systematic packing of municipal offices with trusted Communists. Persistent attacks on the Christian churches prevent their unifying influence from growing. Above all, the campaign to secure intellectual conformity is being pushed ahead relentlessly. School children and university and technical college students have been forbidden to visit West Germany and Europe. A quiet purge of the teaching profession has been going on all this year. Teachers and students are potentially the most dangerous enemies of the regime. They will not be allowed to water down proletarian *Kultur*.

On the contrary, there are to be more socialist books in the shop windows and plays at the theaters. There will be more and happier holidays for the faithful, and no degrees or diplomas for education for the backsliders. The regime winks now at boogie-woogie, rock-and-roll, James Dean shirts. But no real concession will be made to Western thought.

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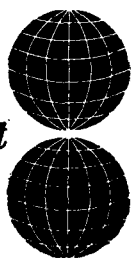
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The Atlantic Report AFGHANISTAN



AFTER centuries of poverty-ridden isolation, Afghanistan is again becoming the crossroads of Asia. Kabul's only hotel is not only about the cheapest east of Suez (two dollars a day all-inclusive) but also the most cosmopolitan. Its austere rooms are crowded with Russians, Americans, Germans, Japanese, Persians, Turks, Indians, Ceylonese, and Arabs. Numerous airways, including Dutch, Indian, Pakistani, and Iranian, find it worth while to run regular flights into Afghanistan from the west and south, while the Russians, now busy with plans to build a modern airport at Kabul, offer cut-rate trips, payable in black-market afghanis, to Moscow and other points north.

Unlike those in the past who came to loot and strip the land, many modern visitors come with gifts. For this is the era of competitive coexistence, and nowhere is the competition more obviously competitive than in Afghanistan. Hearts and minds are the prize, the Soviet Union and the United States the principal competitors, and rubles and dollars the weapons.

Afghanistan's needs are almost bottomless. Slightly larger than Texas and dominated by the towering ranges of the Hindu Kush mountains, which rise to 20,000 feet and isolate the richer northern provinces from the southern deserts, it is completely landlocked. It has no railways; its four thousand miles of rough, all-weather roads are used mostly by donkeys and camels; and its rivers are of little use for navigation.

At least two million of the perhaps twelve million population are nomads. They move with the seasons and live either in a Central Asian *yurt*, that looks like a beach tent and is made of felt, or in a rectangular construction covered with goat's hair cloth.

Subsistence farming

Agriculture employs nearly three quarters of the rest of the population, yet less than 3 per cent of the land is cultivated, and of this the greater part is in the little-populated region south of the Oxus

River, which forms the border with Russia. Fruit grows well in small, fertile pockets among the stark and barren folds of the Hindu Kush, where a hot summer sun and melting snows combine to produce juicy peaches, grapes, apples, melons, pears, and apricots.

In periods when relations with Karachi are amiable, fruit is exported to Pakistan and India, while the United States is a good customer for the *karakul* (Persian lamb skin) crop, the country's principal earner of foreign exchange. Nevertheless, agriculture generally is on a meager, subsistence level. Most of the population never gets enough food to eat or clothes to wear in winters that are as bitter as the summers are hot.

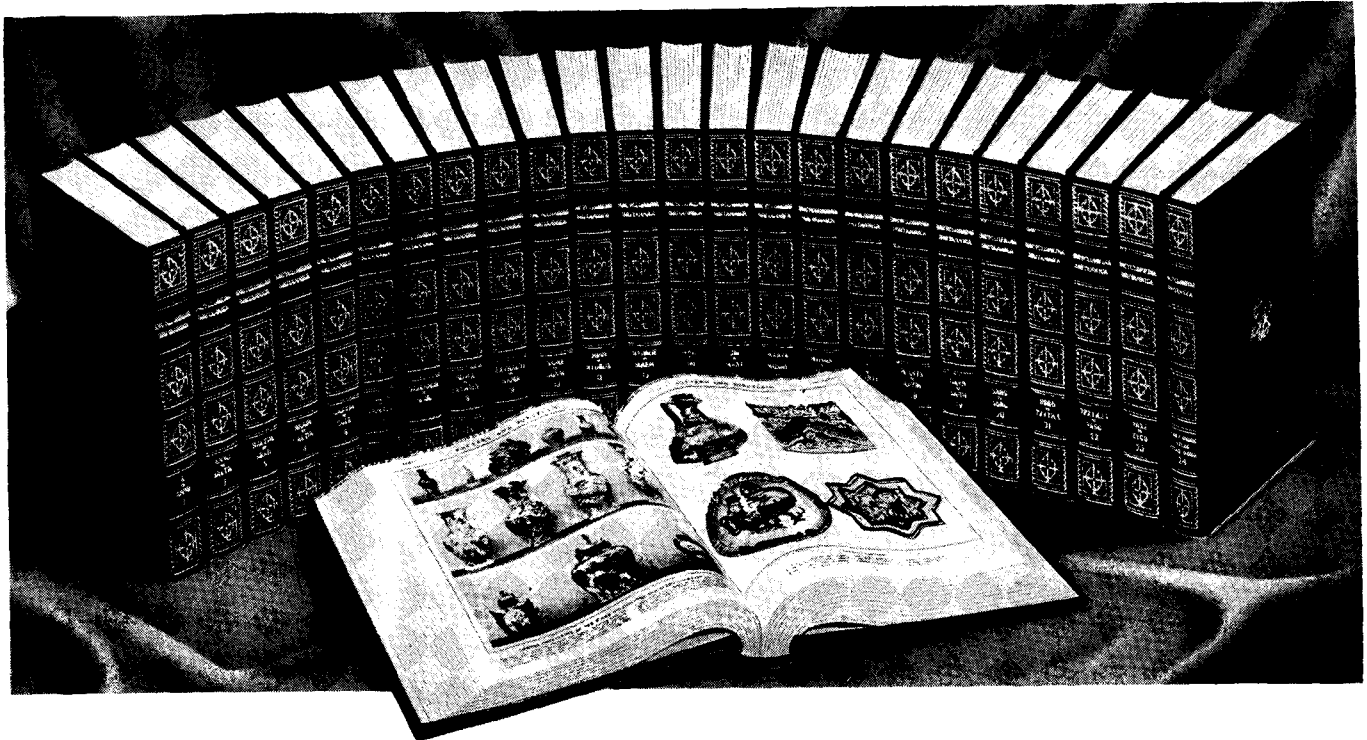
Little is known of hygiene. The open sewers in the streets of Kabul are used for washing and, in the summer, for reviving watermelons that have withered in the heat. The infant mortality rate is extremely high: even in Kabul, which boasts a very large proportion of the country's two hundred doctors, one child in every seven dies in the first year of life. Village folk rely on herbalists, snake-bite men, and the Muslim mullahs to treat them for their many ills.

The annual per capita income has been estimated at twenty dollars, a sum that does not go far toward providing even the turban, sleeveless jacket, and baggy pants that make up the rural Afghan's wardrobe, or toward helping city dwellers to achieve the ultimate in sartorial elegance — full Western dress, topped with a *karakul* cap.

Medieval cities

The cities are few and small. Kabul, the capital and principal stopping place for the camel caravans that ply between Central Asia and India, has a population of about three hundred thousand. It has entwined itself around the stark hills that once guarded the city gates, with the new grafted onto the old, a form of growth that has deprived it of the character one sees in other towns, where the country's turbulent history is graphically expressed in the architecture.

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Afghanistan Report



Built like medieval forts, with high, square, turreted outer walls, these towns emphasize the historic need for defense. The houses follow a similar pattern, turning their windowless backs on the streets, the better to assure the safety of the inhabitants. Kandahar, in the southeast, is Afghanistan's second city. Here about eighty thousand people crowd behind mud walls and battlements built, so the legend goes, by Alexander the Great in 327 B.C.

For more than two thousand years Afghanistan was either the center or an important part of great Central Asian kingdoms and empires. Later, in the era of British and Russian expansion in Asia, Afghanistan learned that survival depended primarily on its ability to play one great power against another. Thus, from

the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Afghans wove their way through the plans and plots of London and St. Petersburg, until, in 1919, they finally threw off British "protection" and won full independence.

A royal oligarchy

Modern Afghanistan officially describes itself as a constitutional monarchy. This is not strictly accurate. Though there is a National Assembly of 171 deputies elected from different parts of the country, its members — and the 45 senators, who are appointed by the King for life — do not enjoy freedom of expression. They may oppose the Supreme Council of State, or cabinet, but only within officially approved limits.

Real control is vested in a royal oligarchy: King Mohammed Zahir Shah, his cousin, Prime Minister Sardar Mohammed Daoud (who is also minister for defense), and two other senior members of the family, Sardar Ali Mohammed, who is the first deputy prime minister, and Sardar Mohammed Naim, second deputy prime minister and minister of foreign affairs.

Although the cabinet meets once a week, most important decisions appear to be made at the weekly Thursday night dinners in the palace, where male members of the royal family meet for free and frank discussions on the government of their wild and rugged state. But their writ is far from absolute. The loyalty of many tribesmen depends on the size and regularity of the government's subsidies.

The people of Afghanistan

Although Afghanistan means the Land of the Afghans, there is no true Afghan. The nearest claimant to the title is the Pukhtun, tall, handsome, and almost fair. The Pukhtuns comprise nearly half of the population. Tough, proud, warlike, and organized on a tribal basis, their historic role has been one of fierce resistance to the invader. They are today represented at all levels of Afghan society.

Another fair people, the Tajiks, form the second largest ethnic group. They are the artisans and the shopkeepers and nonnomadic farmers. Uzbeks and Turkomen, many of whom fled from Russia during the first days of Stalin's land-reform program and settled on the southern bank of the Oxus River, are among the minority groups.

West of Kabul, in a wild and mountainous area, live the Hazaras, a Mongoloid people whose presence in Afghanistan legend attributes to Genghis Khan. While most of the other inhabitants of Afghanistan are Sunnite Muslims, the Hazaras belong to the Shiite sect, whose antagonism to the Sunnites predates Christianity's Reformation split by nearly a thousand years.

Islam came to Afghanistan in 871. It persists in its most rigid and conservative form. With the exception of Saudi Arabia and the Yemen, most Muslim countries are in the processes of abandoning purdah. But not Afghanistan. In Kabul no woman dares to venture into the streets unless clad in the *borqa*, a shapeless tent that covers the entire body including the eyes, which can see without being seen.

Cabinet ministers are required by law to be Muslims, and everywhere the mullahs exercise great authority.

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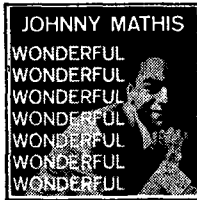
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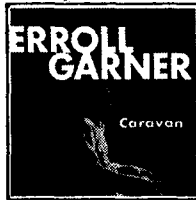
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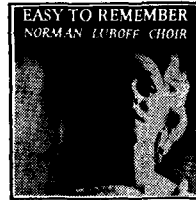
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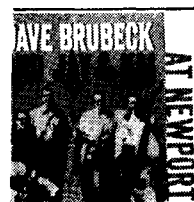
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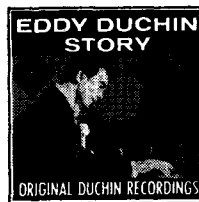
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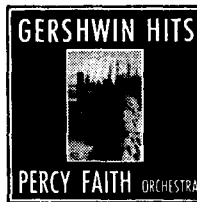
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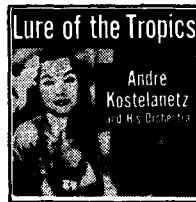
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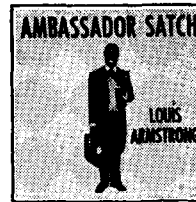
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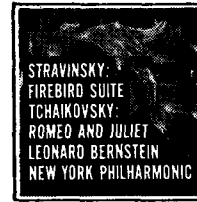
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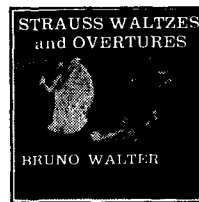
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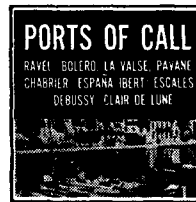
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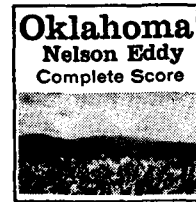
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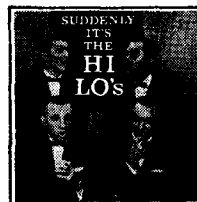
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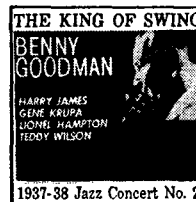
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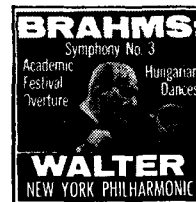
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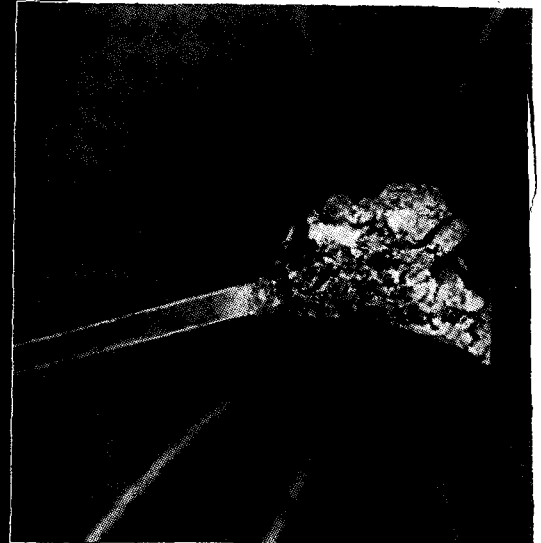
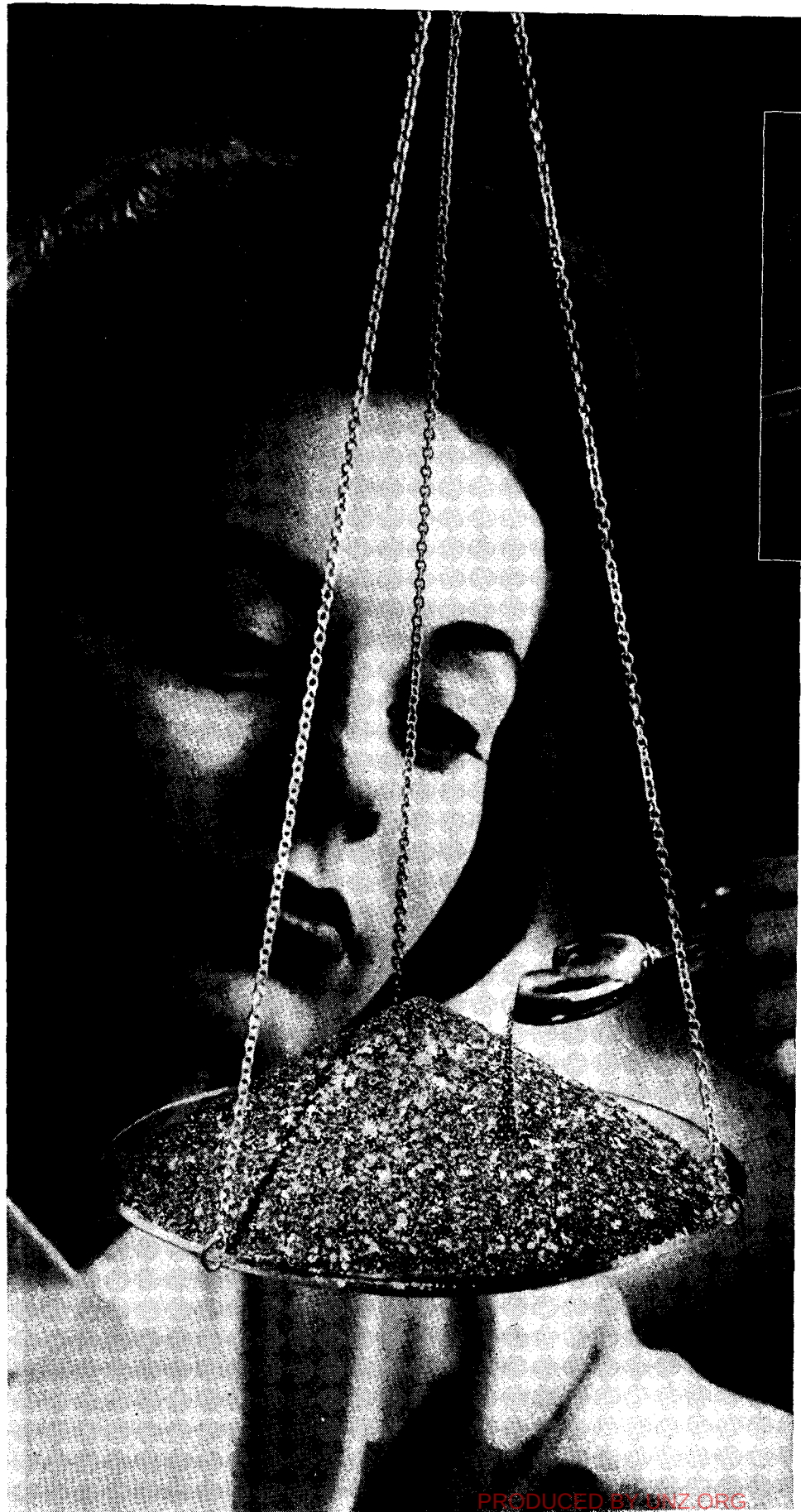
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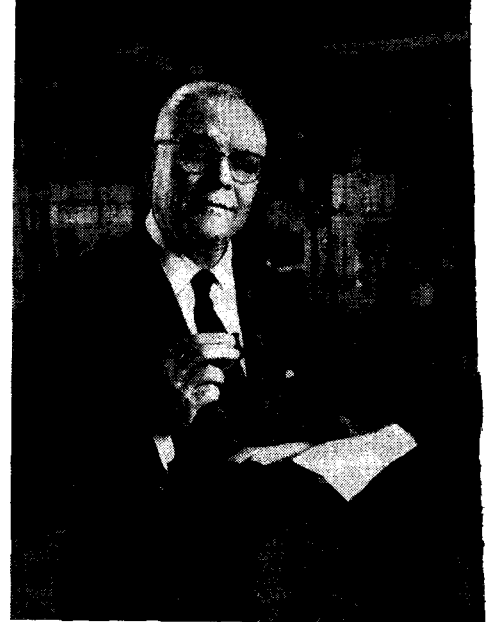
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Afghanistan Report



They serve the religious, medical, social, and legal needs of the people. Foreigners are regarded doubtfully. Foreign diplomats stationed in Kabul automatically search their offices and homes for concealed microphones, expect that their private mail will be opened, and have learned to regard their servants as paid spies. By law, no Afghan who travels abroad may marry a foreigner.

Access to the sea

Suspicious of Russia, Britain, and Pakistan, not especially friendly with Iran, and remote from neighboring China, Afghanistan sought, in 1947, to end its vulnerable isolation by demanding access to the sea. This was to be achieved by the creation of Pukhtunistan, so that the five million Pukhtuns who live in what is now

Pakistan, and are close kin to the Pukhtuns of Afghanistan, would have their own state consisting of the former North-West Frontier Province, Chitral, Swat, Buner Baluchistan, and the former Baluchistan States Union, thus making the Arabian Sea their western boundary.

The Afghans based their claim on what they believe to be the illegality of the border treaty concluded by Sir Mortimer Durand and Emir Abd-er-Rahman in 1893 and on the fact that an earlier Afghan Emir, Ahmad Shah Durrani, who died in 1773, had ruled all the land between the Indus and the Oxus Rivers. Through its controlled press and radio in Kabul and by stirring up the tribesmen with money and arms, Afghanistan for many years made Pukhtunistan a hot issue and even provoked Pakistan into closing the border to Afghan trade.

Russian-American rivalry

Since the Persian border is largely trackless desert, Afghanistan then turned for assistance to its northern neighbor. At times of crisis the Soviet Union kept Afghanistan's four thousand trucks on the road by rush-

ing in emergency supplies of gasoline, and in May, 1955, it offered transit rights through Russia.

The United States was not idle during this period, but aid initially came primarily through the Import-Export Bank for a considerable reclamation and resettlement project in the Helmand Valley in the south. Later, it approved wheat loans and grants totaling \$3.2 million and \$14.5 million for the construction of an international airport at Kandahar, the building and improving of airports elsewhere, and technical and managerial assistance for Aryana Airways, the Afghan airline. The United States rejected a number of Afghan aid projects, including the paving of Kabul's streets, which have a habit of disappearing during the hundred-mile-an-hour gales that sweep down from the Hindu Kush.

The Russians paved the roads, and incidentally made a splendid job of it. They also provided the buses and taxis; a grain silo and a bakery that turns out sour, off-white bread; and a group of gasoline storage tanks.

Russian roulette

To many Afghans, however, the drift toward ever closer relations with the Soviet Union seems a sort of Russian roulette, fascinating but frightening. The government could not bring itself to refuse Khrushchev's offer of a \$100 million loan in December, 1955, but it immediately threw out a lifeline to the West and relaxed its Pukhtunistan demands, with the result that relations between Kabul and Karachi are better at the moment than they have ever been. Kabul hopes the Americans will offset the Russian aid by developing and improving the road and rail links south through Pakistan.

Today almost half of Afghanistan's foreign trade is with the Soviet Union; the trade will grow when Afghanistan begins to repay in goods the interest and capital on Russian loans, which include such military equipment as MIG fighters, tanks, and artillery.

Afghanistan realizes there are dangers in being too friendly with the U.S.S.R. It hopes it can survive by playing Washington against Moscow, just as it once played St. Petersburg against London.

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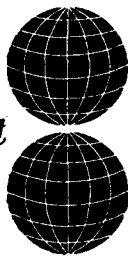
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The Atlantic Report LONDON



As THE year came to its close, the public mood in Britain seemed to be one of extraordinary disenchantment. By the beginning of winter the prestige of the American Administration had fallen in London to a new low. So had that of Britain's own Government. There was tension in industry and a mixture of apathy and anger in politics. NATO seemed to be viewed with as much cynicism as enthusiasm.

Yet, under the surface, a feeling of much greater closeness to the United States and Canada now lives and grows. There is a fundamental stability in Great Britain too, in spite of appearances. A one-billion-dollar surplus of trade, which Britain will almost certainly be found to have achieved in 1957, is likely to form an unexpected commentary on a year marked, apparently, by economic crisis.

In its own peculiar British way the mood has closely paralleled that in France. The British have not daubed the walls of Parliament with the slogan "Down with Members of Parliament!" as the French during the October political void wrote on the walls of their National Assembly. Instead the British went out in significant numbers and voted at by-elections for a party that could not possibly form a Government.

The Tory Government has lost support. But Her Majesty's Opposition, the formidable Labor Party, has gained but little of it. Most of the lost votes have been going to the Liberals. In three important by-elections in 1957 — at Edinburgh, Gloucester, and Ipswich — Liberal candidates, although they did not win, increased their proportion of the vote by more than 20 per cent in each case. The Tory Government lost most of these votes. But twice the Labor Party lost support. And on one occasion when a Labor candidate gained, his proportionate gain was .5 per cent.

Joseph Grimond, forty-four-year-old leader of the Liberal Party — a tall and tousled Etonian — represents the most remote constituency in Britain, the isles of Orkney and Shetland, to the north of the northernmost tip of the mainland

of Scotland. In the House of Commons he leads a party of five. Grimond has some hopes of sparking a great Liberal revival. But he is aware that until now it is less his party's program — prison reform, new roads — that has caused the switch in votes than public impatience with both the major parties.

Public apathy

Prime Minister Macmillan has notably failed to rouse public enthusiasm, except on rare occasions. Britons are not at all sure they understand him. There was an odd scene in the lobbies of Parliament after his first speech to the new session in November. He had seemed on this occasion tired, and his speech sounded dull. Reporters gathered to discuss whether or not what he had said had been important. The *London Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* apparently decided it had not been, for they threw away his best lines next morning. The popular press, however, made them the big news.

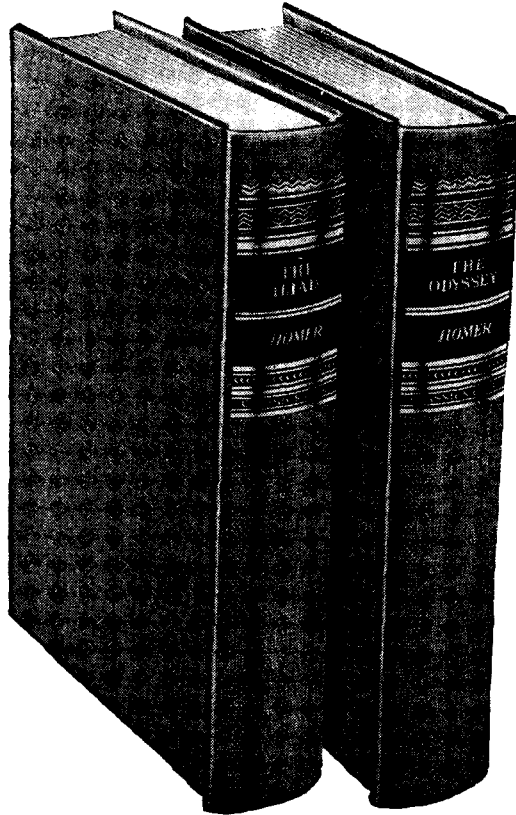
The pith of what Macmillan had to say was found in these phrases: "The nations of the free world must make an even greater contribution of their national sovereignty in the common cause. . . . All this requires changes, adaptations of many of our most ancient national traditions." It reads like strong stuff. It has been the Prime Minister's recurring theme ever since. But nobody has been sure whether or not Macmillan meant anything unusual by it. This is the measure of his failure to put across himself and his beliefs.

Lord Hailsham, the vigorous new chairman of the Conservative Party, has roused party workers to a new pitch of enthusiasm. He has been seriously canvassed as a successor to Macmillan as Prime Minister, even though he sits remotely in the House of Lords.

Hailsham's hand is seen in the intended reform of the Lords by the creation of special peerages for life only. He himself would have much preferred to remain plain Mr. Quentin Hogg, M.P., but he inherited his peerage willy-nilly from his

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Report on London



father. He protested against inheritance forcefully but ineffectively at the time. Yet, colorful as he is, Lord Hailsham has so far made little impact on the public.

Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labor Party, in pushing through as the new platform his own brand of milder new-look socialism has also strengthened his position inside his own party. Outside the party he is well liked but not popular. The new socialism quickens no pulses.

Aneurin Bevan, by espousing the cause of British possession of an independent H-bomb, has lost some left-wing sympathy. But he, too, has gained little new support outside the party to offset this. Possibly the public half agrees with Bevan's own assessment: "Either Nikita Khrushchev must be a supreme actor, or I am very credulous." The weakness of Bevan as a potential foreign minister lies in the fact that he seems to believe that in order to come to terms with Russia it is only necessary to wish to do so.

Nellie McGrail's tuppence

Nellie McGrail has been the winter's popular heroine. Widow McGrail — young, modest, poor, and likable — won \$578,760, tax free, on a football-pool gamble. (Her winning forecast of that Saturday's results cost her twopence.) This was a modern version of the well-loved Cinderella story.

Mrs. McGrail's winnings were significant in more ways than one. The pools, on which the British now regularly stake in pennies and shillings more than \$200 million a year, flourish as an unconscious reaction against the welfare state. They reverse the usual procedure. They take money from the many and redistribute it every week among the few. Millions of Britons take it for granted that this redistribution — in which the chances of an all-correct selection of forecasts, like Mrs. McGrail's, are one

billion to one — represents the only chance of ever being rich at acquiring capital.

It is not only this belief that the Macmillan Government has to buy but the actual fact that in modern Britain, thanks largely to the social revolution, capital has become very much more important than income. If invested wisely, even Mrs. McGrail's great fortune would produce after taxes, an income of less than \$10,000 a year. But she can hope to make far more out of capital gains which are still tax free.

Oddly enough it was the sudden arrival in space of the Soviet Sputniks that dramatically pointed the moral of this widow's tale. Britain like America, must produce more scientists. But Britain has not only to produce them; it has to find out how to keep them. Most of the new scientists come from families with little or no capital. But professional incomes, without capital to back them, are so little worth earning nowadays that an alarming number of trained technologists are already emigrating.

It is estimated that in the past seven years 6 per cent of the post-graduate chemists and 10 per cent of physicists have left Britain for either the United States or Canada. Others have gone to Australia and Africa. The total drain of skill is unassessable.

Frightening inflation away

One aim of Peter Thorneycroft's intended economic revolution is to restore the balance in some measure between industrial wages and professional salaries. The chancellor of the exchequer hopes at the same time to get out of the Keynesian era of perpetual and more or less gentle inflation — wages have risen 90 per cent in twelve years, output 30 per cent, costs 60 per cent.

The chancellor's main weapons, so far, have been high interest rates and hardened credit — "There just will not be the money available for inflationary wage increases" — but his aim is to frighten rather than to wound. Anything approaching a return to pre-Keynesian days, bringing on a slump apparently as an act of deliberate financial policy, would complete the public ruin of the Con-

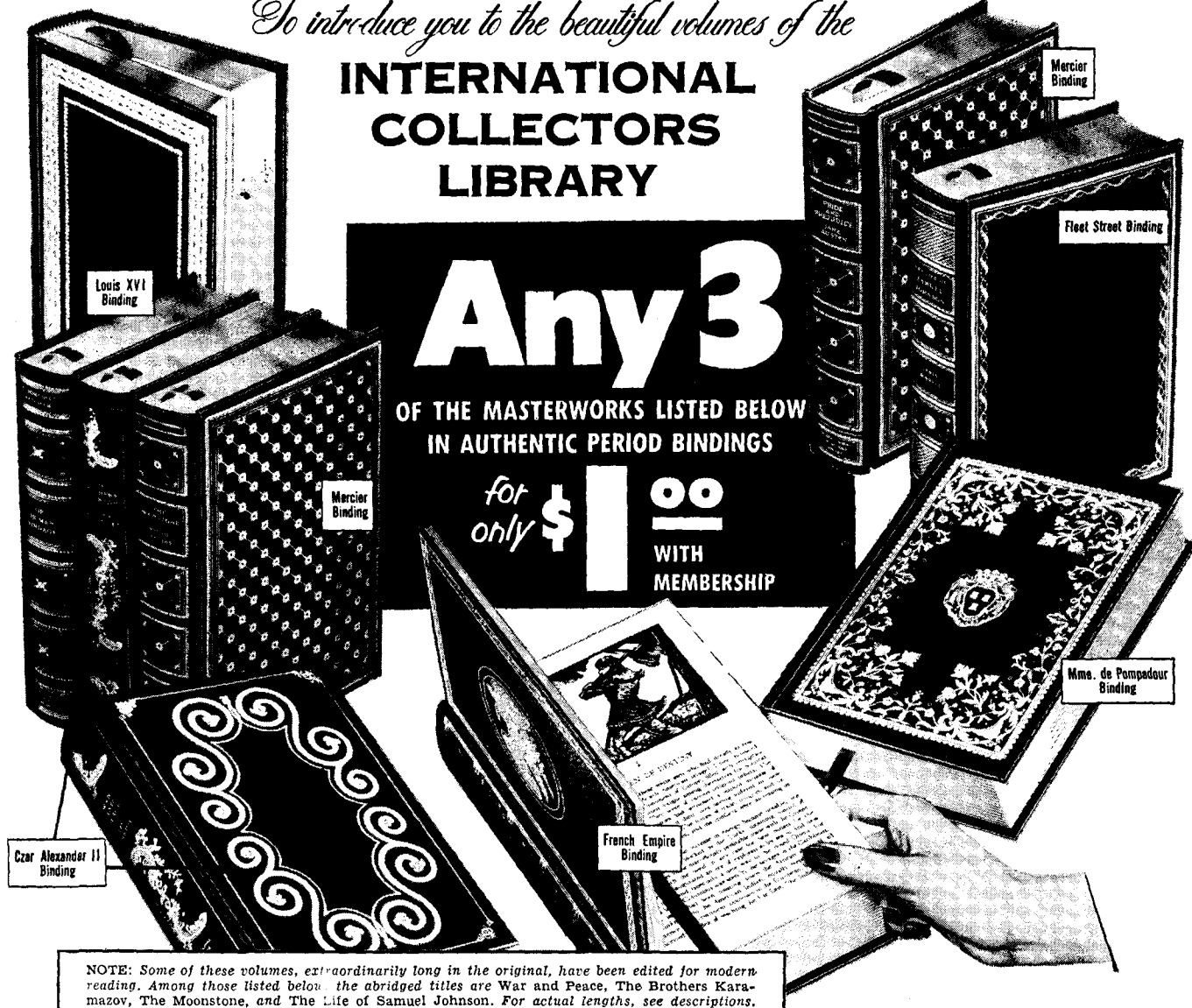
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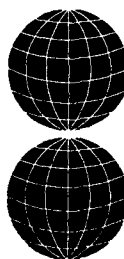
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Report on London



servatives' reputation. The party is well aware of this.

But the Labor Party is equally aware that support of widespread strike action for higher wages now, when there may be no question of real hardship involved, could lead to its own political ruin, too. In fact, socialists are convinced that the only election the Tories could possibly win would be one arranged suddenly during an industrial clash over wages while employment is full and pay is high. Labor means to avoid that at all costs.

There is still the possibility of such a clash; transport union leader Frank Cousins has roundly declared that there will be no wage restraint. There is still the possibility also that the credit squeeze could of its own accord accelerate into deflation. But it is just as likely that Britain is now entering a period of rather angry stability.

Import prices are already falling. If wages do not now rise faster than output, the increase in British costs will be halted. Britain could then find itself in a position of considerable strength. There is little else wrong with the economy. The pound is not overvalued; exports are very high; trade has been soundly in surplus; a great increase in productivity is possible. These are the realities.

Restrictions on the supply and circulation of money, in the United States as well as in Britain, seem likely to accelerate the fall in the prices of primary products. This fall seriously affects all agricultural and underdeveloped countries. Of special concern to Britain is that these include India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Central Africa, Ghana, and even possibly Australia and New Zealand.

Even if Britain itself is strong, another British balance-of-payments

crisis is always possible. It can come through reduced earnings on the part of Britain's partners. If it comes, it would threaten finally to break the sterling area. Part of the blame would undoubtedly be laid to Thorneycroft's financial policies. But the United States, which is also believed to have a duty to underdeveloped lands, would also have its share of the blame.

The American partnership

Britons have been disappointed in the quality of American leadership. And they have been alarmed by what has seemed to them an almost hysterical response to the Soviet Sputniks, diverting attention from the challenges of hunger, freedom, and economic opportunity.

R. H. Crossman, leading member of the Labor Party executive and columnist of the *Daily Mirror*, declared: "Sputnik II has left the American people without a leader — and with scarcely an idea — to believe in."

On the other side of the political divide, Henry Fairlie, political columnist of the Conservative newspaper, the *Daily Mail*, said: "This is the world's crisis. Mr. Macmillan must be prepared to give leadership on a world scale, because all the indications are that President Eisenhower, whose duty it really is, is now incapable of doing so."

But at least implicit in this last criticism is an understanding of the importance of the Anglo-American alliance. Britons want American partnership. They want American leadership. This is most important to them now. Bevan himself joins the chorus, urging "far closer understanding between America and Britain about policies to be followed in critical parts of the world."

If the public seems cynical, it may be because it is bewildered. Where does NATO stand in relation to European Free Trade? Is Britain to give up sovereignty to Europe, as the Germans believe? Is it to give up sovereignty to the U.S.A.? Or does interdependence in the end mean just the same as coöperation: new joint groups of experts and independent policies? The British are very tired of fog. More than anything else they need a cause to believe in.

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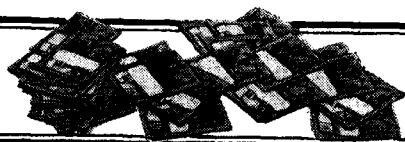
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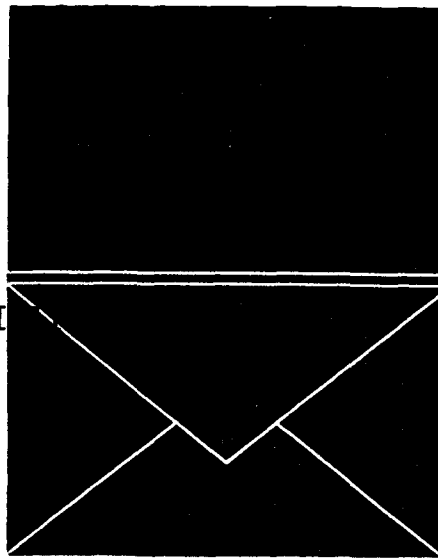
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LETTERS TO AND FROM



An anniversary is a friendly occasion, and the publication of our Centennial issue in November has called forth telegrams, letters, and editorials which were heartwarming in their appreciation. That particular issue, a printing of 412,060 copies, seems destined to be sold out; to judge from their orders, booksellers now regard it as a collector's item. This is a particular happy augury for our new century, and we take this opportunity to thank all those whose loyalty prompted them to write.

—THE EDITOR

New Format

SIR:

A few years ago I wrote to protest the inadequate (it seemed to me at the time to be so) policy of the *Atlantic* regarding cover design. I recall the courteous reply which advised me that various types of covers were being tested. This indecisiveness seemed also to be reflected in the nature of the text of various issues. Consequently, it was with surprise that I have observed the vast improvements in the magazine.

Let me say immediately that I would pay one dollar for an issue similar to the November Centennial issue at any time your editorial staff could put such a number together.

Some of the things that seemed to me specifically indicative of another outstanding hundred years, a second century of literary excellence, were as follows: the type of advertising layout and design, including the photography in same; the new use of white space, art work, and photos in the titles of material; the tone of authority in many articles, sadly lacking in some of more recent years. The covers, finally, are pleasing to view.

As an occasional would-be contributor to your magazine I have deplored your (to my view) emphasis on "names," but I find the current contributions of such notable men and women to be of an increasingly higher caliber.

In short, I am a well-satisfied subscriber, and hereby pledge my renewal. My final question is, how can you keep it up?

LACHLAN MACDONALD
Claremont, Calif.

SIR:

The consistently high plane of the *Atlantic* was marred only by its outmoded format. Ye olde cockleshells and mermaids were objects for derision on pages devoted otherwise to the considered weight of present-day thought.

How pleasing is the appropriate new format, the shell now used with striking boldness but without undue repetition. Thank you for this change, making the *Atlantic* a delight to see as well as to read.

But please be careful of the illustrations at the article heads! In the October issue, three of the listings are illustrated with the preciousness of less worthy, "popular" magazines. "New York Hurly-burly" (October issue) is introduced by a cut of appropriate imagination and intellect — not mundane — that goes properly with the new good looks.

RICHARD L. HEIDELBERG
Long Beach, Calif.

I Personally

SIR:

The great anniversary issue I particularly welcomed for the eloquent four columns on what has happened

recently to the shores of Walden Pond ("The Peripatetic Reviewer" by Edward Weeks, November *Atlantic*). I saw the ravaged shoreline last August. I only hope the *Atlantic's* statement will add substantially to the effort to halt this vandalism now.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

May I compliment you on the finest issue of the *Atlantic* ever to come to our house, the anniversary edition. While I have only scanned the contents, the articles, poems — yes, the advertisements — are a literary smörgåsbord to be enjoyed over many a night.

REUBEN STRAND
Austin, Minn.

SIR:

Congratulations on your 100th birthday and your anniversary issue.

I was especially happy to see James Thurber's first article on Harold Ross ("The Years with Ross," November *Atlantic*).

At a time when we editors can hardly pass a newsstand without blushing, it's comforting to know that Ross still stalks the corridors of our profession. I hope the series runs forever.

GORDON GREER, *Special Features Editor*
Better Homes & Gardens
Des Moines, Ia.

SIR:

Suddenly I feel the desire to tell you what a wonderful magazine the *Atlantic* is. I have just recently become a subscriber (oh, those wasted years), and I am continually amazed

by its talent for being intelligently written while not being an intellectual snob, and by stimulating without writing big scare stories.

In the wonderful *Atlantic* Reports section it is most refreshing to read an article that isn't so completely slanted toward our form of democracy that it tastes like Pablum. I think that many of us are completely fed up with the "I traveled through (fill in the blank) Communist dominated country and the people were in rags" type of article. We want to know the good and the bad, and if we read only the bad we suspect that there is a reason why we are being protected from the truth.

MRS. K. G. LINDELL
Arlington, Va.

SIR:

I have read with interest your Elongated Yellow Fruit Editor's reaction (the Accent on Living article by Charles W. Morton, November *Atlantic*) to last summer's Boston newspaper shutdown.

During that period we kept a record of phone calls received asking for information which ordinarily we would have printed. Like Mr. Morton, many wanted to know what was playing at the movie houses and summer theaters. Hardly any asked what was new in Indochina or in the intercontinental rocket racket. A goodly number phoned to find out where the fire engines they heard were heading for.

Globe editors were themselves a little surprised at what their frustrated readers were most interested in. Topping the list: time for high tide along various Massachusetts Bay beaches. (Of course it was August, and interest in the tide tables hereabouts presumably slackens in January and February.) Next in importance: various statistical data, such as the table of runs in the major leagues, the treasury balance, and race track parimutual figures, conceivably used for off-track wagering operations.

VICTOR O. JONES, *Managing Editor*
The Boston Globe
Boston, Mass.

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SIR:

Just add this one to the thousands of congratulations you are properly receiving on your 100th anniversary issue. What a good, sound country we live in, if it can furnish the soil for an issue like this one!

CLIFTON FADIMAN
New Canaan, Conn.

SIR:

On our return voyage from Australia, where news dealers unfortunately do not traffic in the *Atlantic*, my wife and I were delighted to pick up in Honolulu a copy of your Centennial number. Hearty congratulations on an impressive and rich anniversary issue celebrating a truly notable history.

HAROLD DODDS
Princeton, N. J.

SIR:

An unacademic "wow" for the Centennial issue. It is one which I'm going to have bound, so my children and those to follow can take advantage of it.

As a nouveau-Californian, I was especially interested in the statistics on your Western circulation.

BRUCE REEVES
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

A few hours of avid reading of the anniversary number — with many more delightful ones to follow — leave me with more faith in man and in life.

Congratulations and best wishes for *Atlantic's* second century.

JOE L. McMILLIN
Memphis, Tenn.

SIR:

Truly a wonderful Centennial issue, especially Thurber on Ross.

But tsk, tsk! "The present incumbent was born in New Jersey," right in the middle of the present incumbent's opening editorial salutation. Is J. Russell Lowell revolving in his sarcophagus?

VIRGINIUS DABNEY
Richmond Times-Dispatch
Richmond, Va.

Billy Eagle Wing's Last Stand



Billy is one of America's forgotten children. He is an American Indian, an innocent victim of neglect and denial of opportunity. As a youth of nine, he already faces problems other boys and girls do not know about. His clothes are tattered and patched—he has no warm coat, no sturdy shoes. His health is fair now, but bitter cold weather finds him vulnerable to disease.

His father, a hard-working sheepherder, ekes out a meager living on the reservation for the family. Father and mother have high hopes for Billy's future, for a life with opportunity and usefulness. But they can do nothing for Billy to give him a chance.

This is Billy's last stand against the poverty and misery that surround him and darken his future. As a native American and inheritor of a glorious tradition, he deserves a chance to live and become a useful citizen.

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You . . . your club . . . your class . . . your office group . . . can help Billy or another needy Indian child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. For just \$8 a month, \$96 a year, you will provide "your" child with funds to buy warm clothing, sturdy shoes and other needed items.

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RACE AND THE SCHOOLS

A Crisis North and South

BY AGNES E. MEYER

In her speaking and writing, in her testimony before congressional committees, and in her unflagging zeal for the improvement of the American community, AGNES E. MEYER has come to be recognized as a forthright and trusted authority on our public schools. The idealism which fires this article of hers will be found in two of her recent books: her autobiography, OUT OF THESE ROOTS, and her searching philosophical essay, EDUCATION FOR A NEW MORALITY.

THE greatest single reward I have had as a result of my long and continuous efforts on behalf of our Negro fellow citizens is that we tell one another the truth — a rare achievement between the two races. Just after World War II, I was dining with seven members of the faculty at one of our Negro universities. In the course of conversation a young instructor said to me: "Mrs. Meyer, after Pearl Harbor I couldn't help feeling a secret exultation that a colored race had clobbered the white man." "My friend," I replied, "never forget that despite failures and injustices, Americans have done more for the Negro than any other nation on the face of the globe. We fought a civil war to establish his freedom. Since then thousands of whites in high and low positions have exhibited an interest in the Negro's welfare and development never before shown by a dominant race. On the whole the treatment of the Negro in America constitutes not an indictment but one of the greatest achievements of a democratic nation."

Now that the antics of Governor Faubus are being used as anti-American propaganda throughout the world, it behooves us to remember this long record. The desegregation of our public schools is a major social revolution. And when have vast

social changes ever taken place without creating some regrettable manifestations of resistance? Instead of lamenting over Little Rock, we should emphasize that in the Border States from Maryland to west Texas more than 350,000 Negro children who formerly went to segregated schools have already entered mixed classes.

This is a good beginning. But I am deeply concerned that so few people recognize the extent to which the burden of guiding this major revolution is being thrown upon school boards, administrators, and teachers unprepared for so gigantic a task of social engineering. All this at a time when our schools are already bulging with pupils and our overworked and underpaid teachers are struggling to maintain educational standards in badly equipped schools. Ill-considered, hasty attempts at integration, especially when carried out in impoverished and overcrowded schools, instead of furthering the education of the Negro will surely result in the retardation of all students, white and Negro, and increase rather than alleviate racial tensions.

Before our emotions became overwrought, we were committed to the *expansion and improvement* of our public schools as educational institutions

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where the young can learn to live together not as blacks and whites but as American citizens. This is still our first objective. The education of the white child must not be sacrificed for the Negro, nor that of the Negro for the white, or both races will lose and the future of our nation be imperiled.

I shall not argue the right or wrong of a question to which a democratic people can make but one answer. Instead I shall make a plea both to Northerners and Southerners and especially to Negro leaders for moderation in their attitudes toward this difficult problem and in the interpretation of those words, "deliberate speed." The chief responsibility for leadership is still that of the white population. And the Negro should realize, now that the power of the law supports his demands, that he is no longer in the position of an aggressor but of a partner in its orderly implementation.

EXHIBIT No. 1 of the disastrous effect of trying to do too much too soon is the report of the Commission on Integration accepted by the Board of Education of New York City. Its provisions have been worked out with complete disregard of the effect they would have upon the learning process and the orderly administration of the schools.

The racial situation is complicated in the borough of Manhattan by the fact that 34.5 per cent of its school children are Negroes, 32 per cent Puerto Ricans, and 33.5 per cent others, most of them white. The Subcommittee on Zoning demands that the effects of the segregated residence pattern be mitigated by establishing the objective of racial integration as a cardinal principle of school zoning. Geographical districts must be ignored and "a clear, positive zoning policy" established "to promote racially balanced schools." It specifies in the paragraphs on high schools that every school ought to reflect the overall school population. In other words, every school in Manhattan should be one-third Negro, one-third Puerto Rican, and one-third white. As more Negroes and Puerto Ricans are pouring into New York every month, both groups would soon predominate over whites in every school.

One gets the impression from this report that the minority group of white children exists only as pawns to achieve what are called "ethnically balanced schools." The schools in Harlem, where the majority of Negroes and Puerto Ricans live, would have empty desks unless white children from distant areas were transported to them. Not only would free bus transportation become an excessive economic burden absorbing funds sorely needed for educational purposes; this merry-go-round of pupil assignment would create adminis-

trative havoc, and the business of learning would become secondary to the use of the schools as social laboratories. The chief function of the elementary school as a community-related institution would go out the window. A school district must be a natural neighborhood if the educational process is to reach the child's home. But Edward S. Lewis, executive director of the Urban League, stated that "it is much more important that children go to integrated schools than that the school be conveniently located," and added that "the neighborhood school idea was being used to camouflage the real issue and need."

In the periphery of concentrated Negro or Puerto Rican areas, whether in Manhattan, Bronx, or Brooklyn, reshuffling of the school population presents few difficulties. In these school districts, Superintendent of Schools William Jansen has announced the desegregation of 5000 pupils. This has steadily been going on in New York. It is an endless process of readjustment in any large city with heavy Negro concentrations and the steady migration such as is taking place in many of our Northern cities.

It is unjust that the Negroes and Puerto Ricans should be crowded into segregated housing areas. They should be free to live where they can afford to live. But this will take time. To rely upon the schools alone to compensate for this deplorable situation is "impractical, unrealistic and bureaucratic," as the subcommittee report on community relations has the common sense to state. If administrative chaos reigns in the public schools, the education of all children is hampered. The best that can be done to desegregate elementary schools in several Harlem districts is to allow white teachers to teach in Negro schools and the displaced Negro teachers to teach in predominantly white schools. This has in fact been the practice in New York for many years. In other cities with large Negro populations, a firm policy of zoning which allows as much integration as possible on the fringe areas and permits transfers to other schools in all cases of hardship has been accepted without conflict. In Washington, D.C., in Louisville, in St. Louis, in Baltimore — where desegregation has been carried out firmly and peacefully — there are segregated schools in the midst of segregated housing areas. The extremists among the Negro leaders have expressed dissatisfaction, but the majority of Negro parents acquiesce to the inevitable. Nothing is more disastrous to good race relations in these difficult situations than the conflict between theory and practice which is going on in New York City.

To be sure, most New Yorkers discount the commission's report. They maintain that it will not and cannot be fully implemented. Yet it has

had wide publicity, which encouraged Negro and Puerto Rican parents to think that complete integration of the New York City public school system would begin this autumn. When they realized that their hopes were without foundation, about one hundred Negro and Puerto Rican parents expressed their disappointment by picketing near City Hall and demanding that the recommendations of the Board of Education's Commission on Integration be carried out at once.

The New York courts will soon be confronted with this problem. Two cases are before them in which Negro parents from Harlem are suing for the right to send their children to white schools in other areas on the theory that the Supreme Court has pronounced all segregation as unconstitutional. If Negro children are granted the right to go to any school of their choice, the same right must be allowed white children. The pandemonium that would then ensue in a school population of nearly a million students would defy the administrative capabilities of any superintendent of schools.

THAT the political pressure of a large Negro vote has influenced the decisions of the New York Commission on Integration is indicated throughout its reports. Nowhere is it more evident than in the discussion by the Subcommittee on Zoning of New York City's fine specialized high schools, which require stiff examinations for admission. At least two of these schools, the Music and Art High School and the Bronx Science High School, have earned a nationwide reputation. All of them have some Negro students but not enough to meet the new requirements of the Zoning Committee that "each high school population should reasonably reflect the ethnic make-up of the over-all High School population." So the committee suggests that "present admission requirements be studied with a view to determining a method to identify potentially able students who have been environmentally disadvantaged." In a footnote it adds that "program adjustment may be necessary for integration." In other words, the special examinations for these superior high schools are to be circumvented and the curriculum adjusted for badly prepared Negroes and Puerto Ricans, although thousands of "environmentally handicapped" white children who could not pass the examinations have been refused admittance. Breaking down the standards of these high schools would deprive the bright Negroes who now go to them, as well as the white children, of an education worthy of their capacities.

In short, educational standards are of no concern to this Commission on Integration. Now is

the time, says the report, to concentrate on racial problems. For example, the report on "Guidance, Educational Stimulation and Placement" points out, quite rightly, that a greatly increased budget is needed for specialized guidance services in all the elementary schools. This subcommittee concedes that such services are just as much needed in poor white areas as in Harlem but adds that "the Commission's primary responsibility is confined to Negro and Puerto Rican children." Since most of the white children in Manhattan's public schools belong to low-income groups, the neglect of their needs in favor of non-white children is bound to intensify racial problems.

Teachers also are to be "zoned." They are "to teach where they are needed." This means they can be forced to accept positions in difficult or problem schools in what are described as "high hazard environments." It gives every principal the means for ridding himself of any teacher he happens to dislike. According to the New York Teachers Guild, several principals this autumn did not hesitate to make use of these coercive powers given them by the Commission on Integration. Had the report of the commission suggested higher salaries for teachers who volunteer for difficult schools, coercion could have been avoided. But the morale of the teaching staff was given no more consideration in the report than the rights of the white students who are to be pushed around arbitrarily to suit the commission's purposes. If the plan for racial zoning goes through to shunt students all over the city by bus, the arbitrary transfer of teachers won't be necessary. Instead of a few difficult schools, they will all be difficult, and the teachers might as well be left where they are.

Because the whole problem of desegregation of New York City's schools has become an important political issue, it is impossible to foresee what may happen. Political leaders of the Northern Negro should make every effort to keep the desegregation problem out of politics. If they use their political power to overaccelerate desegregation regardless of the effect upon the schools, they will injure their cause and hamper the education of their own children as well as that of the whites. As one who has a long record of battles for equal rights for the Negro, I cannot be suspected of intolerance if I argue for an approach to the desegregation of schools in our big Northern cities that will not create havoc with their primary function of education. *Whether in the North or the South, we must not allow the process of desegregation to wreck our public school system.*

IF MODERATION is essential to successful desegregation of our schools in many Northern cities, it is

no less imperative in working out the far more difficult problems which confront the school boards and school administrators in the South. Even if the question were not heavily laden with emotional overtones, it would tax the imagination of the wisest school administrator to work out a successful plan of integration for rural counties along the Atlantic seaboard, or in the Mississippi delta where the Negro population often exceeds that of the whites by a ratio of three or four to one. Moreover in Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana the education of the Negro has been so shamefully neglected in many rural areas for generations that new teaching methods must be devised before these backward Negro children can receive the kind of education they need without sacrificing the progress of the small minority of white children.

One Southern school superintendent states the problem this way: "Wherever the Negro is in the vast majority, a longer preparation of the community, of the teachers, and of the curriculum is necessary if desegregation is to be successful."

Even in the Border States, where the Negro population is not proportionately as heavy, the school superintendents had to proceed slowly. In the city of Louisville, for example, desegregation proceeded peacefully as a result of years of careful preparation, during which a favorable community climate was created. The problem was defined, studied, and discussed within the schools and with the numerous local agencies and institutions. Furthermore, Kentucky, though a Southern state, has a long tradition of toleration. Its university has been a forerunner in the field of integration in the Southern region. The University of Louisville also set an example of tolerance when it absorbed the two hundred and seventy students of a small Negro college without difficulty.

But chiefly the successful beginning in the Louisville public school system was due to the foresight of Superintendent of Schools Omer Carmichael. He "stuck out his neck," according to local residents, in a statement which anticipated the Supreme Court's action; he warned that compliance would take from two to five years to be effective and stressed his readiness to accept it as the law of the land. With this well-timed pronouncement, he enlisted the support of all like-minded citizens and crystallized the opinion of the timid and the wavering.

THAT foresight and careful preparation can result in successful planning even when the Negro pupils constitute a large majority has been demonstrated by school administrators in Washington, D.C. In this city 70 per cent of the student body

are Negroes, many of them from superior homes. The school boundaries were redrawn, not as in New York by a separate commission, but by the school principals, both Negro and white, who worked together for the first time with professional objectivity despite a certain amount of race consciousness. A school system which in 1950 would not allow a Negro actor to appear before a white high school assembly, opened its schools in 1954 with Negro and white pupils attending classes together in 73 per cent of the schools, and white and Negro teachers instructing classes in 37 per cent of the schools. There were no serious difficulties. Transfers outside of the child's school district were permitted only in cases of real hardships, mostly of an emotional nature. Despite difficulties of personal adjustment experienced by many parents, pupils, teachers, and officers during the transition period, they rose above their fears and prejudices to do a much better job than they thought they could.

The assimilation of such a large proportion of Negro students without retarding the education of the white children was no easy task. A majority of Negro children on the average are poorer, less well housed, and less healthy than the whites; they lag from two to three years behind white children in scholastic achievement. As the Negro has always suffered from socio-economic and cultural deprivations, these facts do not prove racial inferiority. Yet as facts they must be faced. We cannot ignore the difference in the social backgrounds of the two races, if the schools are to teach children according to their needs and abilities.

Thus the school authorities, with the approval of the biracial Board of Education, have worked out a homogeneous grouping at all levels, in order to reduce the range of differences in each class. For the senior high schools this has resulted in a four-sequence curriculum or a four-track system, as it is popularly called. It provides an honors curriculum for the most gifted students, a regular preparatory and a general curriculum for the second and third groups, and basic studies in reading, writing, arithmetic, and social studies for the slow learners. This plan helps the academically retarded children, whether black or white, to catch up while protecting the scholastic needs of the brighter children of both races. Children in all groups have made remarkable progress as a result of individual instruction in remedial and developmental reading. As the gap between the brightest and the dullest children is just as wide among white children, even though more of them can qualify for the "honors" and college preparatory groups, this is the kind of plan which our educators should have devised long ago, not merely to achieve the utmost development of the gifted, but

to give each child the kind of education best suited to his capacities. To condemn such homogeneous grouping as undemocratic is sheer nonsense, since it provides genuine equality of opportunity. As the Negro children predominate in the group containing the slowest learners in the Washington schools, some Negro leaders objected to the four-track system as "resegregation." Yet the progress made by their children has reconciled most of the Negro parents.

That problems of social adjustment in the Washington schools are varied and serious, there is no doubt. But these do not fall within the scope of this article.

PERHAPS the greatest danger to the public school system is the legislation passed in four states, Virginia, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Georgia, to close the schools rather than allow one Negro child to enter a white school. Even the White Citizens Councils might hesitate to support such a radical proposal if they realized that it would not only jeopardize the agricultural and industrial future of their states but could weaken the nation's economy and our military defense.

The public school has always been the mainstay of our social and industrial fabric. But today it has an increased and vital importance in our complex, interrelated technological society, due to our need for more and more highly trained people. Education is now *the prime function of the modern state*. The serious defeat we suffered when the Russians launched their satellites has belatedly awakened us to this elementary truth.

For the first time in our history we are running short not only of scientists, engineers, and technologists but of the brain power required to maintain and develop our massive and infinitely complex industrial organization. We need this educated man power, and the source of supply begins in the public schools! The colleges and universities, with the help of our progressive industrialists, are now doing their utmost to make up the deficit, but we cannot educate enough trained people by a crash program at the college level. Due to the neglect and impoverishment of our public school system, the nation, it is estimated, still plows under something like one half of its latent talent and potential leadership.

And yet in the face of this dire need, four Southern governors seriously contemplate closing the public schools rather than accept desegregation! The mere possibility of such irresponsible action is already affecting the schools in many Southern communities. The best teachers, both white and Negro, are being frightened away. The Southern Negroes are migrating to the North and West in

ever greater numbers, especially from the agricultural areas. The South is even now importing skilled workers from the North. Unless it improves its public school system and gives both Negroes and whites the same opportunity to develop their abilities and personalities, the South will retard the industrial development which has given it such prosperity since World War II.

Education is a continuous process. It cannot be turned off and on like a water faucet. The public school system took more than a century to build, but it could be ruined in a short time. Its interruption even in four states would create a cultural gap that could not be repaired for years. The effects of mass migrations from the South to other sections of the country would create a multitude of problems impossible to foresee in their full dimensions. But this much is clear. The whole nation, involved in domestic turmoil, would be vulnerable to the "peaceful victory" which the Russians anticipate.

Where political and business leaders understand the relationship of education to industrial production, desegregation is being accomplished without opposition. In West Virginia, for example, there has been no friction. It is significant that Little Rock's substantial citizens — its bankers, industrialists, and its liberal political leaders like Congressman Brooks Hays — did their best to avoid racial tensions which would make Northern businessmen reluctant to risk more capital investments in their city and state. Such leaders are aware that gradual but steady desegregation will be conducive to prosperity not only for the South but for the nation. They can surely enlist the support of "the silent South," those who are opposed to desegregation in principle but are opposed to violence and mob rule. They can also win the support of the Southern working people who do not favor integrated schools but would not be willing to sacrifice their constantly improving living standards.

CAN it be done? Can we absorb millions of Negro children, many of them retarded, into our schools and at the same time improve the educational process for both races? Only if the American conscience is aroused and responds to the enormity of the problem. Large amounts of money will be needed by the states and communities to make a success of integration: We shall need more classrooms, smaller classes wherever possible, better school equipment, health programs, and auxiliary services, more and better-trained teachers, and psychiatric consultants and guidance experts aware of the stresses and strains to which the children,

their parents, and the teachers themselves are exposed, especially during the transition period.

Skilled personnel in such numbers obviously cannot be produced overnight. The size of the problem that confronts us is alarming, and its very complexity tells us that progress is bound to be slow, especially in the plantation states of the South and in our big Northern cities where the Negro population is heaviest.

In the underprivileged communities, the school program will have to be supplemented by recreational facilities, especially for teen-agers, where Negroes and whites can learn to play together and by closer cooperation between the schools and the homes through a staff of visiting teachers. For the child's environment is far more educational than the school, as our rates of crime and delinquency have long demonstrated. Actually one of the most valuable by-products of desegregation will be the revelation of our unrealized, unmet educational needs. As these inadequacies are uncovered, it is to be hoped that community pressure will result not only in greater local and state tax support but in strong political pressure for federal aid to our public schools.

THERE are certain aspects of desegregation which we must all keep in mind.

Free and honest discussion between Negro and white community leaders has become more, rather than less, difficult, especially in the South, because the races have temporarily been drawn farther apart as a result of turbulence and conflict. It would be well, therefore, if the Northern people would concentrate on their own serious problems of desegregation instead of pointing the finger of scorn. It is hypocritical to pretend that racial intolerance is confined to the South, or that the North's part in this mighty experiment is less difficult. The self-righteousness of Northern liberals is just so much added fuel to the fires of Southern intolerance.

The calm deliberation of Negro leadership is urgently needed at this critical juncture when the emotional situation could improve or degenerate so rapidly. In several conversations with Negro intellectuals and officials of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Urban League, I had the impression that the Negro leaders themselves cannot agree on what they wish to achieve. In one Southern city which had done an admirable job of desegregation, even

to the point of granting all students complete freedom of choice as to which school they preferred to attend, none of the local Negro leaders was satisfied with the "permissiveness," as it is called, although the Negro parents were contented. All the leaders were critical of the Negro teachers who urged their pupils, especially the bright ones and the good athletes, to remain in the Negro schools. Another disappointment to these Negro leaders was the fact that numerous Negro children after attending the white schools for a year chose to return to their segregated schools. In other words the permissiveness for which the Negroes are fighting in New York City is anathema to the Negro leaders in cities that have adopted it. After one such lengthy discussion, in which I was the only white person, I said: "If God Almighty came down from heaven to do this desegregation job none of you would be satisfied with it." My friends laughed heartily and agreed.

I believe that the Negro leaders who are pressing for immediate and radical desegregation are too unaware of its effects upon the schools and of the tensions to which it exposes the Negro child. They are too indifferent to the human problem involved. If retarded Negro children are demoted when they are transferred to a white school, this has a discouraging effect. If they are not demoted, many Negro children leave the white schools when they find they cannot keep up with their age group. Even under the most favorable conditions, such as those I have described in Louisville and Washington, the pressure on the Negro child confronted for the first time with a strange environment, higher achievement standards, and new social or cultural values is hard to bear for all but the most courageous and talented.

The teachers and the Negro parents are keenly aware of these psychological problems, but the leaders of the NAACP ignore them in deciding their policies. If the interests of the Negro child were more of an influence on these leaders, they would not persist in aggressive tactics in Southern counties where the predominance of Negro population makes the task of desegregation an extremely difficult social, psychological, and educational problem.

The words "deliberate speed" clearly indicate that the Supreme Court Justices did not insist upon immediate, drastic enforcement of their decision. These words are the equivalent of the Roman adage *festina lente*, make haste slowly. In a democracy, sound progress has never come about in any other way.

An Atlantic "First"

THE HONEYMOON

BY BETTY ANDREWS BLUNT

For the last several years BETTY ANDREWS BLUNT has been, as she says, "hanging on a but clause — that phrase in an editorial letter that likes your work but . . ." Mrs. Blunt, a Nebraskan who spent her girlhood in Lincoln, is now married to Jerry Blunt, chairman of the Theatre Arts Department at Los Angeles City College.

AT FIRST, the two sisters thought the news was funny. It wasn't until later that the other feeling began, not exactly shame, but still one of those hot-hard-stomach feelings which was close to shame. What did their grandmother mean by getting married?

Married! Their grandmother! Their very own father's very own mother! And after all those years of living as a widow in her big house, living perfectly at ease — so it seemed — with the roomers overhead and the grandchildren on vacation for company.

"And what about the trunk?" Milly said, turning accusing eyes on her older sister and trying, unsuccessfully, to hold her cat — Vinegar — who was about to have kittens again. "You'd think at least she'd have thought about the trunk!"

Ruthy shrugged her shoulders and wriggled into her slip. At fifteen, Ruthy shrugged her shoulders often. To Milly, it seemed like the same sort of negative gesture as shaking the head, only it didn't make the shrugger look stupid. It just made the one being shrugged at feel that way.

Milly let go of Vinegar and smoothed down her own slip. It was all very well for Ruthy to shrug, but being two years older didn't mean she knew everything. What *was* their grandmother going to do about the trunk?

The trunk was in another town in the attic of the grandmother's house, and it held all that was

left of the grandfather. In fact, to the two sisters, it held the grandfather himself. They had raised him, a sort of Lazarus, from the trunk during many childhood summers. And because they felt they had made him, bit by bit, out of old army puttees, a poppy from France, a faded American flag, and their own dark delight in imaginary tragedy — he was more real than reality. He had the terrible strength of a recurring dream; the enduring vitality of a make-believe lover.

"And to go and marry Dr. Jenkins, of all people!" Milly said, thrusting her elbowy arms into her blouse and tugging it down over her head. "Anyway, they probably won't be here for hours!"

She looked at the white curtains hanging without a stir at the open windows. They were newly washed, as was everything else in the room, for it was to be used by the grandmother and Dr. Jenkins when they arrived. Through the curtains Milly could see the veranda, on one portion of which she and Ruthy would sleep that night. On the floor of the room Vinegar breathed heavily. From the yard the rackety sound of a circular lawn sprinkler repeated itself endlessly.

"Sticky weather for a honeymoon," Ruthy said.

Milly giggled and then stopped. The hot-hard feeling swelled again in her stomach. She thought graphically and luridly of the medical book she had seen at camp. "Honeymoon," she said in a whisper and moved away from her sister. She

wondered if Ruthy, like herself, was remembering that long night when they had talked, piecing together their staggering bits of information? Not the little-kid stuff about the female egg and how it was fertilized, but the real information that nobody talked about — not even a modern mother — no matter how many times she kept saying, “It’s certainly different now than in my day. *I tell my girls everything!*”

Milly grinned and reached for her skirt. Ruthy had finished dressing and was already brushing her hair in front of the mirror.

“She must be sixty!” Milly said.

“Fifty-eight.” Ruthy had a clip in her mouth. She took it out and pinned back her pony tail. “I counted it up. Dr. Jenkins is sixty-two.”

Milly stepped into her skirt and felt the giggles beginning once more. “Sixty-two!” she said and flopped down on the bed, not caring whether she got wrinkled or not.

Dr. Jenkins was a philosophy doctor, and Milly had known him forever, had even heard him lecture once or twice at the college in her grandmother’s town, but on what subject she couldn’t possibly remember. She had been much too fascinated by the way his finger tips had moved over the watch chain on his vest — like a many-legged circus performer on a high wire — advancing, retreating, swaying, and then rushing confidently to the other side. She had become obsessed with the idea that without those trotting fingers on the chain, Dr. Jenkins couldn’t talk. He was the only man Milly knew who had a watch chain, or for that matter, the only man she knew who wore a vest. Outside of those two things, he looked pretty normal, she supposed: gray hair cropped short, eyes of some indeterminate color which could look quite steadily at a fidgeting girl. And now, unbelievably, all of these things had become her grandmother’s husband.

“Are you going to call him Grandpa?” Milly asked and was rewarded by a spiteful snort from Ruthy and the clattering sound of brush and clip being banged down on the dresser. One thing about Ruthy, she could get so beautifully mad. Milly always found that getting mad was terrifying work and she usually ended up by crying. But Ruthy was wonderful!

Milly sat up on the bed, now, and watched her sister — dark hair flying, circular skirt swaying in a self-made breeze. “I damn well am *not* going to call him Grandpa! I might not even be here when they come to call him anything at all! The old goat. The old stupid horrid goat!”

Milly swung her legs off the bed and stood staring at her sister, for Ruthy wasn’t mad. She was crying. It took the moon to make Ruthy cry, and yet there she was — crying.

This sudden reversal of their roles shook Milly more than anything since the news had arrived. “I hate them both,” she said, kicking out at some shoes on the floor. “What in the world is the matter with them, anyway?” She kept waiting for her own tears to start and when they didn’t, she kicked out again at the shoes, sending one of them sailing across the room.

Vinegar spat and ran under the bed.

“Hey,” Ruthy said, putting out her hand and beginning to pat Milly on the shoulder. “Hey, Baby, hey!”

It occurred to Milly that she should be doing the patting, for after all it was Ruthy who had cried, but everything was so mixed up anyway, what difference did it make?

THE two girls finished their dressing in silence. It would be different, Milly thought, if it were anyone else but this grandmother, even if it were her other grandmother, who wore red shoes and sometimes got her hair too blue. But this one — well, her hair was white and never had been cut. That fact alone greatly impressed Milly, who was always chopping at her own and living perpetually between bangs growing in or out. And this grandmother would never think of wearing red. In the summer it was gray and pink; in the winter gray and purple — lovely things and soft, not ever quite in style but always stylish, a difference which Milly noted and admired. But most of all, this grandmother seemed to have a stillness, a kind of circle of charm in which she moved, a space as self-contained as a pebble ring in a quiet pool. And in this ring a grandchild, if she dared, might also move, at special hours and after standing long outside gauging the way of entry — like figuring the right time to jump in beside a rope already turning. Not that the grandmother made it hard to enter the ring. She just didn’t seem to notice when someone was standing on the edges. But once inside, Milly always felt that the grandmother had been waiting hours and hours for her to come.

When she was very small, Milly thought nothing about this circle, except that she liked to be there. Later, she connected it with the trunk. This was the space where *he* walked with her, and the reason she didn’t notice grandchildren on the edges was because she was noticing *him*. But once inside, all things were loved, for inside was the very special space of love — the ring. But it should be kept special!

Milly leaned down and began straightening the spread on the bed. She shouldn’t let just anybody in — not Dr. Jenkins! Milly pulled at the spread.

"They're coming," Ruthy said, and Milly jumped.

"Yes, it's them, all right," Ruthy said.

Milly could hear the clatter of her mother's heels crossing the porch and she could hear the surprised-glad voice of her father calling out, "Well, welcome! Welcome!" It was the same voice he had used when the letter arrived, when he said, "Well, good for them. Mother's still young, you know."

Young! Milly felt the giggles rising once again. Was the whole world going crazy?

"We'd better go," Ruthy said, and her voice was grim, "or they'll start to call us."

"Does she have on pink?" Milly asked.

"What else?"

IT HADN'T been too difficult until after dinner. There was so much talking and laughing and giving of gifts. It seemed to Milly they were laughing all the time, especially her mother. Milly felt definitely outside of things, and because of this she seemed to see much more clearly than usual — why, she didn't know. But take her mother now — all afternoon the short hair of her mother's bangs had stuck close to her forehead in little fish-hook curls, and they were really black because of being damp. Milly couldn't remember ever noticing that before. But now, out on the porch in the evening, they were fluffing out again and were back to being brown.

Because of the June bugs they were all sitting on the veranda without a light, just the fading twilight, the glow of her parents' cigarettes, and the fitful red blotch from Dr. Jenkins' pipe. Soon the lightning bugs would come, Milly thought.

And this afternoon, besides noticing her mother's hair, there had been the soft prettiness of the back of her neck. Of course, Milly might not have noticed that if she hadn't watched her father kissing it, planting his lips smack in the little hollow while her mother had her hands full of ice trays. Milly had peered at the spot closely after that, and it looked like a good place to kiss. And another thing, her mother had seemed not like a mother at all when the back of her neck was being kissed.

She figured she was seeing her mother so closely because she tried to keep from looking at her grandmother and Dr. Jenkins, although she saw them, just the same. And Dr. Jenkins *could* talk without the watch chain, because he took his vest off in the heat and it hadn't stopped his voice. And the grandmother's face looked flushed, pinker than the print in her dress, but whether from the warmth or from being ashamed, Milly couldn't

tell. And her father kept running around, pumping Dr. Jenkins' hand and pouring out beer and kissing people on the back of the neck as if he were no older than Emmet Jones who came by on Saturday nights and called for Ruthy. In fact . . .

There were many lightning bugs now. On the porch it was almost dark. Dr. Jenkins was talking about the Black Hills, where he and the grandmother were going next. Milly heard his voice as from a great distance. She seemed very far away from everybody. She wished that she'd sat down on the steps with Ruthy. She also wished there was a light — June bugs or no June bugs — because an amazing idea had occurred to her. Maybe, without her knowing it, time was going backward. Grandmothers on honeymoons. Grown fathers believing their mothers were still young. Grown mothers with backs of necks like girls and not acting a bit like mothers.

Milly reached out for a firefly and caught one, buzzing in her hand. The act had a tangible reassurance, because if time had turned around, she, Milly, as the youngest, would be the first to go. And she did feel far away. She kept the firefly close within her hand so she could see the cracks of her fingers lighting up each time it flashed. Of course, she wouldn't mind going back a little bit, to last summer, maybe, when she had the tree house.

The memory of the house came startlingly clear, sharp as a side stitch and as painful, because until this moment she had forgotten the tree house. It seemed impossible, but it was so. From one summer to the next, she had forgotten. Forgotten the challenge of each rung of the climb; the giddy sense of being something more than human because of neighboring with the birds; the wonderful smell of the leaves and the delight of seeing their veining when the sun shone through; and almost the very best, the light, free feeling of not being definitely a girl.

Not that she had felt like a boy, Milly thought. It wasn't that. She just hadn't felt like one thing or another.

A nostalgia for the neuter welled in Milly like a song. Last summer, she hadn't yet seen the medical book at camp, and all the other things she had been told were as unrelated as beads without a string. Last summer, she hadn't talked all night with Ruthy, branding her own gender into her consciousness with the heat of whispered secrets. Last summer, her grandmother would never have gone on a honeymoon with Dr. Jenkins.

The sense of loss was so acute it was almost a pleasure, for Milly knew that even if time began to spin like a top, she could never go back to the summer of the tree house. That time, when everything she did or felt or saw had a single quality

only, was a lost time, a dead time, and she could but mourn and remember. Remember the singleness of things in all their purity; the way one leaf in the tree house could consume an hour of her contemplation without once getting mixed up with twig or branch, without ever being concerned with treeness. The way the smell of a summer morning could be sliced off like a loaf of cheese, saying, this is last night's rain on the dust; this, the green juice from the new-cut lawn; this, the burst buds on the summer stock; and that, the first hint of the noon to come. Sliced off like cheese and left there, separate, piece by piece, not bound together again within the loaf.

But now, that singleness was gone. All things ran into other things, bumped and jostled and got confused. Two separate thoughts colliding made something new entirely, so a girl could never know quite what to feel, could never quite be sure of anything.

WE WONDER, now, why we didn't do it before." The grandmother was speaking, sending clear-toned sounds into the dark. "I think we both had got so used to being lonely, we'd forgotten that it didn't have to be." She laughed, a startled little sound, full of surprise and hope and gentle self-reproach. The sound pushed through the dusk toward Milly and circled there, repeating itself again and again.

"And then we wondered, of course, what other people would think."

A buzzing of talk cut in on this. Milly heard her father and mother protesting, and even Ruthy saying clear, "Oh, other people!"

Milly felt farther away than ever, distant and yet drawn close, another merging that she could do nothing about. Oh, her lost time, she thought, her dead time that she could but mourn and remember! She would make of it a shrine. She would pack the memories of it all into a box.

Milly stood up from her chair. The soft breeze of the summer evening blew on her skirts, cooling the stickiness of long sitting. She would pack them in a box and they would be of no more good to her than the trunk in the attic was to the grandmother.

Milly wanted to throw her arms out to the night, wanted to do something big to show the pity of this insight — run and cry and fling herself upon the earth. Instead, she stood where she was on the porch, shivering a little as the breeze fanned the dampness of her underlegs; stood, cut off from the rest as if a circle had been drawn around her.

"But you've all been wonderful," the grandmother said, and the little laugh was also like a sob. "And to think that, before we came, I was afraid."

The buzzing started again and over it was Ruthy's voice, strident and clear. "It's you who's wonderful, I guess. That's who it is!"

Milly didn't stir. So, Ruthy had crossed on over. Well, she wasn't surprised. She knew, now, that she had been expecting it for some time, and now it had happened. That was all.

Milly would have been happy to cry, but she didn't know anything about the kind of tears needed for a time like this. Her eyes were hard and dry. Her circle had ringed her tight, and she was lonely and alone.

Oh, I know! She wanted to shout the words to her grandmother across the dark. I know what it is to lose something and to stand in the circle of in-between. I know, now, how it was with you when you didn't notice people on the edges and why, when I stepped in, you had been waiting for so long for me to come. Oh, I know! But what was the knowledge worth, Milly wondered? And how long did a person have to stand ringed in by what was gone?

"Well, I'm for bed," Dr. Jenkins said. "This day's been quite a day, and that's a fact."

The murmuring began again. A porch swing squeaked, and Milly's mother's shoes began to click across the porch.

"I'm really glad," Milly whispered. "I'm really glad that you're not lonely any more. I know inside that I'm glad. You know I know inside that I'm glad."

Dr. Jenkins knocked his pipe against the porch railing and yawned out loud. They were all going away, Milly thought. Nobody seemed to know that she was there, or seemed to care. She wanted to reach out toward them, but what was the use? And to whom would she go? Not to Ruthy, that was sure. Her mother? Not this night. The grandmother? Oh, no.

"I need somebody," she said. "I need somebody to love!"

At first she didn't feel the fur against her legs, but when she did, the softness seemed to melt her down and, as she knelt, she felt the tears begin to flow — warm and slow and soothing to her face — new tears, the kind she needed for this time.

Vinegar had come across the circled ring, Vinegar, purring there, between her legs. Milly threaded her fingers in the fur, rubbing at the struttled sides. The night was very soft; Vinegar, a contentment at her feet. Milly picked her up, cradling her in her arms, and stepped out on the lawn. It felt good to move out of her position on the porch. Her tears were drying on her face as she looked up at the stars — each one single, but all of them making the night.

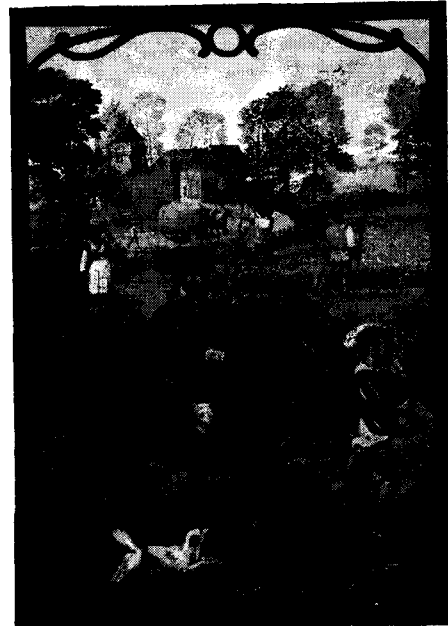
"How long?" she whispered, rocking her cat in her arms. "How long?"

A LITTLE BOOK OF HOURS

BY PHILIP MURRAY

Help me, Lord God, in my good purpose and in Thy
service and grant me this day to begin perfectly;
for naught it is that I have done unto this time.

Thomas à Kempis



Hennessy Book of Hours (Brussels)

PRIME

The heavy sun rising
Raises Thee,
Lightens me
Of heaviness.
Feather me, Lord,
That I may fly
A falcon pitched
To towered bliss
From off Thy steady wrist,
Thy host, my prey

SEXT

Precise noon
Strikes me dumb.
I am a vessel brimmed
With a sparkling silence
Of Thine ineffable vintage.
Spill me, Lord,
Over the crooked land
Where I shall flow
Into the thin horizon
Of Thy level hands.

TIERCE

The transparent morning
Sets me in amber.
(Love is a vine,
A bubble of air,
A katydid)
Bellow me, Lord of tendrils;
Dilate me, Bubbler of airs;
Grate me a song and sweetness.
I shall be honey
In Thy generous horn.

NONES

The afternoon rolls
My shadow around me.
Lord, I am some darkness;
My raven image
Flickers from sunlight
Though I would be fixed.
Dance with me into dust;
Whirl Thy whiteness
Before and behind me.
Make my shadow to die.

LLOYD V. BERKNER



A scientific administrator who was trained as an electrical engineer and who is today president of Associated Universities, Inc., LLOYD V. BERKNER served from 1941 to 1945 in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics first as head of the radar section and then as director of the electronics matériel branch. A consultant to the Secretary of State in 1949, Mr. Berkner is the author of SCIENCE AND FOREIGN RELATIONS, a guide to State Department scientific activities.

WANTED: A National Science Policy

THE shadow of the Russian satellite is surprisingly large and persistent for so small an object." So commented Henry Smythe at the meeting of the American Nuclear Society last October. The truth is that the Soviet satellites have shocked Americans into an awareness of the phenomenal rise of Soviet science during the last thirty years. We are chagrined to have lost the lead that American science, we believe, should have maintained.

Western science unquestionably still holds a dominant position in most areas, but the rate of Soviet scientific growth assures its inevitable rise to pre-eminence in the next few years unless the defects of our present policy are recognized and corrected. Already Soviet scientists have achieved or are projecting an imposing list of "firsts" among the tools of science: the largest proton accelerator, the most intense neutron source, the largest optical and radio telescopes, imposing programs of meteorological and oceanographic research, as well as the first intermediate and long-range ballistic rockets. They have announced their intention to conquer the moon and the planets, and to explore outer space generally. Appraising Russian technical capability in 1948, Admiral Leslie C. Stevens in his penetrating *Russian Assignment* wrote: "Interplanetary travel is just the thing to catch the Russian imagination. Among my Russian books is one which is a serious technical discussion of just that, written simply and clearly in 1903, although my copy is one of fifty thousand of the tenth edition, published in Leningrad in 1935. There is an excellent chance that the Russian engineers, who do not lack for brains, will pioneer in this field." Admiral Stevens' remarks were

prophetic. The Soviet program is so bold as to invite frequent failure, but it has the stuff from which achievement rises. Scientific leadership in the West must be equally bold and imaginative if it is to compete successfully.

Our major weaknesses at present stem from a lack of a coherent science policy on the part of the federal government. Totalitarianism in Europe drove many of her best scientists to our shores, and their presence greatly aided our scientific progress. The sudden expansion of our scientific and technological effort during World War II, engineered so skillfully by our Office of Scientific Research and Development, resulted in the triumphs of radar and atomic energy which we managed swiftly and economically. Since the war, however, the organization and incentive with which we achieved our great successes have, with few exceptions, been neglected. Among the exceptions has been the creation of the national laboratories, operating with notable success in the field of nuclear energy. But on the whole, American research support has been an on-off unimaginative affair, ultimately controlled largely by fiscal agents of the federal government using methods and criteria that have been extraordinarily frustrating.

My purpose in this article is to show how we may correct the serious deficiencies that have slowed our progress.

IMAGINATION

Fundamentally, research becomes sterile unless its leadership encourages its direction into new, exciting, and significant avenues.

Real discovery stems from an unconquerable spirit, working in an atmosphere free from frustration and challenged by the opportunity to interpret new-found knowledge to the full extent of its meaning. The ability to generate and preserve this quality of scientific spirit is basic to true scientific leadership.

Imaginative research is always open to charges of extravagance, since it often appears on the surface to be headed in quite unpredictable or unproductive directions. Only a few months ago a leading official of the Department of Defense stated publicly that the armed forces had no interest in "the back side of the moon." This is comparable to the deprecatory statements made in Congress a century and a half ago which opposed support for the Lewis and Clark expedition that later opened the Northwest. If America is to lead, and not follow, its leaders must be able to perceive developments of great significance and have the strength of character to support them despite the ribaldry of the ignorant. Occasional failures should be expected — indeed, such failures are a necessary concomitant to sufficient imagination in research. The nation and its leadership must accept as a fundamental tenet of national science policy the need for support of imaginative and unusual programs when these are advocated on a scientific base.

The management of government-financed research is highly important, for inept and unimaginative management can easily reduce or indeed nullify the effectiveness of research. The good research administration provides opportunity for both individual and group effort, but it does not attempt to dictate the solutions to be obtained. One defect in the project method of research administration is that it tends to limit the scientists to objectives which must be defined rather too specifically. It encourages the scientist to relate his results to the terms of his original objective rather than to the large context of the advancement of knowledge.

The great scientific successes of our century, such as heavier-than-air flight and the development of nuclear power, have come from faith in costly and imaginative effort as exemplified in the NACA and the Manhattan District. Conversely, the heavy hand of the unimaginative has greatly impeded American scientific progress, as in the case of the earth satellite, by constant sniping that has made difficult the job of public officials who could not themselves evaluate the prospects. Basic national policy for science is not worth its salt unless it is administratively geared to sponsor and encourage imaginative proposals for exploration of nature's secrets. The appointment of Dr. James Killian as presidential scientific adviser is a

step in the right direction. But grudging acceptance of imaginative proposals is not enough; budget cutting and skepticism have no place in a scientific endeavor that aspires to world leadership.

CONTINUITY

The great curse of American research has been the fumbling starts and stops in support. Real research usually takes years to accomplish and involves tedious accumulation of scattered specialized knowledge, careful preparation of experimental apparatus for testing and extending that knowledge, the slow growth of skill in the manipulation of new and critical experimental procedures, and above all a continuous familiarity with the background from which the clues to brilliant deductions are derived. Research simply cannot be turned on and off at will. Literally millions of dollars have been wasted by arbitrary withdrawal of support after groups have been organized, apparatus prepared, and skills developed, *but before the experiment could be carried to its conclusion* and the critical conclusion could be drawn. Scientists subjected to such an experience justifiably feel that they have been robbed of ideas and recognition which were almost within their grasp. Such an experience is often sufficient to drive them from creative research into applied science, where the effect is more productive for them personally.

The government's wave of "economy" cuts last summer is illustrative of the disastrous effects of indiscriminate cancellation of research projects. Fiscal reduction effectuated by decree rather than selectivity automatically strikes research first as having the least immediate bearing on the objectives of the agency concerned. Some 80 per cent of Air Force research projects, for example, were arbitrarily canceled or put in suspended animation and the scientific resources they represent dissipated. Many of these researches had just reached the point of productivity and then were wiped out. Others were producing results that are vital to the continuance of research projects which depended upon them for essential data. Many of America's best scientists found themselves without support, and damage to American research effort by such arbitrary action is incalculable. As examples, the expensive hurricane research project was wrecked by withdrawal of the aircraft and removal of equipment after two years of effort to bring it to the point of fruition. Support was withdrawn from solar research, which depends upon continuity for its results and the data from which are essential to many other researches. By edict of the Budget Bureau, the financing of the national laboratories was put on a month to month basis, leaving the future in doubtful balance.

Support for the first-class air-rocket research at the Naval Research Laboratory has been withdrawn twice since the war, and competent research teams at the laboratory twice broken up and their skills and equipment dispersed. Yet this work at NRL was the direct antecedent of our satellite effort. There is little doubt that had research behind the NRL rocket effort been continuous since the war (as General Blagonravov, leader of the Russian satellite program, tells me it was in the corresponding Russian laboratory), the time scale of the Vanguard satellite would have been very different. Upon his return to Russia, Blagonravov was constrained to remark with almost British conservatism: "In rocket techniques, the U.S. is not doing badly, but it is far behind the U.S.S.R." After the satellites, Q.E.D.

This is not to say that research is holy; periodic review by competent scientific directors is essential. But our national science policy must remove control of research from officials ignorant of objectives and methods. The overall direction should be firmly in the hands of a competent scientific administrator who can apply reasonable criteria and restraint in the adjustment of support levels to insure continuity.

BALANCE

We cannot afford to be without skill in any important area of scientific activity. Moreover, as new opportunities arise, we must be quick to explore them. The history of science in this country is replete with examples of discoveries made here but never followed up for lack of support. The four major discoveries of radio astronomy were made by American scientists, yet the great radio telescopes to exploit these discoveries are situated abroad. Only recently has the National Science Foundation been able to provide the beginnings of a National Radio Astronomy Observatory, which will require years before it can reach the level of foreign activity. The basic methods for outer atmospheric research originated here, yet there is not a single professorship in the United States on the outer atmosphere. There are many in foreign universities.

Although the world is approaching the era of greatly improved forecasting and some measure of weather control, our support of meteorological research is negligible. Much of the existing support is for the pursuit of crackpot schemes for rain making that make no pretense of understanding the underlying physical phenomena involved. The promise of meteorological research is such that adequate research would be repaid a hundred or thousandfold. Moreover, the nation that develops some measure of weather control will enjoy

an advantage far superior to the controller of Sputnik; control of our environment has unlimited social, economic, and military implications. Strong support for meteorological research at the university level together with the creation of a great Meteorological National Laboratory to focus, integrate, and sponsor large-scale research on the physics of weather would be a cheap investment.

But failure to organize and support research in so vital an area as meteorology is only a single example of our failure to achieve a balanced program. The same could be said for oceanography, for the oceans cover three quarters of the earth and contain incomparable wealth in their influence on our lives. Of their total of eighteen oceanographic research ships, the Soviets have five to ten of these at sea at all times, led by the excellent laboratory ship, the *Ob*, of more than 12,000 tons. The U.S. effort in oceanography is limited to a few struggling centers with small yachts whose recent meager opportunities have been financed from the funds advanced for the International Geophysical Year.

In February, 1955, a conference of sixty leading geophysicists met in the halls of the National Science Foundation to voice their concern at the stagnant state of theoretical geophysics in the United States. In the strongest terms, men such as von Neumann and Urey recommended the establishment of at least one U.S. Institute of Theoretical Geophysics to create opportunity for new and specialized professorships in the study of the physical aspects of our environment. Several universities expressed their interest in sponsoring such an institute. But nothing has happened.

These are but a few of many examples of the neglect of research in literally dozens of important scientific fields. In any one of these fields, the Soviets may next leapfrog the United States in their bid for world scientific leadership.

This point is worthy of emphasis. It is often said that Soviet scientific efforts are concentrated in a new direction to the exclusion of others. This is not true, for Soviet science is growing with remarkable balance. The concentration is on these carefully selected ideas emerging from science that the Russians choose to exploit in the technological sense. If, after Sputnik, we throw everything into rocket research to the exclusion of other fields, we risk the danger of being surpassed in a dozen other areas of science that we are neglecting. We should avoid this trap. In our underestimate of Soviet capability we might remember Mark Twain's comment: "It can be no sufficient compensation to a corpse to know that the dynamite that laid him out was not of so good a quality as it had been supposed to be."

What is needed is a strong and adequate level

of support for university research in *new* fields of endeavor. Competent individual skill needs encouragement wherever it appears. Closely coupled with such aid must be new scientific institutes or national laboratories to provide the major instrumentation which is beyond the capacity of the universities to provide but to which their faculties should have access. The present national laboratories are models for such purposes. Similar laboratories should provide expanded opportunity in every area of science.

LEVEL OF RESEARCH

Many of the weaknesses of imagination and balance in American research exist because there is not enough money to broaden research activities. With the limited funds available, the expansion of science into new and necessary areas is often and quite naturally opposed by men whose own valuable work would be curtailed or stopped as a result of any diversion. Nothing is to be gained by the development of a new field of scientific skill if an equally important existing project is killed.

One often hears public officials quote figures of billions of federal research support. Such figures are most misleading. They reflect principally the large costs of *engineering and development* of specific products.

The National Science Foundation puts the total support for U.S. programs of research at \$435 million, of which federal support represents less than half of the total. When one includes development, the total jumps to \$5.37 billion. Therefore, about \$5 billion is spent on development of ideas emergent from research costing less than one tenth as much. With such a ratio one is probably not far wrong in suspecting that much development is too often expended on obsolescent ideas or devices.

The basic research effort of the Department of Defense is about \$30 million, and that of the National Science Foundation is \$40 million. Since either of these amounts represents only a fraction of our total annual expenditure for chewing gum (estimated at \$280 million), the national interest would seem to dictate that basic research expenditures of such agencies be raised at least to the chewing gum level.

The failure of Congress and the Administration not only to support research at an adequate level but to take the initiative in calling for such support is deplorable — and illogical. Certainly more than half the U.S. income is derived from ideas produced by research in the present century. Consequently, the federal government has a direct financial stake in the support of research at a level that can maintain the federal income. Ideas emergent from research are capital investment

that continue to produce for the public good without depreciation or maintenance costs.

Certainly the nation has every right to make necessary budget cuts, but these should be made in terms of the present, where the effect can be estimated. Cuts that jeopardize the future in ways that cannot be assessed are certainly of doubtful wisdom — yet arbitrary reductions in the scientific research budget have jeopardized our future in just this way.

Because the federal budget cycle is long, federal science officers should have some free funds which permit the nation to follow exciting new leads or break-throughs. Moreover, in constructing new research devices it is seldom possible to estimate costs accurately, since there is no base in experience from which estimates can be made. Some such funds could be made available through the judicious review and cancellation of unproductive research activities. But additional free funds would pay great dividends by permitting prompt action in grasping research opportunity.

Moreover, the level of research support should be increased, not diminished, at periods of economic upset. In the past, research has been cut when industry and government have most needed ideas. It is hardly necessary to say that this makes no sense, especially since research support is a tiny fraction of the total budget. During economic stress, ideas emergent from research can have a hundred times the economic effect of a WPA or CCC.

The National Science Foundation was established by Congress in 1950 "to promote the progress of science; to secure the national defense," and American science has the right to expect strong leadership from the Foundation in securing adequate funds for research to ensure the national welfare. Although Vannevar Bush believed in 1947 that support of American research by the NSF should grow to \$125 million in five years (that would be perhaps \$175 million in 1957 dollars), its support has reached less than one fourth of this goal in the intervening ten years. It is true that congressional temper and national complacency are partly responsible for this fiasco, but the nation expects the Foundation to be vigorously articulate in breaking down this resistance to appropriations so vital to its welfare. When the national future is at stake, members of the Foundation have the responsibility to marshal the forces of science and to utilize every means of making known the needs of science.

If America is to maintain scientific pre-eminence and economic stability, research funds must grow to five or ten times their present value in the next few years. The government's aid to science is essential, but there is an equally powerful source we

must look to for the education and development of American sciences in the future. In 1956, big business invested something like \$35 billion in new capital. Yet it contributed only \$100 million to education. Certainly private investment in the men that must man our industry and government to insure its pre-eminence is comparable to the importance of other forms of capital investment.

The support of research underlying required theses in graduate schools is a critical matter. A great deal of such support comes from the federal government in the form of research grants or contracts for research, development, and engineering. This latter type of support is especially important for advanced engineering graduates. Of the government money going to the universities for such purposes, some \$400 to \$500 million originates from the Department of Defense and less than one fourth of this amount comes from all other government agencies. While a substantial part of the contribution of the Department of Defense goes to specialized laboratories for specific military development and engineering, nevertheless the Department of Defense almost unwittingly controls the level and welfare of graduate activities in science by its fiscal policies in support of the universities. This is not necessarily bad. But if the welfare of graduate training in science depends on the Department of Defense, that department must exercise great caution and wisdom in administration of this responsibility.

SECURITY

The Moss Subcommittee of the Government Operations Committee of the House of Representatives has examined so thoroughly the interaction between science and secrecy, personnel clearance, and security of information generally that it seems unnecessary to amplify the subject here. Generally, in a free political system the security of information and the security of progress are mutually inconsistent. Security of information can easily be pressed to such rigid compartmentalization that progress is slowed; and when you fall behind your competition, you have few remaining secrets worth keeping by any standard. Even more, failure to progress is hidden by security of information until revealed by some dramatic act, such as the launching of the Soviet satellite or a Pearl Harbor.

The success of our Manhattan District arose in the infancy of American security, when scientists were trusted and communication among them was relatively free. But post-war security has imposed

tighter and tighter compartmentalization, and scientists who could contribute much never learn of their opportunity. Now that we have been surpassed in important scientific advances, we must rightfully question the security of information that unquestionably has slowed our progress. There are always some secrets that will be vital to American welfare — these are few and must be kept at the penalty of treason. These must be selected because of their genuine value, and they should not be devalued by confusing them with thousands of bits of information that have no real secrecy and for which security of information can never really be retained in our democracy.

Aside from military men, scientists are the only distinctive group in American life who are exposed en masse to the security procedures. Consequently, celebrated security cases among scientists *and among no other identifiable group* are certain to emerge, regardless of their injustice. In spite of brilliant scientific performance in developing the decisive weapons of the last war, security procedures have driven a devastating wedge of doubt between these same scientists and the American public. This doubt dulls the aspiration toward scientific achievement that must motivate great science. The disgrace of great scientists pushed aside by the security machine when honor should be their reward is deeply disturbing to all conscientious Americans.

The specter of security measures in dividing us from our allies and forcing duplication of research effort has been most distressing. The extraordinary picture of a thousand British research workers under Sir William Penny carrying on research on nuclear devices for which we already know the answers makes no sense at all; this seems the more extraordinary when we recall the mighty scientific contributions of our British allies during the war. The free world should be uniting its efforts to maintain its superiority.

Failure to recognize and to solve problems like these has unnecessarily embarrassed our scientists and our government by our untutored responses. Our national policy for science should reduce security of information to its absolute minimum. For no longer can we say that the mighty Russian rockets were derived from stolen secrets. Our security must be built on bricks and mortar, on steel and concrete, on the laboratories well equipped for research, engineering, and production. It must be created in an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence between science and the American public, between ourselves and our allies.

THE SCIENTIST



IN THE U.S.S.R.

BY JOHN TURKEVICH

An American of Russian origin and one of this country's acknowledged authorities on Soviet science, JOHN TURKEVICH is professor of chemistry at Princeton University. His knowledge of Russian has enabled him to keep abreast of the latest Soviet scientific developments and to correspond with Russian scientists.

MODERN science is the result of contributions from many countries. The nuclear age was ushered into the twentieth century by the work of Germans: Planck, Heisenberg, and Hahn; of Frenchmen: Becquerel, Curie, Joliot; of Englishmen: Rutherford, Aston, Cockcroft; of a Swiss: Einstein; of a Dane: Bohr; and of Americans: Compton, Lawrence, Urey, and Rabi. The periodic table of chemical elements, though it was drawn up in the nineteenth century by the Russian Mendeleev, was, in the same way, a necessary link in the chain of discoveries and theories that gave birth to nuclear physics.

The basic facts of science and the theories invented to explain them are universal and are largely impervious to national transformations. Their passage over political frontiers and through ideological curtains may alter the printed word, but it does not alter the real content of scientific treatises and textbooks, the organization of scientific facts and theories, and the logical thinking that scientific argument entails. Scientists have long sought to communicate their work in private letters and journals; they have attended international meetings and studied in foreign lands. International coöperation in science has guaranteed not only a minimum of unnecessary duplication

but has assured an invaluable cross-fertilization of ideas and helpful criticism.

During much of the last four decades, and particularly under the tyranny of Stalin, the Soviet Union set out to violate almost all of these principles of universal science. Locked up in the shell of its national existence, Russian science was weakened by its isolation from the constructive coöperation and helpful criticism of the West. Extraordinary, chauvinistic claims were advanced on behalf of scientific discoveries supposedly made in Russia; there was a general denunciation of all "undue regard for the achievements of Western science"; the export of Russian scientific journals was curtailed; Soviet scientists rarely appeared at international congresses; and few foreign scientists were admitted to Soviet laboratories. A new type of science arose, a "Marxist science." In this form of science, conformity with the dialectical materialism of Marx was established as the new and essential criterion of truth.

The struggle between the advocates of this new Marxist science and the supporters of international science culminated in the famous genetics controversy of 1948. In this heated polemic as to whether effects induced by environment are capable of hereditary transmission, scientific experiments were discarded, scientific reasoning was abandoned, and the case was arbitrarily decided by an ex cathedra pronouncement of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The result was the death of genetics as a science in the Soviet Union and the disappearance of a number of prominent Russian scholars from active scientific work.

The repercussions of this decision were quickly felt in other branches of Soviet science. In the field of chemistry a number of Russian scientists were taken to task for espousing the "ideological resonance theory of the structure of organic molecules." The field of physics was invaded by an artificial controversy centering around the defini-

tion of force, the theory of relativity, quantum mechanics, and the principle of indeterminacy. The result was a distortion of scientific truths and a convulsive re-examination of scientific theories. Numerous public discussions were held, and many scholars were publicly rebuked for what to us in the West appeared as trivial deviations from a weakly delineated party line.

During this period of repression, scientific work was nevertheless carried on in almost all important fields except genetics. The Soviet scientist, particularly if he was working in an area closely associated with projects involving national defense or the country's well-being, suffered relatively little from the ideological turmoil of the time. His profession was respected. His economic situation was far superior to that of his fellow citizens, and as a result Russian youth continued to be drawn to the fields of science and technology. The scientists who really suffered were those who enjoyed close associations with the West, and it is they who have benefited most from the significant change in climate since Stalin's death.

Today a superficial calm has settled over the previously harassed scene of Soviet science. The isolation of Russian scholars from foreign colleagues has been partially lifted. The truculent attitude of the Party leadership toward Soviet scientists has disappeared. No violent polemics at present shake the structure of Soviet science. Some of the banished scholars have reappeared, and their reputations seem to have been rehabilitated. Although there has been no official repudiation of Lysenko's Marxist genetics, the Kremlin no longer appeals to the principles of Marxism for the development of science. Science is now discussed and promoted not as an expression of Communist ideology but as an independent activity of the mind, endowed with its own principles, traditions, techniques, and universality.

WE TOO often forget that Soviet science inherited a proud tradition from Czarist Russia. Two hundred and fifty years ago, Peter the Great was already fully conscious of the growing importance of science and technology. It was this great Westernizer who drew up the plans for the Imperial Academy of Sciences, which was established in 1725 by his wife and successor, Catherine I. To staff it in its formative years foreign scientists were imported, among whom were some of world-wide reputation, such as the mathematician Leonard Euler, who gradually developed a nucleus of Russian scientists in St. Petersburg. A striking product of this development was Michael Lomonosov, a many-sided eighteenth-century genius who

founded the University of Moscow and contributed to many branches of learning.

In the nineteenth century, Russian science was far enough advanced to produce several outstanding scientists: Lobachevski, with his formulation of a new non-Euclidean geometry; Mendeleev, with his periodic table of elements; Pavlov, with his theory of conditioned reflexes. In addition there was a host of competent, though less well-known, scholars. Thus in 1917, when the Soviets seized power, they inherited a well-established, though somewhat staid, Imperial Academy of Sciences; four world-renowned universities at Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev, and Kazan, and a small group of highly competent experts in every branch of science and technology. This heritage from Czarist Russia served as the platform for the astounding scientific and technological development that has since occurred in the Soviet Union.

Soviet science today, like most of the activities in the Soviet state, is highly organized and under direct government control. Research is carried out under the auspices of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences at the Academy institutes, under the Ministry of Higher Education at the universities, and under various specific government ministries at plant laboratories. At the apex of pure research activity stands the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, the revitalized and enlarged successor to the Imperial Academy. The Academy of Sciences is a self-perpetuating body of learned men who, by Soviet law, are responsible for the progress of scientific and scholarly work in present-day Russia. The Academy is divided not only into scientific departments — physics and mathematics, chemistry, geology, biology, and engineering — but also into departments of history and philosophy, economics and law, literature and linguistics.

Election to the Academy is by secret ballot and in most cases is a direct reward for recognized scholarly accomplishments. Great prestige is attached to membership, and this prestige finds its material expression in a lifetime monthly grant of 2500 rubles for corresponding members and 5000 rubles for academicians. (For our purposes seven rubles can be considered equivalent to one dollar.) This grant is awarded in addition to whatever income the member may receive from his research or teaching posts. Membership in the Academy also carries with it special privileges, such as superior housing, both in Moscow and in the country. The value of these rewards is enhanced by the fact that the average income tax in the Soviet Union amounts to less than 5 per cent.

The governing body of the Academy is a presidium composed of the president (at present Alexander Nikolaevich Nesmeyanov), the secretary general (Alexander Topchiev), seven secre-

tarries from the respective departments, four presidents of academies of the associated republics, and eleven other academicians. The presidium advises government agencies, formulates a general scientific program, passes on research proposals, allocates funds and personnel for the various institutes under it, and evaluates the results obtained. In directing and coordinating the intellectual efforts of the Academy, the presidium is guided by two principles. The first is the search for key research problems, whose solution promises to open up broad avenues for future scientific development. The second is the studied application of scientific discoveries to the growth and modernization of the Soviet Union.

This latter aim is fulfilled in a number of ways. Crash programs are established on major objectives such as atomic energy, aeronautical science, calculating machines. General targets and psychological rallying points are set for each year, and these may take such forms as "The science of building dams and hydroelectric stations," "Science as an aid to agriculture," "Science to aid reforestation," and so on. In recent years these broad, diffuse objectives have been replaced by more specific targets such as the development of rapid digital calculators, the solution of problems in theoretical physics, industrial automation, electronic and semi-conducting devices, catalysis, protein chemistry, high temperature alloys, and power production. The successful launching of several earth satellites is a dramatic tribute to the presidium's ability to coordinate the requirements of national security (in the field of rocketry) with an imaginative program of pure scientific research.

Graduate work in the Soviet Union leads to two degrees — that of *kandidat* and doctor of science. It can be carried on either at universities or at the 126 institutes of the Academy. The *kandidat* degree would appear to be of a slightly lower standard than the American Ph.D. degree, but definitely more advanced than our M.S.

Fundamental research is carried out in the Academy institutes. Their laboratories are well equipped with fine scientific equipment, much of it of Soviet manufacture. The Academy employs a total of 35,000 persons. Of its 13,676 scientists, 145 are academicians, 319 are corresponding members, 1216 have a doctor of science degree, and 5187 that of *kandidat*. In 1956 there were 2863 Communist Party members on the rolls of the Academy. Of the 24 members of the presidium, 15 are party members.

Research is also carried out at the laboratories of the universities and engineering schools under the Ministry of Higher Education. However, the scientific accomplishments of the universities — with the exception of those of Moscow, Leningrad,

Kiev, and Kazan — are of minor importance compared to the work of the Academy institutes. This is in marked contrast to the situation in the United States and in Western Europe, where most of the basic research is carried out at the university laboratories.

Applied research is carried out in the many laboratories associated with various government ministries. Research connected with problems specific to the different Union republics, such as Ukraine, Armenia, and so on, is performed in the laboratories and institutes of the academies of the Union republics. A coordinating committee of the U.S.S.R. Academy and an interlocking directorate permits close cooperation between the supreme U.S.S.R. Academy and the regional ones. In recent years the academies of satellite countries have exchanged delegations with that of the Soviet Union, and Moscow has sought to bind the scientific activities of the satellite countries firmly to the Soviet orbit by setting up a nuclear science center near Moscow for the satellite countries.

IN RUSSIA, as elsewhere, mathematics still dominates the scientific scene. Many branches of both pure and applied science are frustrated in their development, because present-day mathematical techniques do not afford an accurate solution to some key problem; for mathematical formulas alone can provide a scientific description of complex physical phenomena and a consistent analysis of their implications. The general theory of relativity had to be formulated in terms of tensor analysis. Modern quantum mechanics required the solution of equations previously buried in abstruse mathematical treatises, and it necessitated the widespread use of geometrical concepts hitherto regarded as highly sophisticated. The field of mathematics is one in which Russia has traditionally been strong. One of Einstein's first mathematics instructors — at the Zurich Polytechnic — was Hermann Minkowski, by birth a Russian. Algebra, geometry, and the theory of probability have received a steady contribution of new approaches and formulations from a galaxy of brilliant mathematicians, led by Vladimir Vinogradov, a foreign member of the Royal Society in London. In the field of mathematical physics the Soviet Union can likewise boast of the achievements of Lev D. Landau, the brilliant theoretician of the atomic nucleus, and of many other first-class scientists like Nikolai Bogolyubov, Vladimir Fok, and Igor Tamm.

In recent years the Soviet Academy has paid great attention to the development of electronic calculating machines. Three years ago its presid-

ium announced the establishment of a Computer Center and the operation of two giant computers. The Computer Center is designed to foster the theoretical and practical development of calculating machines, to supervise their construction, and systematically to survey all those areas in science and technology where such machines may save thousands of man-years in the solving of "key problems." Today the Soviet Academy claims that its two giant computers, the BESM and M-2, are the most rapid in Europe, and that the BESM has been successfully used to translate English into Russian.

The same signs of progress are evident in the field of Soviet astronomy. Two of Russia's most important observatories which were completely destroyed during World War II — one at Pulkovo near Leningrad, the other in the Crimea — have been rebuilt within the last three years, and a Soviet astronomer named Maskutov is presently working on the construction of the largest telescope in the world.

The same pattern can be found in physics, which has three very active branches: the study of the nucleus, of solids, and of low temperatures. Soviet scientists have been active in all three fields. Their achievements in the military application of nuclear physics are the subject of government pronouncements and of international preoccupation. But Soviet progress has been no less notable in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. The Russians put their first atomic power station (for 5000 kilowatts) into operation near Moscow in the summer of 1954, and at the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in 1955 they revealed and freely discussed the details of its construction.

At present Great Britain has an atomic energy power station at Calder Hall (with a capacity of 28,000 kilowatts), the French have one of 5000 kilowatt capacity, and we have none. Next year we expect to generate 112,500 kilowatts of atomic power when Shippingport and other atomic plants come into operation. But in the meantime a whole series of atomic power plants is being constructed in the Soviet Union which, according to the latest Russian claims, will provide an estimated 2.5 million kilowatts by 1960. At that time the United States plans to have about one million kilowatts of atomic power available. The Soviet Union is also busy building an atomic icebreaker and a whaler, and Russian scientists have been actively trying to harness thermonuclear reactions for peacetime power use.

ANOTHER interesting race is going on between the United States and the Soviet Union in the

construction of larger and larger nuclear accelerators. During the last one hundred and fifty years science has sought to concentrate higher and higher quantities of energy to decompose matter into its most elementary particles. Before World War II the Soviet Academy had built the largest cyclotron in Europe. At about the same time McMillan in California and Weksler in Moscow proposed a design for an accelerator which would avoid the complications introduced by the variability of the mass of the accelerated projectile (as previously indicated by Einstein).

Shortly after World War II several accelerators of this design, called synchrotrons and attaining 400 million volts, were built in the United States. It was not until 1955 that the Soviet Academy of Sciences could issue scientific reports describing results obtained from the development of a 600 million volt proton synchrotron in Moscow. Though this accelerator is to this day larger than any of the same type in the United States, we had already constructed and put into operation accelerators of other types — a 3.6 billion volt cosmotron at the Brookhaven National Laboratory and a 6 billion volt bevatron at the California Radiation Laboratory.

At the Geneva Atomic Conference of 1955 the Russians announced that they expected to complete a 10 billion volt accelerator within a year or two, and in May of 1956 they showed this high voltage machine to American scientists. This accelerator, the most powerful in the world, is turning out results which are known only to Russian scientists. We are presently meeting this challenge by constructing a 25 billion volt accelerator at Brookhaven, but the Russians have already countered by revealing their intention of constructing a 50 billion volt machine. Some appreciation of the magnitude of this international race in particle acceleration can be drawn from the fact that the magnet of the Russian 10 billion volt machine weighs 36,000 tons!

In the field of physical chemistry, a notable recognition of recent Soviet achievements was the award of the 1956 Nobel Prize to Nikolai Semenov. It was Semenov who in the twenties formulated the first complete and consistent theory of explosions and combustion. This theory was later extended and applied to the design of nuclear reactors and weapons. Undoubtedly the theoretical and experimental work of Semenov's Institute of Physical Chemistry contributed to the development of fuels for the Soviet missile and satellite program.

Some mention should be made of one other field where the Russians are accomplishing prodigious feats — that of scientific publication. It is through scientific journals that scientists keep

abreast of recent developments in their own country and abroad. Information thus obtained may be used to modify research programs to avoid wasteful duplication or may serve to stimulate fertile new research.

The Soviet Academy of Sciences has an enormous publishing program: in 1954 it produced 296,000 printed pages and in 1955, 416,000. The Academy publishes over fifty weekly, monthly, and bimonthly journals, which report original scientific work carried on all over the Soviet Union.

To keep abreast of scientific discoveries in the West, three media are used: review journals, translations of foreign treatises, and an abstract journal. The four review journals which cover the fields of mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology contain well-written articles providing detailed surveys of subjects of current scientific interest. In addition to this, the Information Bureau of the Academy has begun the publication of information bulletins in a further attempt to keep Soviet scientists informed of developments in critical fields. For the past three decades it has been the policy of the Academy to translate and publish all important American, English, French, and German scientific treatises. These are used to supplement the excellent Russian scientific books in the field of the physical sciences. The latter are well compiled, are published in large numbers, and sell for a low price.

Abstract journals are likewise indispensable for efficient scientific work, for these periodicals condense scientific articles into short pithy items, arrange them into sections under subject headings, and index them according to subject, author, and formula.

Publishing an abstract journal is a very expensive enterprise which is carried out in the fields of chemistry and biology by the United States and in the field of physics by England. In 1953 the Soviet Academy of Science embarked on the publication of an abstract journal, *Referate*, which will cover *all* fields of science. In one year, 1955, the number of pages in the abstract amounted to some 36,600.

BEFORE World War II only a few countries, the United States, Britain, and Germany, could muster sufficient strength to be active on all the frontiers of science. But twelve years after the end of the war, the Soviet Union has joined the ranks of the major scientific powers. Today we see a nation, endowed by nature with a vast expanse and vast resources, determinedly building its future on science and technology. For this

purpose it inherited from Czarist Russia a solid tradition. Under the Soviet regime it has built up a powerful organization and extensive laboratories. The state has provided generous funds for science and education, and it has given both its scientists and educators thorough professional training, financial well-being, and social prestige.

Creative invention, however, requires a proper social, political, and cultural climate, in which freedom to think and to question, to share one's doubts and hopes with others, and to make mistakes are all necessary privileges. Continuity of creative endeavor is also favored by an inspiring teacher who transmits his personal enthusiasm for creative work to future scholars. How else can one explain the appearance of magnificent, creative minds in countries lacking a highly developed scientific organization — such as Italy, which produced Fermi, Segre, Amaldi, and Rosetti; or Hungary, with its von Neumann, Teller, Wigner, Szilard, and Polanyi? How else can one explain the absence of creative work in the Soviet Union under Stalin? Yet as one scans the Russian scene today, one sees ambitious plans, tremendous organization, and a steadily expanding plant. Present-day Russia is trying hard to excel in all fields of science and to recoup the losses it suffered through the damaging idiosyncrasies of the Stalin regime.

If, however, Russian science is to “surpass the scientific accomplishments of the West,” as its leaders keep predicting it will, Soviet society must be able to produce a relatively new type — the truly creative scientist. The creative scientist who arises from society in an unpredictable fashion and leaps beyond the recognized barriers of his time is of a naturally rebellious temperament which often makes him *persona non grata* in a totalitarian regime. A political system must allow at least a minimum of intellectual freedom and elbowroom to tolerate and nurture him.

Under the ideological tyranny of Stalin this type of individual was stifled. Under Khrushchev's milder rule he may arise to lead Soviet science to new heights. The emergence of such creative leadership is likely to affect all the other higher strata of intellectual life in the Soviet Union: its politics, economics, and its artistic and ideological culture. But it would be a grave mistake to jump to the hopeful conclusion that the emancipation of Russian science will of itself suffice to relax the pressures of Soviet imperialism. The achievements of Soviet science are here to stay, and, for good or ill, they present a challenge which must lead us to re-examine the place we have accorded science and scientists in our own free enterprise society.

IAN CROSS A LOVE AFFAIR

A New Zealander now in his early thirties, IAN CROSS had seen service as a journalist before coming to Harvard as an associate Nieman Fellow in 1954. During this year of study and refreshment he found time to write his first novel, THE GOD BOY, published last autumn by Harcourt, Brace. This is his first story to appear in print.



"Mother and Child" by Henry Moore

Harry had tried to enjoy himself at the party but failed. It was as though he were frosted inside. No laughter, no song, and no drink could melt him into the kind of person he so envied, who was loud and free, reckless and uncaring, cavorting like a healthy animal in a migrant herd. In a crowd he was a man with a stuttering mind and a frozen mouth, clenching his glass, wanting nobody to bother him as he sat with his back to the wall, yet hoping that by some magical process he would soon be transformed into one of the happy people, and that at the very first moment of his metamorphosis he would turn and laugh Doris out of his life, like a butterfly flicking the remains of the chrysalis from its wings before it embraced the sun.

But that was not going to happen tonight. So he left with Doris, hardly noticed. "O.K., old boy," shouted Tony, his host, across the room, an extravagant hand tossed toward them in a forgetful farewell. And out into the street they went, her voice droning on about how silly it all was, how she didn't know that people could go on like that, how the women looked like depraved creatures, how the men were drunken louts . . . how, how, how. Her mind was spinning in a whirl of words that shattered the privacy of his brooding. Then she was quiet, and they walked down the street of the cold city and only the tap of her shoes on the pavement remained to annoy him.

"Tony's a friend of mine," he said. "I've told you often enough that if you don't like my friends just keep away from me. I didn't ask you to come with me. Oh no, you just came along like Mary's little lamb, and made sure I wouldn't enjoy myself."

He started to walk faster, leaning forward and pushing his conscious legs in longer strides, swinging his arms to his deeper breath, faster, faster, until the quickened sound of her surprised step was yards behind. He must be a little drunk to go on like this; no, not a little drunk — an intoxicated midget.

He suddenly realized that he must have run past where he lived; he was a near neighbor of Tony's. Without looking, he knew that Doris would be standing at his gate, waiting. He thought of walking on, perhaps even booking into a hotel for the night, but decided he wasn't equipped for such an adventure. So he turned and went slowly back.

"Harry, you're drunk." Her voice reminded him of the way his mother used to say, "Harry, you're catching cold." It had that same vague suggestion of pleasure at his disadvantage.

"I'm a little midget, that's all," he said.

He pushed the gate open and puffed through.

An Atlantic "First"

The apartment block looked over him protectively: it was the giant shell of his home, and he was glad that so many other people shared the shell with him. Though he had nothing to do with the other tenants, he liked the idea of their presence above and below his fourth-floor rooms. He was never really alone, he told himself.

He went across the entrance hallway to the elevator, knowing she was following, but as he swung around to tell her she wasn't wanted, now or ever again, the black-dressed figure of the elderly spinster from the floor above his bobbed up from somewhere. Harry sensed that she had seen him running down the street.

"It's a little late," said Doris, "but I'll come up for a quick cup of tea."

He held the elevator door open. The spinster slipped in and Doris came after, brushing her eyes over his face with a gleaming obstinacy. She always knew when she wasn't wanted.

"Five for me, please," said the elderly spinster, as though he didn't know.

"I'm at four — you'll have to go the rest of the way yourself," said Harry. As though she didn't know.

When they left her at the fourth, with her finger already on the button for the next floor, there was an expression on her face that Harry knew he would see again the next time they met.

"Talking like that down there," said Doris. "You're not a big man, yet you're no midget."

"She doesn't like the idea of a nice bachelor like me bringing a woman into my apartment after midnight," said Harry. "I don't either. Turn around and fly away home."

"Really, Harry, you are a little drunk."

"An intoxicated midget, that's right. Go back to your shoe, old woman."

Her hand grabbed his shoulder, her round face jumped near his. "Don't, because I love you, I love you," she said.

"Here we go again," he said, walking to his apartment door and opening it. "If you are going to toss off another of those scenes, please don't use a semipublic place." He bowed his head as she went past him. Then the brief flicker of his feeling of superiority snuffed out as it struck him that she had got exactly what she wanted and what he had not: now they would be alone together. He slammed the door and said to her back, "Doris, please don't bother me again."

AT LEAST she didn't take off her coat. But she sat down in the sea-grass chair of the lounge, and leaned forward to him as he moved across to stand over her. "I love you. I love you."

Her voice was high and excited, carried on another of those waves of energy that rolled from within her at any crisis, and her eyes were alight with that aggressive longing that stirred and frightened him. She reached out one little hand. "Nothing you can say can change that, and I know you need me," she said.

"You just sit there like that and say that, when I've told you a million times to get out of my life, you Cheshire Kilkenny cat."

She pushed both her tiny square hands up under her gray hair to block her ears. The lines that cut deeply in loose pattern from the corners of her eyes and mouth tightened, and she became that determined figure of concrete immobility against which he was always powerless. But not this time.

"None of that," he said, and tapped the top of her head with his fingers. She rocked back in the chair, and came forward again, pressing her hands tighter against her ears, closing her eyes; her face was pale and unfeeling. It wouldn't have helped him much to have hit her.

He turned away and walked to the other side of the room, uncorked a bottle off the tray on top of the bookcase, and splashed out a glass of whisky.

"You wouldn't go on like this if you hadn't been drinking," she said. "It is drinking that does it to you, Harry."

"Doris, I've told you the same thing when I haven't been drinking. I've told you in writing. I've told you every way I know how. And I can't tell you any longer unless I have a few drinks first, because you are like . . ." He stopped, confused, because all he could think of was little Miss Muffet. He almost bit his glass in exasperation. "You think if you keep putting your fingers into the pie, or whatever it is, sooner or later you'll pull me out," he continued. "Well, I'll be damned if you will."

He moved over to the window and pulled the curtains back. The light from the room poured out across the thick parapet immediately below, and into the night. He felt naked and vulnerable, knowing he was framed in the oblong light, above the semidark city, unseeing but able to be seen. Yet he knew he might be far more exposed if he turned back to look at her.

When he heard her heavy sigh he was relieved; that was a sign that she was nearly in tears. "Go ahead and cry," he said. "Cry till dawn and see where it gets you. I'm the spider that sat down beside you and frightened you away, I hope."

He clicked his teeth together with the sense of power his own words poured back into him: he was being strong, in a sarcastic sort of way.

"You have an infernal nerve to criticize my drinking," he went on. "Don't forget if I hadn't been so full of drink five years ago, I would never have been such a fool as to get into your clutches. You came out of the bottle like the evil genie and I've been trying to rub you away ever since."

But even as he spoke he again felt that slow movement of fear and weakness deep inside as he thought of her: the gray hair and lined face contradicted by those bright, eager eyes, the short slim body bounding with energy that fascinated and repelled him, tired and lethargic as he so often was. A huntress, and in five years she had not aged one whit, or weakened in her hunt. She was a weird combination of age and girlishness, as though some essential femininity in her had atrophied when she was young, to become wildly alive as she approached middle age. He remembered his pity for her, this school-teacher cousin of his brother's wife, and the cheap nobility he had felt at first taking her out. "Just the sort of woman you should associate with," he had imagined his mother saying. But would she have approved of Doris? He had lived with his mother until the day she died, six years ago, and wasn't sure he had really known her; and though he had missed her when she was gone, it wasn't long before he knew that he could manage without her quite happily, thank you. And well enough not to worry whether she would actually approve of any of his friends.

"Poor Harry," Doris was speaking slowly for emphasis. "You can't mean it. You need me so much."

"You think I'm the gingerbread man, that's it," he said. "If I were Goldilocks you would be the damned wolf. But you won't eat me all up, so get that idea out of your head."

"Harry, talk sense, please."

"Are you going, Doris? Or are you going to make me go?" But he couldn't let her drive him out of his own apartment, this room even; a comfortable lounge, two walls lined halfway up with his books, a phonograph to play his own kind of music as loud as he liked, soft deep chairs, a sofa on which he could sprawl, sun-bright Gauguin women on the wall, a firm, neutral-toned carpet, no frills. And she was the only blight, she, and his own weakness.

"Are you getting ready to go?" he said, still looking out the window, and speaking more to the tremor within him than to her.

"It doesn't matter what you say, I love you. Understand me, Harry."

"Stop ringing me, writing me letters, walking in here and taking control. You are not, absolutely not, my good fairy." He had to leave the window for another drink, and managed not to

look at her as he went back to the bookcase and the liquor tray.

"You're not like this all the time, Harry. That's why I put up with it."

"I can't abuse you twenty-four hours a day. Sometimes I feel sorry for you. Almost like you. But you won't leave it at that. You want to organize my whole life; you want to marry me, you have the gall to tell me. You're like all the King's men, waiting for Humpty Dumpty to fall."

HE FELT himself spinning, spinning into space, into the dark night, falling, and he shivered, cradling his arms about his shoulders, and the sensation shattered like breaking glass; he could actually hear a breaking sound, and he was back in the bright room. He looked down and saw that his glass was smashed over the top of the bookcase where he had dropped it, and the liquid was dripping onto the carpet.

"Watch yourself, sonny boy," he said. And then he remembered Doris. "That was your fault," he said, and looked at her. The only change in her position was that her hands were now in her lap; there was no sign even of her threatened tears. She was sitting there, short, white, blunt, waiting, watching. He was clearly afraid now; he wasn't going to surrender this time, too, was he? He would get out first.

"I'm going back to the party for a few more drinks, and to give you time to work up some self-respecting steam," he said. "When I come back I want you gone."

He took his spectacles off carefully, polished them with his handkerchief, and replaced them, and then straightened his tie.

"I want you gone, Doris. I mean it," he said, and moved to the door. "Call up the pumpkin and mice, Cinderella." It seemed only a second before he was down to the street again and, even though he wasn't wearing a coat, he felt no cold as he headed the few hundred yards back up the street to good old Tony's place. Doris wouldn't have the nerve to follow him; she hadn't even the nerve to say anything to him as he had walked out.

Harry turned into the alley that led down the side of an old two-story wooden home that now comprised three apartments. The first door was Tony's entrance, and going through it into a tiny hall, Harry tripped over a crate of empty beer bottles. "Yippee," he shouted, "here I come," and didn't bother to straighten the staggered angle of his body as he pushed on into the party.

Tony was sprawled, face downward, on the

floor of his lounge with two blonde girls sitting on him. The pilot and the radio announcer were sitting on the sofa against the far wall and looked bored. Everybody else had gone.

"That's the stuff to give him," said Harry.

Tony screwed his head around and looked up. "Good grief — I thought you had packed up," he said.

"Can't keep a good man down," Harry said. "Do you mind if I have a seat, too?"

He moved beside the prostrate body of Tony, squatted and swung around and dropped. He bounced on Tony's shoulder as his heels slipped.

"Crikey, man," said Tony, "do you want to flatten me?"

The fat blonde girl laughed and pulled Harry by his collar, her action tipping him onto his back; his head bumped hard on the floor. The body of Tony heaved under his legs, sharp heels dug into him, the laughter faded into echoes, and then Tony was bending over him, both hands under his arms, and hoisting him up.

"I was going to lift 'em up on my back from a lying position. But not with you, old bean. You've still got your glasses on, anyway."

"My fault, Tony; what about a drink for little Boy Blue?" Harry tried to grin as he rubbed his head.

The red, fleshy face of Tony grimaced. "Haven't you had enough? Don't answer that. I will provide you with more. My hospitality is impeccable, old egg."

"I want to blow my horn," said Harry. "Where is everybody?"

"It's two-o-blinking-clock in the morning," said Tony.

The fat blonde put her arms around Harry's neck and rubbed her head against his. "I think you are the funniest little man," she said. "The funniest little old bald man."

Harry squeezed her and dug the end of his fingers deeply into the soft warmth of flesh. "That's very nice of you, very nice of you."

Her elbow jerked into the side of his chest, stabbing the breath out of him, and he saw her step away, face twisted, strands of gold hair flipping around her chin.

"What do you think you are doing, you wretch?" she said.

"Shut up, Rosie; he didn't mean anything," said Tony.

Harry felt numb down the whole length of one side of his body, and the blonde hair was streaking his vision like lengths of seaweed floating on opaque water. A big hand seized him by the neck and squeezed, and a thick voice blurted in his ear. "Dirty characters can get their heads knocked off." It was the radio announcer.

The hand squeezed again and then released its grip. Harry flopped around for words.

"I don't know what, it was nothing absolutely. No objection at all possible I wish to assure everybody. My deepest apologies." He spoke into a strange opaqueness.

"Leave me alone," said the blonde. "These Mummy's boys are all the same."

Now the whole scene jumped into detail: the white walls with their scattering of regimental flags, the littered chairs and floor, the huge table burdened with empty bottles, glasses, and scraps of food and paper, even the curling drifts of smoke; the fat blonde before him, pinkish and thin-lipped; Tony in flustered ruddiness, stout and disheveled, holding out a glass; the other blonde, staring about in glazed indifference; the pilot, half lying now on the sofa, tall and young and crumpled; and behind Harry, breathing wetly in his ear, the radio announcer.

"What do you mean, Mummy's boy?" Harry said as loud as he could.

Tony took his hand and closed it around the glass. "One for the road, eh Harry?"

"Well, Mr. Funnyman," the blonde said, "we were talking about you earlier, if you want to know, and Tony said you were a Mummy's boy trying to get along without a Mummy. That's what makes you so funny, but" — she was leaning a glaring face into his now — "that doesn't mean you can be naughty with a lady, see?"

"You're being very nasty, darling," said Tony. "Don't take any notice, Harry. Rosie's half stewed."

"Now see here," said the radio announcer. "Don't you talk about Rosie like that."

"I'll go," whispered Harry. "Didn't want to be a nuisance."

A strong arm went around his shoulder and propelled him firmly forward. It belonged to Tony, of course.

"It would be better if you did take off, old man," he said. "Can you make it on your own?"

Harry hunched his shoulders in relief. It was ending without any fuss. At the door, he muttered that he was very sorry and went into the hall.

"O.K." said Tony, and left him. Harry leaned against the wall and pushed himself along to the door. He was better with one shoulder feeling a momentary solidity.

OUTSIDE, he walked carefully up the alley, yet was not conscious of turning down the street until he had reached his apartment block. All the while, though he rubbed his hand up and down his waistcoat, and then dragged it along

what must have been the top of a fence, the feel of blonde flesh tingled unpleasantly on his fingers. It was not until he was out of the elevator and had felt the overwhelming triumph of the sight of the door of his home that he forgot about his fingers. He stumbled inside, enveloped in a fleeting happiness, as if the familiar atmosphere was embracing and soothing him.

"Harry, Harry."

Doris was still there, sitting on the chair. If she hadn't moved since he had left, she moved now. She was on her feet, coming to him, taking his arm. "You look sick; what happened?"

"Leave me alone," he gasped, and pulled his arm. But he felt her fingers tighten and his body rock toward her, and realized that she was even physically stronger than he was.

"I'll make you some coffee and put you to bed," she said.

"Leave me alone, I said."

"Then I'll go, Harry. But I couldn't leave you like this."

She let his arm go and he made his way across the room.

"I know who you are," he said. "I know who you are, and I won't let you have me. I won't."

"No more nonsense, please Harry," she cried.

He was feeling the way he should always feel, not caring, unafraid. He knew the feeling would go soon, and that he had to act quickly.

"I know who you are, and you won't get me," he said.

He reached the window and pulled it up.

"You'll catch your death of cold, Harry, if you haven't got one already. Close that window and don't be silly."

He leaned forward and fell across the sill, hardly resting there a second before he let himself slide down to the parapet. The dark air whipped in a gust of wind, and he felt his feet swing out into space.

"Oh, no," he screamed, and twisted around and clawed at the rough surface and pulled his legs back under him.

He was hunched forward now, his knees drawn right up under his body till they touched his chin as he pushed his face close down to the stone, his elbows and half-raised arms pressed tightly to his sides, his two hands clenched against his bowed head.

Then slowly a sense of the solidity of the parapet and its width freed him from his terror, and he became an untidy parcel of flesh and bone, alone and above the city, under the dark sky. He curled himself even tighter, and snuggled against the parapet, and thought there would be no end to his being there; he was actually warm, he was free and untroubled, cradled by rough granite

that was softly billowing under him; he felt that if he put his lips against the parapet and sucked, it would even share its strength with him.

"Harry, Harry. Come up."

The air chilled about him with her words, and another gust of wind blew, buffeting his body, and he jammed his face down in rebellion.

"This minute, Harry, now," her voice above him said.

He shook his head, and the rim of his glasses scraped and then shattered against the stone. He pulled his head back and cracked streaks of light found his eyes. Again the wind snapped at him, with a strength that seemed to pull at his exposed head.

"I'll help you, Harry."

Now the parapet became bleak and hostile, and just behind him it ended, ready to let him fall; her voice made it so.

"It will be all right," she said. "Don't move, there's no real danger."

Her hands wriggled past his head and grasped the lapels of his coat. His stomach tightened in a wrenching lurch, and his throat filled and pushed a choking warmth into his mouth. The firm hands held on tightly as his body jerked and quivered, and then her voice came calmly down.

"Reach your hands out and grasp the sill. There's no real danger."

He stretched one arm slowly up, and as he was certain because she had told him, the sill was in his grasp.

"Now the other one."

As he pushed his second hand up, he raised his head and looked at her. She was quite close, the upper half of her body leaning right out of the window to get her hands under his head to his coat.

"Now pull yourself up and I'll pull you at the same time, Harry." The voice from her shadowed face was even and unhurried.

He pulled and felt her strain; his coat tightened around his body, biting under his armpits, and he moved up easily, helping himself more by scrambling pushes with his feet. He was up past the sill, and the whole lighted room was before him, when she slid her arms behind his back and pulled him the rest of the way. He fell through the window, his broken glasses dropping off as he slumped to the floor, and she went down with him. He turned on his back, gasping, and she shifted her arms about him and held his head. He heard the panting rushes of her breathing, and felt her whole body trembling. He peered up and dimly recognized that strange possessive light of her eyes flooding over him.

"Oh, Da-da," he sobbed. "I love you. I love you."

"Solitude" by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.



THE ISOLATION OF THE AMERICAN ARTIST

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

First, last, and always a poet, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has been for varying periods a lawyer in Boston, an editor of FORTUNE magazine, the Librarian of Congress, Assistant Secretary of State, and one of the first Americans to serve in UNESCO. He is today the Boylston Professor of English and Rhetoric at Harvard, and through his lecturing here and abroad he has become uncomfortably aware of the status of the American artist.

IN ATHENS it was Bill Faulkner. In Paris it was Thornton Wilder. In London it was Robert Frost himself. You can say almost anything else about the State Department these days but you can't say it isn't busily exporting the evidences of American culture. Except that Thornton Wilder wasn't being exported. There was an interview with him in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* along in April or May in which he was reported as saying that one of the advantages of turning sixty is that you don't have to go lecturing around the world for the State Department any more. Since I was turning sixty-five at the Hotel de la Poste in Saulieu at about that time, and since I had just come north from lecturing for the State Department in Rome, and west from lecturing for it in Athens, the remark rankled. It seemed to imply a judgment on my extra five years and my farther wanderings. There was Wilder in Paris giving it all up at the age of sixty.

And giving it up why? Because, he said, he hadn't done it very well! It would be difficult to think of a more inadequate justification for a great resolve. In the first place, nobody in Washington has ever suggested that it should be done very well: you just do it. In the second, Wilder is the most felicitous talker in America on almost any subject and particularly on American culture, and it is inconceivable that, no matter where he spoke, he should have spoken badly. Even in London, where, as everyone knows, the difficulties of language are greatest and the interest in the subject least, he would have made himself understood, and on the Continent his appearances would have been triumphant.

Obviously all this was mere circumlocution. What Wilder meant was something very different. What he meant was either that the job wasn't worth doing or that it couldn't be done and therefore should not be attempted. And it was that thought that spoiled my birthday. I saw

myself carrying news of American culture to the Romans and the Athenians and I blushed. In Rome I had spoken in the elegant little auditorium of the Embassy to an audience composed largely of Romans, with a scattering of young Americans; the ambassador and his staff had presumably heard about American culture before. In Athens I had appeared — that would seem to be the appropriate word — in a little downtown theater where the stage was set for a performance of *The Diary of Anne Frank* and the lights were green and the audience included, in addition to a few Embassy people and the usual American busmen, the poet Seferis, the novelist Venezis, the man of letters Katzymbalis, the painter Ghika. In both cities I had spoken on the same theme: the predicament of the American artist. And in both, it now appeared, I had wasted my time, to say nothing of the time of my listeners, and had conceivably made a fool of myself as well.

Why *should* the Romans or the Athenians care about the predicament of American artists? And how, even if they did, could you talk about it intelligibly? The Romans and the Athenians have writers of their own with their own problems. I remembered a luncheon under a budding grape arbor in the garden of a village inn outside Athens with the dark resinated wine in the little glasses and the blue profile of Mount Hymettus on the shining air and the big, fine voice of George Katzymbalis reciting a poem of Seferis and Seferis sitting silent listening, and afterwards the silence. Seferis must have known even then that he was to go to London as ambassador with all that bitterness of Cyprus to face and, back of him in Athens, all that bitterness. I remembered an evening in Rome when Silone had talked of the current newspaper sensation in words which had us choking with laughter, but with a curious ironical sadness in his eyes. I remembered Char, huge in the big room over his unexpected Paris garden, talking of Rimbaud but thinking from minute to minute of something else which pulled him back and back into himself. A writer's life is difficult enough in any city these days. Why take on a foreigner's troubles?

WILDER had me there, but still I couldn't give in to him altogether. It's true, you don't go abroad for the State Department to make sympathizers for yourself. But what about your country? Isn't there something writers and artists can do abroad which can't be done by the diplomats and the sales agents and the bankers who are there already? It seemed to me there was, and that almost any observant American tourist could

name it. For almost any observant American tourist who ventures beyond the grand hotels and the managed tours discovers sooner or later that, friendly as people are, there is a sleeping dog across the threshold. We are welcome enough to spend our dollars in the shops, but once we try to walk into a man's life in Europe or in Asia it's another story.

And not because our government has played a clumsy and blundering role in Egypt and the Middle East, but for another and more human reason. Governments are supposed to be stupid from time to time, and the world is ready enough to forgive the people they govern and to love them notwithstanding. What is wrong with us in our neighbors' eyes is not our government but ourselves. Or, more precisely, what is wrong is the image of ourselves the world has formed.

The dog across the threshold, to give it the name the Europeans and the Asians and the Africans call it by, is American materialism. You stumble over it everywhere you go if the talk lasts long enough and the tongues are honest. Students meet it more often than their fathers and mothers, and Fulbright Fellows, teaching in colleges and schools, more often still, but every American traveler with eyes and ears and the wit to use them learns to know the dog is there. It is not only that we Americans are richer than the rest but that we seem to like being richer. We make a point of it. When we talk, as we tend to do, about "the American Way of Life," we give the impression that we are thinking not of the freedom we have won for our minds but of the gadgets we have collected for our houses and our automobiles.

The impression is, of course, quite accurate. It is doubtful whether any people in history has ever thought as much and as frankly and as cheerfully about Things as we Americans have in the nineteen-fifties. For one thing, no people in history has ever had as many Things to think about as we have. Not even our American fathers and mothers. In McKinley's time materialism was the privilege of the few who could afford it. With us it has become the birthright of something approaching a majority of the population. The proof is in the election returns. The party to which the manufacturers and distributors and advertisers of Things traditionally belong has so increased its public support with the aid of a popular President that it now holds power by manifest preference of the electorate rather than by prolongation of the shadow of Abraham Lincoln.

But if this is the underlying cause of the decline of what we call our foreign relations, then the part American writers and artists can play is

fairly obvious. It becomes, indeed, a part they cannot help but play: a part they will find themselves playing whether they wish to or not. Artists are a kind of litmus paper to test the degree of materialism in any society, and the work they do and the way they live testify in spite of them or of anyone else. They exist like the rest of us, by material means, and they can survive a high concentration of luxury and wealth — as they have done time and again in the history of art — but materialism of the spirit stifles them. It extinguishes their work, as it has done in Russia, or it deprives them of their place in the society, their influence, their effectiveness. The Russians have elevated their artists, so long as they are obedient, to the top of the hierarchy; but their work is mediocre. The work of Americans in many of the arts is of the greatest significance, but what is their place? Whether they speak or whether they are silent their actions are eloquent on that point.

The work speaks loudest, as it should. American architecture has imposed its profiles for better or worse on the metropolitan horizons of every continent. American music is hard to get away from anywhere on earth, and some of it, though commonly dismissed as popular, has influenced musicians far and wide. There are American novels which have found not only readers but imitators in most of the living languages, and American novelists who have dominated the art of fiction since Joyce died. Even in poetry, which is the most national because it is the least translatable of the arts, the principal influence in the English-speaking world over the past fifty years has been that of Yeats and Eliot and Pound, two of whom are Americans, while the greatest living poet today may well be another American, Robert Frost, whose work is so essentially of its own place and speech that, like certain exquisite wines, it will not translate at all.

BUT though the possibility for artists and writers to work in America can be demonstrated by the work itself, it is not so obviously self-evident that they have a place in American life. Seen from across the oceans in either direction, and even from beyond the Caribbean, the apparent situation of American artists and writers seems to imply the contrary. Our writers appear, from that distance, to live in a kind of domestic exile. They are noticed in the news columns when they die or when they distinguish themselves in some artistically irrelevant way such as selling a novel to the movies for more than the last novel brought, or marrying for the seventh time, but their

opinions on questions of public concern are not recorded. There are, that is to say, no American Goethes. There is not even an American Sartre. There are merely — or so it looks from overseas — a number of more or less isolated individuals living quite out of the stream of American life on an island somewhere or in a foreign country or a provincial town or even an insane asylum while the great Republic speaks of itself to the world through its bankers and oilmen and corporation lawyers and generals.

Our friends abroad, needless to say, are well aware of the competence of those bankers and oilmen and generals. They do, however, find it both relevant and interesting that the most audible and authoritative voices in a Republic which once expressed itself through Whitman and Emerson should now be the voices of American men of business, and that the American people should see nothing odd in this situation. The European mind, which once observed that war is too serious an affair to be left to the generals, still believes that life is too important a business to be left to the businessmen. It still believes that great societies find their voices in their arts.

And there is other and more specific evidence which supports the impression that artists and writers play an inferior part in the present life of this country. Our friends abroad could hardly help noticing that American artists and American writers were among the principal targets of McCarthyism and that the indignities and perverse cruelties inflicted upon them were not resented by the American press and public as they would have been almost anywhere else in the non-Communist world. They noticed too that even when McCarthy was belatedly censured there was no expression of public sympathy for these particular victims and no demand that the ugly nonsense end. For, of course, it has not ended. In the vocabulary of the American moment, a vocabulary which listeners overseas find particularly revealing, writers and artists are classified as eggheads, and no one sympathizes with a broken egg: not even when the egg maintains itself with the dignity of an Arthur Miller.

Some of our fellow citizens, though holding no brief for McCarthyism, resent the conclusions drawn by Europeans from these facts. Our writers and artists, they point out, while no doubt badly treated, are not without blame themselves. Writers and artists are notorious political innocents swinging wildly from one extreme to the other, like Malraux, or canting and recanting, like Picasso. If the opinions of such people are not highly regarded in the United States, they have themselves to thank. How is the country to know from which particular soapbox a writer is ad-

dressing it? This, of course, is a familiar self-justification; as familiar as the justification in Plato's *Republic*, where the exile of poets was also defended. But in our time and country it suffers from something worse than familiarity. It misconceives the question at issue.

The question with us is not whether writers and artists change their minds. The question with us is whether the rest of the world is justified in regarding us as a materialistic people among whom artists and writers lead a second-class life or live in virtual exile. If it is, we can hardly regain its respect by arguing that we treat our writers and our artists as we do because they are political idiots. It is we who are on trial, not they. They are the witnesses.

They *must* be the witnesses, for they alone can testify credibly to the truth or falsehood of the charge. They alone know to what extent their apparent exile and their apparent inferiority are real, and they alone are in a position to confirm or deny the suffocating materialism from which we are thought abroad to suffer.

It is my personal belief that most of them, given the opportunity, would deny it. They would deny, that is to say, that American materialism, which is real enough and overreal, has yet reached the point of saturation at which the arts are in danger. They would even deny that their miseries under McCarthyism were and are wholly the consequence of a public indifference. On the contrary, many of them would willingly admit — and this would be the most telling aspect of their evidence — that the indifference was in large part *theirs*: that it was their failure to make concerted efforts to defend themselves, rather than the apathy of the country, which gave McCarthy his opening. They would not merely admit it, indeed, they would boast of it. They would tell audiences in any part of the world that, except for occasional misguided protests, they had been silent, and that they had been silent not because the senatorial inquisitors had torn out their tongues but because political silence is the political attitude appropriate to their calling. The American artist does not engage in political activity even to defend himself — even to defend the freedom by which art exists.

Not all of them, of course, would say this. There are still American artists and writers to whom the political world is part of the world the arts can know. But enough would express themselves in these terms to make it fairly evident that the so-called "isolation of the American artist" of which our friends in Europe are so fond of talking is an isolation quite as much by choice as by necessity. The "political art" of the thirties is as unpopular in artistic circles as it is among

the politicians. And it is unpopular not for political but for aesthetic reasons. It is not that its artist was then a Communist or a Social Credit man or a clerical fascist or a New Dealer; it is simply that he proved himself aesthetically unreliable. He violated the American mystique, or what has since become the American mystique. He was not a pure artist. He was a political man.

THE isolation of the American artist, which looms as a political phenomenon in Rome, appears in America, in other words, in different colors. The political and social and economic factors of course exist. American materialism is as real as anyone in Italy ever thought it was. But there is another factor also which must be known and judged before the Republic is indicted as a country on the way to materialistic suffocation, and that other factor is one only American artists and writers can speak of with conviction, for only American artists and writers, and the critics who surround them, know that it is there. That other factor is the current American aesthetic.

What the dogmas of this aesthetic are is not perhaps as certain as it might be. None of the numerous critics who accept them have spelled them out in detail. But the fundamental position is nevertheless reasonably clear. The American aesthetic rests, as so many modern aesthetics have rested before it, on the old dichotomy between life and art. It does not go as far as the London aesthetic of the nineties which made of art, in the angry phrase with which Yeats turned his back on it, a "terrible goddess" to whom life must be sacrificed, but it goes far enough to make of art a minor divinity which must have no traffic with one entire aspect of life.

One of its explicators, for example, informed his hearers on a most solemn occasion that the temptation most dangerous to the artist — the temptation the artist most should fear — is the temptation of public duty. Another, the editor of one of the principal organs of the American aesthetic, explained patiently to the Negro author of a brilliant first novel about American Negro life that a novel about American Negro life written by an American Negro cannot be a work of art because it must necessarily be a novel of "protest." Nor did he shrink from the logical conclusion that American Negroes are thus foreclosed from writing novels that can be works of art at all.

The dogmas behind these various pronouncements may be vague, but what they add up to in the way of aesthetic doctrine is clear enough. What they add up to is a rejection, in the name

of aesthetic value, of the old human dream of a possible reconciliation between the outward world of event and the inward world of conception through the act of art; the old dream that art may interpret the inward world to the outward and eventually *make* the outward world habitable for the creature within; the dream which every statue of the great age of Greece expressed and which some of them may, in their now unknown originals, have realized. It is not an admirable or very impressive doctrine. To declare, as the American aesthetic seems to do, that the effort to act upon the external world in the making of a work of art is a betrayal of the work of art is a misconception of the nature of art. The nature of art is action, and there is no part of human experience, public or private, on which it cannot act or should not.

But though this latest attempt to divide the practice of art by aesthetic theorizing from the political struggle in which the destiny of our time shapes itself is neither courageous nor noble, it has, nevertheless, its relevance. It puts the isolation of the American artist into a proper per-

spective. If more American writers and artists went abroad to work and talk, whether they were men who believed in the American aesthetic or men who didn't, the truth of their situation would become more visible across the water than it is. It would then appear that though the increasing materialism of their country is an affliction to them all, their "isolation" in American life is quite as much a matter of the turning of their own backs on the age as of the age's turning of its back on them. It would appear, that is to say, that American materialism is not yet the materialism of the Soviets and, with a bit more courage in its writers and its artists, never need be.

As for Wilder, I hope his vow of silence may wear thin and break. There is no man in America who knows the truth of the American writer's dilemma better than he and no man whose words will carry farther round the earth. America may be the most magnificently industrialized nation in the world and the most powerful, but she desperately needs defenders who can use the weapons of the spirit, for it is there that she is vulnerable.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS

b. 1560 (?) — d. 1615

BY MARIANNE MOORE

contrapuntalist —

composer of chorales

and wedding hymns to Latin words,

but best of all an anthem:

"God be praised for conquering faith
which feareth neither pain nor death."

Ear chained, we have to trust

this mastery — "one which

no one understands — which someone has
acquired and is able to

direct." Mouse-skin-bellows'-breath
expanding into rapture saith,

"Allelujah." Almost

inmost absolutist

and fugue-ist, "Amen"; slowly building
from miniature thunder,

crescendos antidoting death —
love's signature cementing faith.

ESCAPE TO AMERICA

The Hungarians One Year Later

BY IDA BOBULA

IDA BOBULA, who took her degrees at Budapest and Vienna, was the first woman to hold administrative rank in the Royal Hungarian Ministry of Public Instruction and was the first to teach history in a Hungarian university. In 1947 she was forced into exile and took refuge in the United States, where she is today librarian of the American-Hungarian Historical Society. She has been closely in touch with the Hungarian refugees from the day of their arrival.

A YEAR ago a popular revolt threw off the puppets Russia had imposed on Hungary and tore open the Iron Curtain. Russia struck back, and more than 100,000 Hungarians paid with their lives in the fighting. In the aftermath perhaps twice as many were imprisoned and deported. Those who could make the Western frontier, roughly 200,000 souls, barely escaped with their lives to the Free World.

The first refugees to pour into Austria found that they could go wherever they wanted: every country welcomed them. Switzerland admitted over 10,000; Canada took 24,000; we admitted 33,000 — more than any other country. Now, a year later, the excitement has died down, Camp Kilmer is closed, and only a few occasional late-comers trickle across the ocean. It seems pertinent to ask, Who *are* these Hungarian refugees? Are they assets or headaches for America? Where are they and what are they doing? The best way to get the answers is to listen to the refugees themselves.

Last fall my telephone rang, and a friend from my youth, whom I had not seen for more than a decade, announced that he had just come from Camp Kilmer a few hours ago, with his wife and two children. I rushed to their hotel in Manhattan and we rejoiced. This internationally known scholar was not in America for the first time. In his earlier years he had been a Fellow of one of the

great American foundations. He spoke fluent English, and I told him that surely there would be a place for him under the sun in America. His first impulse was to explain why he came.

"I don't believe in emigration," he said, "unless absolutely necessary. I tried to hold out; I held out in Budapest, though they treated me like a pariah on account of my Western connections. I took every humiliation. Now I saw that this was the end — it was get out or be killed. We left everything behind us. In the clothes we have on we passed the frontier. Believe me, I had to do it."

I could understand the pain gnawing at the heart of a scholar, dedicated to teaching the youth of his own suffering nation, who tried to hold out, as I did ten years ago.

"Things may change, we may be able to return," said his wife. "This city, this traffic is frightening."

"You go home, but I remain here," said their fifteen-year-old Tommy. "I like this country. Hats off to the food they served us at Camp Kilmer. I am not afraid of this city, I want to have a car myself and get into that traffic."

Professor R. told me that with his first dime he telephoned from camp to his old foundation. The foundation at once sent one of its officers to sponsor them and generously guaranteed the living expenses of the family for six months.

Now Professor R. teaches American students at

one of our universities. The family has a home, and Mrs. R. is no longer so frightened. Hospitable America gained the grateful services of Hungary's best physicist.

Naturally not every Hungarian has found in America the fulfillment of his dreams. In one large Eastern city alone, I know ten refugee lawyers who wash dishes, clean rugs, or work as unskilled factory hands. None of them complains. They keep a stiff upper lip and answer only if you ask them. "I won't say that I enjoy cleaning rugs," said one. "I believe that with some care and a bit of organizing, we could be used here for something more adequate and useful. But then, if this is fate, we accept it. It is better to be a laborer in a free country than a state office holder in a tyranny."

An old doctor of law, who in Hungary was once a city employee of high rank, confided to me that all his life his avocation had been dendrology, the science of trees. He spent all his free time in learning about the problems of forestry.

"I had the choice of going to West Germany or the United States. I chose the United States, because I hoped that I might see the great Western forests of this country. Now I am stuck on this Eastern shore, with a wage so small that I will never be able to go West." He earns \$35 a week. "This is my only complaint."

I thought of the young pilot who stopped me at Camp Kilmer six months ago. "Please give me advice," he said. "A bus of the Resettlement Committee starts in an hour for Los Angeles. They told me to come along. There is no job offer, but they say there will be something. My only friend is in New York — here I made some acquaintances, here you are. There in the West I do not know a soul. Should I go?"

I hesitated for a moment only. "Hurry, pick up your luggage and hop on that bus. The West is for people like you. There is a future. You will find friends. Here is my address. If you get into trouble, let me know. Write anyway. God bless you."

The first letter sounded like a bad fix. A hotel room paid for a week, and no job. But in time the job materialized. Then he got a better job. The last post card, with a beautiful view of the Pacific shore, sports only two happy letters — "O.K." — and the respectful signature of the young pilot.

In their waking hours Hungarians look westward; at night their thoughts wander east. "Will Hungary be free? How can one help? How can one get out those left behind?"

"My husband has a good skill," says an engineer's wife. "His field is electronics. The National Academy of Science found work for him on the first day after we arrived at Camp Kilmer. To

us this country seems a perfect haven. We could be ever so happy here, if we could get out of Austria the orphan son of my brother who was killed by the Communists. His poor mother is in Hungary, the boy in despair — more than a year in camp, without hope. Children are still admitted, but he is nineteen and does not qualify as a child. Cannot the Americans be told?"

I CANNOT forget those who are inadequately placed. The majority of the refugees admitted to the United States came from the ranks of skilled workers. Ferenc A. is a nice chap of twenty, from the Hungarian town of Kecskemét. He was by training an auto mechanic and hoped he would be able to work in his trade in this great country of motorcars. Well, he cannot. There is the language difficulty, plus the lack of tools. You are told everywhere to bring your tools — he does not have them. So he got a job in a multigraphing plant; he stands eight long hours by a large bin filled with motor oil and washes in it the soiled plates. The vapors of the motor oil make him dizzy — he dreads that he will fall in the bin. He keeps telling himself that somebody has to do that job too, but it makes him more and more sick every day. What is his way out?

Janos P., nineteen years old, works in the same city. He studied music in the Conservatory in Hungary. In America there was no place for him, in the whole world of music. He works at a bakery. The dollar for an hour wage would be enough, but carrying the large, hot trays all day long is slowly ruining his hands. "I am afraid that I won't be able to play the piano any more," he told me.

The sponsor brings Béla, a nice but desperate-looking boy of seventeen. She is a kind-enough second-generation American-Hungarian widow, with a torrent of complaints. Béla stole a dollar from her to buy cigarettes. She thinks he has no business to smoke, but the nervous young boy is obviously a tobacco addict and words won't cure him. But what have I except words?

"How dare you steal from your sponsor?" I ask. "This is suicide. You are a parolee here. You have no status. A thief born here can defend himself at a trial. A Mexican laborer, who crossed the border illegally, can ask for a hearing before being deported. You have not this right — you are only a parolee who can be deported any minute without a hearing. You can be sent back to Hungary — where you will die."

"I have no stronger wish than to be hanged," says the boy with infinite bitterness. "Then all this dirt will be over. It lasts since I live. I never had one chance; I had no luck. I thought it might

be different in America. It is not. I don't care what happens."

I ask to speak to the sponsor alone. "Dear Mrs. N., can't you see this is an absolutely clear, typical case of the emotionally disturbed adolescent who comes from a broken home, extreme poverty? He is an unfortunate child."

"He is simply a bad boy who will take no advice. I tried to educate him, I preached to him every day for hours, but he does not listen."

"His trouble is that he needs a man's positive guidance, not feminine reproaches. Who placed him with you?"

"The church got a busload of refugees, and I took him home. I've been sorry for it ever since."

"Have you spoken to the minister?"

"That poor reverend is fed up with all those newcomers. Imagine, they sent us two prostitutes. He had them shipped right back to Hungary."

"How did he know what they were?"

"They refused honest work. These are Communists."

Many churches labored hard. Some did wonderful work; others failed.

Most of the placements were made by volunteers, people of good will, but without training and experience in social work. With maddening regularity the most benevolent, cultured American sponsors were burdened with the least desirable refugees, while the best refugees often fell into the hands of sharks.

One heartbreaking case was that of an executive architect, an expert on building materials and work organization, a man of exceptional intelligence. Unfortunately, he was sent from Camp Kilmer with a group of others to a small community, where a sponsor offered a home to his family — but there was no suitable work for him.

The little community was built around a foundry, and the only work available was heavy foundry work, to which this architect of thirty-six was not accustomed. He did the work in order to feed his family, and at the same time he struggled to get out of his predicament, but in vain. He did not even get sympathy. Everybody thought: he is employed. He begged for a bricklayer's job — he could not get one. Before my eyes the man's physical condition went from bad to worse. He had accidents. He became drawn and nervous, and lost weight. By the time a chance for a better job came, he was no longer able to grasp it. This man of courage and character, who would be a real asset to any construction firm in America that would be willing to help him over the initial language difficulties, may be heading toward the human dump heap.

In any group as large as this you will find the

adventurer, the delinquent, the prostitute, but far more numerous and important than these are the young, the brave, the gifted, the determined, who could at the right moment make the right decision in order to survive. The spirit they bring is one of practical idealism — a bonus to any nation.

Trying to determine the ratio of happy and unhappy placements, I took a quick random sample: a hundred names picked from the refugee list of the American Hungarian Federation. I classified them into one of four categories:

1. The well placed: men and women who work now in jobs for which they were trained in Hungary. Homemakers who remain homemakers; students who remain students — 33 per cent.

2. The passably placed: men and women who work using some of their old skills, though not on the old level. The former engineer who is a draftsman; the former foreman who is a factory hand. They are in familiar surroundings, and in time they may make the forward step — 20 per cent.

3. The inadequately placed: the lawyer who washes dishes; the former secretary who works on a sewing machine in the factory; the architect in the foundry; the auto mechanic who is a butcher's helper. These are out of their places, without hope of acquiring usable knowledge and improving their lot — 38 per cent.

4. The unemployed — 9 per cent.

Nearly half of the Hungarian refugees need competent further help and guidance before we can call them happily integrated. But that guidance should be intelligent.

"If we can change them or if they see that democracy is a hundred times better than Communism ever was, what a triumph that will be." That sentence I exactly copied from a report by the assistant executive of a social agency. When freedom fighters become aware of such pious wishes, they explode. Among the hundreds I am well acquainted with, I have not found a single one with traces of Communist indoctrination. The main trouble with the refugees is something different. They are bruised, exhausted after the long, cruel struggle with Communism; they are like survivors of a shipwreck two feet from the shore. Their first necessity is care and then a job; not any job but the right place for the right man.

I should like to see a social center plus an office of placement and counseling established for Hungarians in every large city. The Canadians have opened one in Toronto. Letters sent to the first address left at Camp Kilmer return in alarming quantity, with the laconic message of the postman: *not at address given*. Where are they? We cannot afford to lose these new Americans.

JAMES THURBER

So quickly did Harold Ross bring the NEW YORKER to maturity that few can recall today the confusion and naïveté of its first two years. In this third part of his series, JAMES THURBER digs into an old office folder and shows how subcollegiate jokes and frivolity gave way before the varied talents with which the editor was soon surrounding himself.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

I HAD never heard of the *New Yorker* when I sailed from New York on the *Leviathan* in May, 1925, for a year in France. My unawareness of Harold Ross's "little magazine" (as Sam Goldwyn has always called it, in spite of its increasing wealth and matronly girth) was not surprising. Only a dozen meager issues had then reached the stands, all of them nervous and peaked, and most of them pretty bad. ("There's that goddam 'pretty' again," Ross would say. The easy overuse of "pretty" and "little" exacerbated his uneasy mind. Once, to bedevil him, I used them both in a single sentence of a Talk piece. "The building is pretty ugly and a little big for its surroundings." After stumbling upon these deliberate oxymora, Ross poked his head into my office, made a pretty ugly sound with his tongue and lips, and withdrew. We had been discussing the goddam pretty-little problem earlier that same day.

The *New Yorker* was the outstanding flop of 1925, a year of memorable successes in literature, music, and entertainment, and the only flop that kept on going. Its continued existence may accurately be called life after death. The *Leviathan* was still at sea on that eastward voyage of thirty-

two years ago when the weekly was officially declared dead at an executive luncheon in New York, presided over by its chief backer, Raoul Fleischmann. Then miracle, in the form of chance encounter, resurrected the deceased. Several hours after the coroner's verdict, Ross ran into Fleischmann at the wedding of Franklin Pierce Adams, and, in that atmosphere of hope, beginning, and champagne, they decided to have another go at it. It was hard for the F and the R of the F-R Publishing Company to believe that their cherished infant could die in such a season of viability.

In 1925, the greatest of war plays, *What Price Glory?*, was still running at the Plymouth, and two young men named Rodgers and Hart wrote the music and lyrics for the unforgettable *Garrick Gaieties*, whose big song hit, "Manhattan," still gaily rides the national airwaves. It was the year of *The Great Gatsby* and of *Arrowsmith* and *An American Tragedy*. In 1925, the new Madison Square Garden was opened, and presented its popular monstrosities to an eager public: the six-day bike race, the marathon dance, an indoor flagpole sitter, and strange men and women who

took part in rocking-chair and gum-chewing contests, indefatigably entertaining the insatiable addicts of endlessness. *The Poor Nut*, starring its co-author Elliott Nugent, was a hit at the Henry Miller. Elliott came down to the ship to see me off. He was then making, we figured the other day, approximately a hundred times as much money as the twelve dollars a week I was going to get on the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Meanwhile, the *New Yorker* kept going downhill. From an original runoff of 15,000 copies in February, its circulation fell to a pernicious-anemia low of 2700 copies in August. One evening, during that summer of Harold Ross's greatest discontent, the harried editor ran into Dorothy Parker somewhere. "I thought you were coming into the office to write a piece last week," he said. "What happened?" Mrs. Parker turned upon him the eloquent magic of her dark and lovely eyes. "Somebody was using the pencil," she explained sorrowfully. It gave a fair enough picture of the goings on in West 45th Street, where a small inexperienced staff strained to bring out a magazine every Thursday.

THIS is a memoir of my years with Ross, and so I shall take up, as tenderly and as briefly as may be, the troubles that beset the founder of the *New Yorker* before I became a party to his predicament and a witness of his woe. Ross could never have seriously believed his constantly reiterated "Writers are a dime a dozen." A great many writers were in Hollywood during his early struggles, others were in Paris — among them two future *New Yorker* authors, Robert Coates and Joel Sayre (Sid Perelman joined them in 1926) — and most of those he knew personally in New York were a million dollars a dozen and more amused by the *New Yorker's* flounderings than by its contents.

There is little doubt that Ross's famous and busy writer friends of the Algonquin Round Table and its fringes took his fond enterprise lightly, as a kind of joke on him and Fleischmann. A few of them helped now and then, with left hand, and tongue in cheek. "The part-time help of wits is no better than the full-time help of half-wits," a great wit named Herman Mankiewicz is reported to have said at the time. When I reminded Ross of this line years later, all he said was, "God knows I had both kinds."

He couldn't pay anybody much money, in an era when magazine word rates were extremely high. (Nunnally Johnson got ten times as much for his humorous stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* as Ross could have paid him.) When Elwyn Brooks White came to work for the *New Yorker*,

part-time, in 1926, he got thirty dollars a week, with an additional five dollars for each of his first-page comments, which were soon to become one of the *New Yorker's* best-known contributions to American letters.

The record of contributions by the men and women Ross must have expected to help him, out of the goodness of their hearts, during the first year is disheartening to look back upon. In 1925, Dorothy Parker turned in only one piece and two poems, and her celebrated book reviews, signed "Constant Reader," did not begin until October, 1927.

Robert Benchley waited ten months to lend a hand, and his first casual was printed in December, 1925. He didn't take over the *New Yorker's* theater criticism until 1929, the same year that Ross's closest friend, Alexander Woollcott, started his page called "Shouts and Murmurs." Ross's good friend Ring Lardner sent in one piece in 1925 and was not heard from again for two years. Marc Connelly and Arthur Kober got around to writing for Ross in 1926, and George Kaufman's name was first signed to a *New Yorker* casual as late as 1935.

It wasn't until 1930 that the names of Perelman and Ogden Nash showed up in the magazine's pages; Sally Benson's first story had been printed the year before. Clarence Day's reminiscences of a New York life were published in 1933. "If I had never printed anything but Clarence Day's stuff, it would have been enough," Ross once told Frank Sullivan, who, incidentally, wrote only three pieces for Ross in 1925; it would be ten years before his Cliché Expert first took the witness stand.

The *New Yorker* was a year old before Gluyas Williams began drawing for it. Peter Arno, who had sold Ross a spot in June, 1925, was first represented by a captioned drawing in September of that year of ordeal. Helen Hokinson's first captioned drawing brightened the *New Yorker* in November, 1925. It showed a saleslady at a perfume counter holding up a small phial to a woman customer and saying, "It's *N'aimez Que Moi*, madam — don't love nobody but me." The woman customer, glory be, was the original garden club dowager whose hilarious ilk became before long one of the ornaments of *New Yorker* humor. This first Hokinson was, it seems to some of us now, the funniest thing that Ross's tremulous magazine printed in the year of our Lord, 1925. The little magazine that died and came to life in the same day had the invaluable help and guidance of Rea Irvin from the start. He was responsible for its format, its special type that bears his name, and the famous figure that adorned its first issue and every succeeding anniversary number,

that of the nineteenth-century dandy inspecting a butterfly through his haughty monocle.

NOTHING is so dated as an old prospectus, unless it be a faded love letter to a lady who many years later divorced its author, so I shall spare you the *New Yorker's* prospectus, drawn up in the chill winter of 1924, except for a couple of sentences that are pertinent here: "There will be a personal mention column — a jotting down in the small-town newspaper style of the comings, goings and doings in the village of New York. This will contain some josh and some news value."

The word "josh," smelling remarkably of Ross's old-fashioned vocabulary, and the phrase "the small-town newspaper style" were unhappily lifted out of context and magnified into motto by Ross and his helpers. They got the young magazine off on the wrong foot, wearing the wrong shoe. Its early issues went in for a frivolous and curiously small-town kind of joke, an almost subcollegiate flippancy, and a self-conscious, intramural urbanality, all of which show up bleakly now in an old *New Yorker* folder labeled "Office Gazette," kept in a secret vault in the present offices and accessible only to those of us who are going on a hundred.

The contents of the Office Gazette consist of fragile and yellowing notes, suggestions, letters, and interoffice memos, stained with sweat and blood, mainly Ross's. Herein we encounter a great deal of tittering about the Optimist Joke, a two-line joke that was accidentally printed like this:

"A man who thinks he can make it in par."
"What is an optimist, Pop?"

This sentimental souvenir of the old days was reprinted in every anniversary issue of the *New Yorker* for twenty-five years before it was abandoned. Even right side up it shows what was the matter — a kind of youthful lack of loving care. One poem was accidentally printed in two different issues in 1925; a building located by the *New Yorker* at Sixth Avenue and 56th Street was actually at Sixth Avenue and 54th Street; the name of George Eliot was spelled with two I's, and Carolyn Wells was called Caroline, two mistakes that were pointed out by that old precisionist, F.P.A., whose hawk eye was ever alert for inaccuracies. When a verse of Philip G. Wylie's, signed with his initials, was reprinted in the *New York Sunday World*, it was credited to Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, and the Gazette had much rueful fun with this.

Among the notes in the old folder is one begin-

ning "At a mass meeting of the two contributors to this magazine" and another that reads "The magazine for people who cannot read." The intramural joshing turns up everywhere in the crumbling documents. Someone suggested a drawing showing "Harold Ross calling at the Martha Washington Hotel on his aunt from Dubuque." There is a lot of high school levity about the idea of using the face of Ben Turpin in burlesque reproductions of famous paintings, or to replace the countenance of Jimmy Walker, Calvin Coolidge, and others, in a series of cartoons. The Gazette reveals that *New Yorker* readers were instructed, in one issue, how to pronounce Rea Irvin's first name and Helen Hokinson's last name.

One 1927 item is worth reprinting in full, since it deals with two *New Yorker* immortals who soon rose above all the joshing:

Lois Long, who writes under the name "Lipstick," was married to Peter Arno, creator of the Whoops sisters, last Friday. The bride wore some things the department stores had given her from time to time, and Mr. Arno wore whatever remained after his having given all his dirty clothes to a man who posed as a laundry driver last week. The romance had its beginning in The New Yorker office, and was greatly advanced by a summer spent abroad, the contrast between the two places being noticeable. Immediately after the wedding the couple left for 25 West 45th Street, where they will spend their honeymoon trying to earn enough money to pay for Mr. Arno's little automobile.

My own favorite item in the ancient collection is a suggestion from a reader, which goes like this:

March 20, 1927

The New Yorker

I have an idea for a cartoon. The cartoon is entitled, "Pouring over his Books." This is a pun. Have a student sit by a desk with a stack of books before him and reading out of one book. In the meantime have him pour some gin in a glass and is ready to drink it. All about him on the floor have bottles thrown about.

The humor in this cartoon is in the words "pour" and "poir" one means to drink and the other means to study careful.

In the margin of this wondrous note, Ross had written "Too subtle."

Ross's sweating and straining to keep his faltering magazine above the level of Dubuque and in the sophisticated tonality of cosmopolitan New York both puzzled and annoyed some readers. One of them, objecting to a facetious piece about the Barnard Cloisters, wrote testily, "Flippancy in an elephant might be amusing, but flippancy in a flea doesn't even amuse its canine host." Ross's agitated reply to this began, "We are

young.” And young they were. Every effort to sound metropolitan in viewpoint and background brought the breath of Aspen, Colorado, to the journal’s perspiring pages.

Ross was apparently intensely devoted to a continuing department called “Are You a New Yorker?”, a series of questions such as “Where is the morgue?” and “On what days is admission charged to the Bronx Zoo?” Clipped to this particular questionnaire was a tart note from a male subscriber which read, simply, “Who gives a damn?”

But it was in this turgid area of odds and ends and beginnings that I found a refreshing letter to Ross from Elmer Davis, dated May 19, 1926. After a decade on the *New York Times*, Mr. Davis had resigned in 1924 to free lance and to write books. He sold the *New Yorker*, in its first three years, some twenty-five pieces, and in this letter he enclosed a contribution for “Are You a New Yorker?” In it there were ten questions, of which the ninth went like this: “Who was Josh DeVore? Bridgie Webber? James A. O’Gorman? Pat Kyne? Hugh McAtamney? Anna Aumuller? Lieutenant Percy Richards?” Mr. Davis’s tenth question made my heart leap up. It said, simply, “Where Are They Now?” That was to be the standing title, ten years later, of a series of twenty-five pieces I wrote for the magazine under the name Jared L. Manley. For a whole decade Ross had fretted and fussed about this project, excited by the idea but dissatisfied with the title, as he was usually dissatisfied with everything, sometimes for weeks, sometimes for years. In the end, of course, he came back, as he often did, to the original suggestion, but I doubt that Elmer Davis was remembered as the originator of the idea for “Where Are They Now?” or that Ross’s debt to him was ever acknowledged. The editor was always conscientious about giving credit where credit was due, but his head continually buzzed with a thousand different ideas, and in the flutter the Davis letter must have been forgotten.

The carelessness and confusion of the first two years, echoed and reflected in the *Office Gazette*, are undoubtedly responsible for Ross’s later intense dedication to precision, order, and system. He studied the New York Telephone Company’s system of verifying names and numbers in its directories, and used to say that, despite the company’s careful checking, it had never got out a phone book with fewer than three mistakes. He found out about the *Saturday Evening Post*’s checking department, which he said consisted of seven women who checked in turn every fact, name, and date. He must have set up a dozen different systems, during my years with him, for keeping track of manuscripts and verifying facts. If the

slightest thing went wrong, he would bawl, “The system’s fallen down!”

He lived always in the wistful hope of getting out a magazine each week without a single mistake. His checking department became famous, in the trade, for a precision that sometimes leaned over backward. A checker once said to me, “If you mention the Empire State Building in a Talk piece, Ross isn’t satisfied it’s still there until we call up and verify it.” When Robert Coates, in a book review, said that Faulkner sometimes seemed to write about the woodland of Weir instead of the American South, checkers ransacked postal guides, maps, and other sources looking for the Weir that existed only in the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. When, in a piece I sent in from the French Riviera in 1938, I mentioned the Hotel Ruhl, the checkers found out that it was actually the Hotel Ruhl et des Anglais, and changed it to that in my copy. I wrote Ross a sharp note saying, “Where shall we meet for five o’clock tea — at the Waldorf-Astoria or the Ritz Carlton?”

But overchecking was better than underchecking, in his opinion, even if it did sometimes lead to the gaucherie of inflexibility. Ross’s checkers once informed Mencken that he couldn’t have eaten dinner at a certain European restaurant he had mentioned in one of his *New Yorker* articles, because there wasn’t any restaurant at the address he had given. Mencken brought home a menu with him to prove that he was right, but he was pleased rather than annoyed. “Ross has the most astute goons of any editor in the country,” he said.

WHILE ROSS was sweating blood and baying the moon during that awful summer of 1925, I was in a farmhouse in Normandy trying to write a novel. It didn’t work out because I got tired of the characters at the end of 5000 words, and bade them and novel-writing farewell forever. In September I got my job as a rewrite man on the *Paris Tribune*.

“I got thirty men ahead of you who want jobs,” the city editor said when I went to see him. “What are you, by the way, a poet, or a painter, or a novelist?”

I told him I was a newspaperman with five years experience, and knew how to get it and write it and put a headline on it, and he hired me on the spot. That first month I wrote about the crash of the dirigible *Shenandoah* in Ohio, and in October the editor handed me six words of cable from America and said, “Write a column about that.” The six words were “Christy Matthewson died today at Saranac,” and I wrote a column about it.

It wasn’t until the following month, November,

1925, that I first heard of the existence of a magazine called the *New Yorker*. I was sitting on the terrace of the Café Dome, reading our rival paper, the *Paris Herald* (which had wanted no part of my services), when I came upon a first-page story about a flutter in the dovecotes of Park Avenue. The story said that Ellin Mackay, daughter of the millionaire head of Postal Telegraph, and later Mrs. Irving Berlin (he dedicated two songs to her that year, *Always* and *Remember*) had written an "exposé" of Park Avenue society for a weekly magazine called the *New Yorker*. Miss Mackay's short article, called "Why We Go to Cabarets" and subtitled "A Post-Debutante Explains" seems as quaint and dated now as its title, but it got the *New Yorker* on the front pages of New York newspapers and gave it its first big shot in the arm circulationwise, as they say in American business circles. Miss Mackay slapped with her fan the wrists of all the sad young men in the Park Avenue staglines, whose dullness drove American society girls with stars in their eyes to cabarets, where they danced to jazz music on the same floor with "drummers" and other interesting barbarians from the hinterland.

After thirty-two years, the dusty pages of Miss Mackay's once vital prose seem less a souvenir of the Jazz Age than a dying echo of the days of silent movies and the era of Rudolph Valentino. That great matinee idol, incidentally, was to collapse outside a New York cabaret in 1926 with an agony in his stomach that turned out to be a fatal perforating ulcer. When he fell, his opera hat rolled into the street, and was rescued by one of those who rushed to his aid, none other than Harold Ross, the young editor of the *New Yorker*. Several months before Valentino's collapse in New York, I had interviewed him at the Hotel Ruhl (et des Anglais) in Nice, where I had gone from Paris in the winter of 1925 to be assistant editor of the *Tribune's* Riviera edition. I remember that Valentino proudly showed me the hundred pairs of shoes he always took with him on his travels, or it may even have been two hundred. Ross kept his opera hat, intending to return it to him when he left the hospital, which he never did alive. The hat was accidentally thrown out when Ross and his first wife moved from their house on West 47th Street in 1928. "I thought it was an old hat of Alec's," Jane Grant told me the other day. Alexander Woolcott had shared the cooperative house in the West Forties.

The loss of Rudolph Valentino's opera hat might well stand as a kind of symbol of the ending of the *New Yorker's* infancy and the beginning of its maturity. In 1928 Oliver Wolcott Gibbs joined the staff of the magazine, and in one issue of that year a short first piece, called "Alumnac Bulletin,"

appeared away back on page 101. It was written by a young man named John O'Hara, who was then twenty-three years old and whose short stories were to help set up a lasting literary barrier between the town of Dubuque and the city of New York.

I GOT back to New York in early June, 1926, with ten dollars, borrowed enough to hold on until July in a rented room on West 13th Street, and began sending short pieces to the *New Yorker*, eating in doughnut shops, occasionally pilfering canapés at cocktail parties (anchovies, in case you don't know, are not good for breakfast). My pieces came back so fast I began to believe the *New Yorker* must have a rejection machine. It did have one, too. His name was John Chapin Mosher, a witty writer, a charming man, and one of the most entertaining companions I have ever met, but an editor whose prejudices were a mile high and who had only a few enthusiasms. It was in the always slightly lunatic tradition of the *New Yorker* that he had been made first reader of the manuscripts of unknown writers. In the years that followed, we became friends, but I never had lunch with him that he didn't say, over his coffee, "I must get back to the office and reject."

In 1943 he rejected a story by Astrid Peters (then known as Astrid Meighan), called "Shoe the Horse and Shoe the Mare," which its author later read aloud to me one day. I sent it to Ross with a note saying it should have been bought, and he bought it. It was one of the stories included in *The Best American Short Stories 1944*. Mosher's only comment on it had been a characteristic "A tedious bit about an adolescent female." I sometimes wonder what Mosher would say, if he were alive now, about the *New Yorker's* flux of stories by women writers dealing with the infancy, childhood, and young womanhood of females. "We are in a velvet rut," Ross once said many years ago, and this was amended not long ago by a sardonic male writer to read, "We are now in a tulle and taffeta rut."

I first called at the *New Yorker* office late in June, 1926, to find out what had happened to the only piece of mine that had not been returned like a serve in tennis. It was about a man named Alfred Goulet, the greatest of all six-day bike riders, with whom I had shared a stateroom on a liner returning from France in 1920. (I had been a code clerk in the American Embassy for two years.) Mosher came out into the reception room, looking like a professor of English literature who has not approved of the writing of anybody since Sir Thomas Browne. He returned my manuscript saying that it had got under something, and apologizing for

the tardy rejection. "You see," he said, "I regard Madison Square Garden as one of the blots on our culture."

I didn't ask to meet Ross that day, but I did inquire if Mr. White was in. On the *Leviathan* going to France, I had met a married sister of White's with the lilting name of Lillian Illian. She had often talked about her talented brother, whose name I remembered as Elton Brooks White. His real first name, of course, is Elwyn, but he had been lucky enough to go to Cornell, where every male student named White is nicknamed Andy, after Andrew White, the university's first president. White wasn't in that day, and so nearly eight months went by before I met him and Ross. I must have seen him, however, without recognizing him, for he also lived on West 13th Street then, sharing an apartment with three other Cornell graduates. One of them, Gustave Stubbs Lobrano, later became an editor of the *New Yorker*.

BY JULY first my money had run out again, but I didn't take the reporting job on the *Evening Post* that had been offered me by its city editor, whom I had met in Paris while he was on vacation. I had an idea for a parody of current best sellers, to be called "Why We Behave Like Microbe Hunters," and to finish it I threw myself upon the hospitality of Clare Victor Dwiggins, called Dwig, a well-known comic-strip artist, who was spending the summer at Green Lake, New York, with his family. (I had met him in Nice.) The wonderful Dwigginses took me in, and I finished the 25,000 words of the book by the end of August. In September I peddled it about New York. It was rejected suavely by Harper's, and without a word by Farrar and Rinehart, unless you can count the "Here" of the secretary who handed me the manuscript when I called at the office. Herschel Brickell, rest his soul, almost persuaded Henry Holt to take the parody, but was overruled by the sales department: "We can't publish a first book of humor by an unknown writer." I sent the six chapters of the book piecemeal to the *New Yorker* and got them all back. Then I went to work on the *Evening Post*, but still kept trying to sell something to Ross's magazine.

In December I had about given up, and was thinking of going back to Columbus, when I sent one of my many rejections to F.P.A. on the *World*. It was the story of Hero and Leander done in newspaper headlines, and Mr. Adams printed it. It filled up one whole column of "The Conning Tower." I think it was ten years later that I told the conductor of "The Conning Tower" that I had written the thing. He had no way of knowing

because I had signed it, for reasons too obscure to remember, Jamie Machree.

I now lived in a basement apartment on Horatio Street, near the Ninth Avenue El, with my first wife, who has somehow got lost in the shuffle of these reminiscences. She was convinced I spent too much time on my *New Yorker* efforts, and so one night I grimly set the alarm clock to ring in forty-five minutes and began writing a piece about a little man going round and round and round in a revolving door, attracting crowds and the police, setting a world's record for this endurance event, winning fame and fortune. This burlesque of Channel swimming and the like ran to fewer than a thousand words, and was instantly bought by the *New Yorker*. For the first time out of twenty tries I got a check instead of a rejection slip.

With the money we bought a Scottie, the same Jeannie that was later to be lost in Columbus and to cause the dog fight between Ross and me. The proof that no permanent scars resulted from that brief snarling and fateful encounter lies in an old incident I like to remember. In 1929 my wife began raising Scotties and poodles in Silvermine, and one day Ross asked me if he could buy one of her Scottie pups. "I don't want it myself, for God's sake," he explained hastily, "but Helen Hokinson said the other day that she would like to have a Scottie, and I thought I'd give her one for Christmas." Ross did countless thoughtful and generous things for the men and women he loved, often going far out of his way and spending a great deal of time hunting for gifts, arranging introductions, smoothing paths, and lightening personal burdens.

One of Jeannie's male offspring, three months old, was selected by my wife and, with a wide red ribbon around its neck and a card attached, was delivered by messenger to Miss Hokinson on Christmas Day. She loved the dog but said she couldn't possibly keep it in town, where she was then living, and returned it sadly to my wife. It had cost Ross seventy-five dollars, and my wife made out a check for this amount. He flatly refused to take it and promptly sent it back. Thus the strange story of Ross and Jeannie and me came, in its curious and somehow satisfying way, full circle.

It was easy for me to sell things to the *New Yorker* after the first one was taken, although, in rereading some of the earliest ones, I marvel that Ross put his approving R on "Villanelle of Horatio Street, Manhattan" and a short parody called "More Authors Cover the Snyder Trial." In this last I tried to imitate the style of James Joyce and that of Gertrude Stein, and Ross could never have read a single line of either author. The Stein part went like this:

This is a trial. This is quite a trial. I am on trial. They are on trial. Who is on trial?

I can tell you how it is. I can tell you have told you will tell you how it is.

There is a man. There is a woman. There is not a man. There would have been a man. There was a man. There were two men. There is one man. There is a woman where is a woman is a man.

He says he did. He says he did not. She says she did. She says she did not. She says he did. He says she did. She says they did. He says they did. He says they did not. She says they did not. I'll say they did.

In gritting his teeth, swallowing hard, and buying that, Ross must have depended upon the counsel of his literary editor Mrs. Katharine Angell, graduate of Bryn Mawr, wife of a lawyer, and the author of articles and reviews for the *New Republic*, the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and other magazines before she was hired in 1925 as assistant to Fillmore Hyde, the magazine's first literary editor. Mrs. Angell, who hired Andy White in 1926 and was later married to him, was one of the pillars upon which Ross could lean in his hours of uncertainty about his own imitations. "She knows the Bible, and literature, and foreign languages," he told me the day I first met him, "and she has taste."

That day in February, 1927, when I first saw Ross plain and talked to him, I had been brought to his office by White. Andy had called me on the phone one day to say that his sister had mentioned meeting me on the *Leviathan* and that he was, like myself, a friend of Russell Lord, a man who had gone to both Ohio State and Cornell, later wrote *The Wallaces of Iowa*, and somewhere in between, like practically everybody else, took his turn as managing editor of the *New Yorker*. I didn't meet White until five minutes before he took me in to see Ross, but Ross always believed that White and I had been friends for years.

When he got an idea fixed in his head, it usually stayed fixed, and time and truth could not dislodge it. He had decided thirty years ago that Wolcott Gibbs was Alice Duer Miller's nephew, and the fact that Gibbs was actually her cousin never registered in Ross's mind, although he was told this fact a dozen times. Gus Lobrano had worked for *Town and Country* before coming to the *New Yorker*, but Ross got the notion that he had been on *Harper's Bazaar*, and nothing Lobrano said through the years could correct this misconception. Ten years before Lobrano died in 1956, Ross said to him about something, "I suppose you learned that on *Harper's Bazaar*." Gus sighed resignedly and said, "Yes, and it wasn't easy."

Harold Ross had an exasperating way of pinning quick tags and labels on people he met, getting

them cozily pigeonholed, and sometimes completely wrong. Ben Hecht, for example, was a police reporter at heart, Elmer Davis a corn-belt intellectual, Alan Dunn "the only recluse about town I know." When Morris Markey, the *New Yorker's* first reporter-at-large, was assigned to write a piece about what goes on behind the gates at Grand Central, he had to postpone his visit because of the illness of the station master, but for ten years Ross would say, when someone suggested an assignment for Morris, "He couldn't get into Grand Central."

After Ross found out, the hard way, that I was not an administrative editor, he had to think up a tag for me to make my task of writing the "Talk of the Town" department as hard as possible for both of us.

"Thurber's worked too long on newspapers," he told somebody. "He can't write Talk the way I want it. He'll always write journalese." I don't think Ross had ever read anything I had written outside the *New Yorker*. It wasn't much at the time, but I did have a scrapbook of unjournalese pieces I had sold to *Harper's* "Lion's Mouth," the *D.A.C. News*, *Sunset Magazine*, and the *Sunday World* and *Herald Tribune*. What stuck in Ross's head was that I had covered City Hall for the *Columbus Dispatch*, been central Ohio correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, worked for the *Chicago Tribune* in France and the *Evening Post* in New York, and once contributed weekly jottings on Ohio politics to the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. So it was that in the new Ross-Thurber relationship of editor and rewrite man there were several months of another kind of ordeal, full of thrust and parry, doubt and despair, sound and fury. It wasn't until the issue of December 24, 1927, after three months of slavery, that a Talk piece of mine appeared which Ross had praised and not rewritten. It was a "personality" piece called "A Friend of Jimmy's," about William Seeman, intimate of Mayor Walker, brother-in-law of Rube Goldberg, canner of White Rose salmon, and crony of Harold Ross. It is no more worth bothering with than that old prospectus, and sticks in my mind only as the second turning point in my relationship with Ross.

Between the late summer of 1927 and June, 1935, I wrote half a million words for "Talk of the Town," partitions kept tumbling down, a dozen Miracle Men came and went, sex boldly invaded the offices in spite of Ross's efforts to keep it within the decorous bounds of extramural incident, and all kinds of crises happened to Ross, the United States of America, the world, and me. I shall try to cope with those eight crowded years next time. Right now I have to take a couple of luminal and lie down.



Would you call this fair play?

Referee gives "Visitors" a boost — "Home" team has to score on its own. What kind of a game would *that* be?

Ridiculous—yet you and most people face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes. These are the taxes you pay in your electric bills.

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But a strange twist in federal law exempts several million American families and businesses from paying all the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. These are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems. You have to help make up the taxes these people don't pay.

Most Americans feel that everyone should pay his fair share of taxes. Don't *you* agree that this special tax favoritism should be made more widely known and given critical study?

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FAIRFAX M. CONE

ADVERTISING

IS NOT A PLOT

A Reply to Vance Packard



A recognized leader in his field and well qualified to speak for responsible advertising executives, FAIRFAX M. CONE graduated from the University of California in 1925. He served on the staff of the San Francisco EXAMINER and in various advertising agencies in New York before settling in Chicago, where in 1942 he organized the firm of Foole, Cone & Belding.

THAT there are irresponsible people in advertising can no more be disputed than that there are unscrupulous builders, manufacturers, retailers, and even doctors and lawyers. This is unfortunate. However, to assume that the reprehensible are in greater proportion in advertising than in any other field of endeavor is certainly questionable.

In "The Growing Power of Admen" (*Atlantic*, September, 1957), Vance Packard has collected and collated a number of accusations of base advertising manipulation that add up to a vastly disturbing total picture. To be specific, Mr. Packard states that advertising executives have become the selfish masters of our economic destiny, our most powerful taste makers, major patrons and demeaners of our social scientists, dictators of the content of most of our radio and television programs, and judges with life and death power over most of our mass-circulation magazines.

This power, Mr. Packard believes, comes from \$10 billion spent annually by the advertising in-

dustry to persuade the American public to buy goods, 40 per cent of which are unnecessary in terms of any real need.

The terms of real need are something I cannot argue. I am certain that few women I know *need* a home permanent wave or five colors of lipstick or an automatic dishwasher or a rotisserie. Few men I know *need* an electric shaver or a power lawn mower or a wardrobe that includes twelve nerve-jarring sports shirts. Few families I know *need* a 21-inch television set to replace an electronically satisfactory 14-inch television set, or need to belong to a book club. Nevertheless they do indulge in just such things. And while it might be interesting and perhaps useful to speculate on what would happen to the American economy if 40 per cent of consumer goods of almost any kind were to be deducted from our gross national income, the subject here is the irresponsibility of advertising people rather than the role that advertising plays in an economy of abundance.

In the first place, of the \$10 billion spent on advertising in the United States every year, the total spent through advertising agencies is some \$4 billion. Mr. Packard fails to make this distinction clear, and by implication accuses the agencies — which spend little more than a third of the money — of becoming “a great sociological battering ram.” This is only one of Mr. Packard’s mistakes. A much bigger one, and one that shows a curious lack of understanding of how advertising comes to be, lies in the statement that the expenditure for advertising is entrusted to the agencies.

This is something, I am sure, that many an agency man and woman has wished for, even dreamed of: professional responsibility. But advertising in most businesses is everybody’s business and there are no cases on record where any considerable sums of money have been entrusted to anyone for expenditure. Advertising budgets, like advertising plans and advertising messages, are no less subject to management scrutiny than expenditures for plant and equipment and payroll.

The advertising agency in which I am a partner is retained by forty-three advertisers. Their expenditures through this agency in 1957 totaled almost \$100 million, and not a single one of these dollars was spent without advertiser authority and without advertiser approval of advertising text as well as schedules. Moreover, the shares of a large number of these companies are listed in the New York Stock Exchange. All are under the constant surveillance of stockholders and security analysts. None entrust advertising expenditures to either inside or outside advertising executives, nor to both together. Chairmen, presidents, and executive committees must pass every advertising budget proposal; and every budget that I know of is presented complete with detailed copy recommendations and layouts for printed advertising and proposed text and storyboards (precise pictorial outlines) for television commercials.

As to the claim that advertising executives dictate the content of most radio and television programs, it need only be said that no half hour of time on any network or independent station is controlled by any advertiser or any advertising agency; nor does any advertiser or any advertising agency dictate the programing. Networks and stations allow only two options: not to buy either a time period or a program that is offered, or not to renew it. Now, to be sure, many an advertiser has dropped a program that someone wanted him to keep on the air. Various reasons are ascribed every time this happens; punishing a performer for failing to hew to some line has often

been given as a reason, and I am sure that this has happened. But tune-in is the basis for almost all program decisions. Tune-in guides networks and stations alike in programing; and advertising goes where circulation is, where people in the greatest numbers want to look and listen. Advertising can afford to pay for programs just so long as advertising is effective in selling; it has no other purpose.

Before I come to the role of taste making and the subornation of the social scientists that are ascribed to the advertising industry by Mr. Packard, I think it should be noted that his charge that advertising executives are “judges with life-and-death power over most of our mass-circulation magazines” is made with no shred of evidence, or even an implication, to support the allegation. Our ten largest mass-circulation magazines are the *Reader’s Digest*, *Life*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *TV Guide*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall’s*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, and the weekly newspaper supplements, *This Week* and the *American Weekly*. It would be interesting to have Mr. Packard tell us just which of their editors and publishers are held in advertising bondage; or, better still, tell us *one* who has ever brought up for advertiser or advertising agency discussion an editorial item or feature that he himself questioned, pro or con, on principle.

There have been many disputes by advertisers and their agencies about articles published in magazines to which they took exception, and scheduled advertising has been canceled. But I can see no difference between this and the action of an irate individual who cancels his subscription because of an article or story that he doesn’t like. America’s periodical publishers, large and small, like the broadcasters and the newspaper publishers, go their own highly individual and independent ways, and advertising follows them; it never leads.

The only “evidence” Mr. Packard submits to sustain his claim that the executives of the advertising industry have become our most powerful taste makers is the assertion that “In 1957 they made millions of Americans suddenly feel somehow inadequate because they did not own high-tailed automobiles.” But Mr. Packard charges on. “Advertising men,” he says, once again without quoting any source for his statement, “now ponder the advisability of making the ‘entertainment’ portion of their TV sponsored programs a little dull so that the commercials will seem more exciting by contrast.” This is fantastic. What advertising men? Who? Where? And with the connivance of what network or station officials who must suddenly have decided that commercials and not programs attract the audiences by which they live?

The absurdity of most of Mr. Packard’s charges

should be patent. And nowhere are these more ridiculous than in giving as standards of general advertising agency operation and practice a number of experiments and experiences in so-called motivational research, amateur and professional.

Many, many years ago advertising was defined as salesmanship in print: showing your customer why it is in his best selfish interest to buy the goods you have for sale. This, I submit, is neither dishonest nor demoralizing. American industry has grown great by producing goods that are in many people's selfish interest to buy, and advertising has become the principal means of communication between the maker and the potential customer.

Advertising is not a plot. Nor are most advertising people wily plotters. They are salesmen, in print and over the air. And just as most good salesmen-in-person seek to know all they can about their prospective customers, so do most manufacturers and their salesmen-in-advertising undertake to learn all *they* can about their prospective customers. Motivational research is done primarily for two reasons: first, to find out what people know about products (and services), and second, to find out what people want in products (and services) that may not currently be there.

Frequently, motivational research is done to find out why a certain product isn't selling or why another, competitive, product is selling much better. Sometimes the reason is only that the advertising is stressing a point that the advertiser thinks far more important than the consumer, omitting the real point of difference. In such a case the advertising may be changed to make the important point clear. Or, if there is a lack in the product, the product may be changed.

There is another important use of motivational research. As Mr. Packard points out, in alarm that I cannot share, many competitive products today are very similar in quality and performance, or taste, or appearance. Some critics of our system hold this to result from a concerted effort on the part of many people for standardization in everything we have and think and do; and I think no premise could be more false. Products are more alike today than ever before because few manufacturers can long hold any great advantage of research; competition is knowledgeable and alert and fast on its feet. The result is that more and more products and services are bought as a matter of personal choice than for reasons of large variations in quality or performance or value.

Motivational research is one of the methods used to discover the elements in choice in specific instances and to build products and design services — and advertising — to merit the choosing. To be sure, motivational research has utilized techniques used also in sociological laboratories: the

depth interview, projective picture and word association tests, galvanometers, and even, perhaps, hypnosis, as Mr. Packard states. But what Mr. Packard infers is that their use is reprehensible, and this I do not believe. Hypnosis in research is a new idea to me; I can only think that its use (if it has been used) must have been as tentative as the instance cited of a nameless Chicago advertising agency which "rounded up eight leading social scientists in the Midwest (two psychoanalysts, a cultural anthropologist, a social psychologist, two sociologists, and two professors of social science) and had them spend a twelve-hour day in a hotel room watching television programs in order to glean new insights into the appeal of the sponsored programs and the commercials." Not many advertising agencies could afford so fantastic an undertaking, even once; and none that I know of could rebill the cost to its clients.

The use of depth interviews is valuable in many businesses. Projective picture and word association tests are standard in schools and colleges and in the hiring and placing of people throughout industry. And the galvanometer (lie detector) principle is only something that many people have experimented with to measure accurately reactions to parts of radio and television commercials that are lost in recall tests.

I repeat, there is no advertising plotting here. To know more about people and how they think, and what they want and why, is only to make advertising serve better. And now, if I can hear someone say, "serve whom?" I will say, "everybody." The plain fact is that advertising to be affordable must sell the very same products and services to the very same people again and again. If it lies to them or if it builds up false hopes it can only fail, and so must the advertising people who make it, and the advertisers who pay the bill.

No one in business would ever use advertising if he could call on all his prospects in person. In selling many things to many people across the whole United States, the cost of personal selling is obviously prohibitive. The essential thing about advertising is that it is a multiplier of sales messages. It adds very little to the unit cost of most things we buy. As a result, advertising is one of the most important elements in mass production, for it makes mass selling at reasonable cost possible.

No advertising executive that I know wants to debase it. And, fortunately, those who do debase it commit their sins in public. What almost guarantees the honesty of advertising and advertising people is advertising itself. Punishment for sinning is swift and sure. It comes from a public that deeply resents being fooled and that will not buy any product again that has failed to live up to its original advertising promise.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

GIFFORD PINCHOT was a tall, lean, aquiline Pennsylvanian with a charming smile and the courage of a visionary. He had his big idea as he was riding his horse in Rock Creek Park near Washington in February, 1907, and the vision which seized him then was one of the best things that ever happened to this country. Pinchot's family had made their money in lumber, and he knew something about the depletion of American forests before he went abroad to study silviculture in France and Switzerland. On his return he was put in charge of the Biltmore Forest near Asheville, North Carolina, George W. Vanderbilt's huge estate which was then employing more men than the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Frederick L. Olmsted, the great landscape architect, was also on the staff; Charles S. Sargent was head of the Arnold Arboretum, and Bernard E. Fernow, director of the insignificant Forestry Division in Washington. These were Pinchot's mentors, and he surprised them all by making the Biltmore Forest a paying proposition from the start, his policy being "not to stop the ax but to regulate its use."

Young Pinchot's next move was to urge the Administration to withdraw forest reserves from the vast public lands in the West. Both Cleveland and McKinley were sympathetic, but in Teddy Roosevelt, with whom he had camped and hunted, Pinchot found his wholehearted supporter. When T.R. came into office, millions of acres were added to the national forests and their control vested in an independent Forest Service with Pinchot as its head.

Pinchot is the soloist, as he deserves to be, in DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE's new book *CONSERVATION: AN AMERICAN STORY OF CONFLICT AND ACCOMPLISHMENT* (Rutgers University Press, \$5.00). The conflicts came first, and the young forester figures prominently in all of them. Forestry as Pinchot envisioned it was not only a replenishment of the woods, it was a program affecting the manage-

ment of grazing, fish and game, minerals and water, and soil erosion; it was a program which called for research — how, for instance, could the Southern pine be bleached to make a pulp suitable for white paper? — it was a program which called for schools of forestry (one of which Pinchot founded at Yale), and for public support it needed a rallying cry. The word which he invented for that purpose was "conservation."

Such an ambitious movement backed by such brisk initiative soon stirred up a powerful opposition. It rattled the bureaucrats in Washington, for it cut straight across departmental lines, and it infuriated the Western lumbermen and mining interests, who regarded the public lands as fair game and who resented any controls as far-reaching as Pinchot's promised to be. Their lobbyists went to work, but T.R. was not to be stopped, and in the last weeks of his Administration he added sixteen million acres to the national forests by proclamation.

The executive who first applied the brakes was William Howard Taft, "that ponderous and pleasant person entirely surrounded by men who know exactly what they want," in the words of Senator Dolliver. Taft found Pinchot a nuisance. The President was an anti-Federalist, and he favored private (to use a kindly word) "developments" such, for instance, as the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, which was striving to get control of as much of Alaska as possible. Taft approved of the policy of converting government lands into private ownership, and so did his Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger. But the conservationists found allies in Congress in the elder La Follette and George Norris, and in the investigation that followed, a Boston lawyer, Louis D. Brandeis, destroyed the case for the monopolists. This was the first big fight before the people, and that their verdict was against Taft and Ballinger was made emphatically clear in the elections that followed. Taft had forced Pinchot to resign, and

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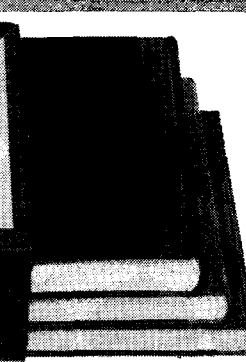
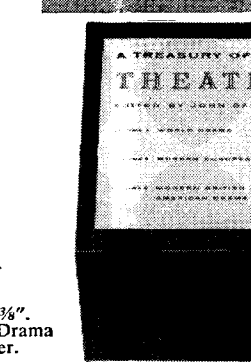
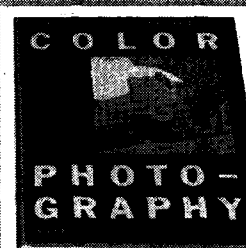
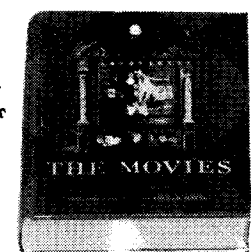
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ATF-15

this too was a blessing in disguise, for the forester assumed the leadership of the National Conservation Association, from which vantage point he continued to arouse the nation's interest.

In his fair, terse style, Mr. Coyle shows us the emergence of a national philosophy, and in such vigorous encounters as I have been citing, he identifies the two contending factions which have striven to bend that philosophy to their particular views: those who — like the two Roosevelts — believed in the extension and protectiveness of federal conservation, and those who did not.

In the second half of his book Mr. Coyle traces the long steady record of accomplishment: the coming of fire wardens and of tree farming, the campaigns against erosion and for contour farming, the twin sisters irrigation and water power, flood control, river basin developments, the building of Bonneville and the TVA. It is a record which foreigners, not least the Russians, study and emulate, and today as in the beginning the same rival factions are still at grips. It interests me to see Mr. Coyle point out how repeatedly the Department of the Interior has reached for control of the Forest Service; how Harding hesitated to restore it to Secretary Fall because of Pinchot's opposition, and how wrathful Harold Ickes became when F.D.R. would not restore the forests to him. The Western stockmen still see no good reason why they should not take over the public range lands, and the Army shows its exasperation when conservation prevents their dipping into our national parks and wildlife refuges for new shooting ranges. Hetch Hetchy, and Dixon-Yates, and Hell's Canyon — each battleground has left its scars, and still the fight goes on.

This is an invigorating book and an edifying one in that Mr. Coyle compels us to think beyond our regional interests, to ask ourselves if the country has not done right in assuming this guardianship of our natural resources, to ask ourselves where we are going as we poise here at the entrance of the atomic age.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE

ROBERT TRAVER is the pseudonym of a distinguished jurist, a member of the Michigan Supreme Court, who has considerable skill for dramatizing what goes on in the courtroom. In his new novel, *ANATOMY OF A MURDER* (St. Martin's Press, \$4.50), he is writing about a lurid case, a case involving rape and murder at a summer resort in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The narrative comes to us through the eyes of Paul Biegler, the former D.A. of Iron Cliffs County. Paul has had a rather thin time practicing law on his own, and when on his return from a fishing trip the call comes

through for him to defend the murderer, he is quite aware of what the case might mean for him in his upcoming campaign for Congress. He decides to take it, and from that moment his impressions and his thinking are ours.

Paul is a rawboned bachelor in his early forties, garrulous, well-read, with a wry sense of humor. His ten years of experience as prosecuting attorney have sharpened his knowledge of human nature and have left him on easy terms with the sheriff, the jailer, and the state police. They have also left him with no little jealousy of Mitchell Lodwick, the present D.A., who is running against him for Congress and who will be his opponent in the trial. Paul's client, an Army lieutenant, has been locked up in the jail at Iron Bay, an unprepossessing little resort on the shore of Lake Superior, and it is here in the stinking confinement that he has to size up his man and begin to unravel and decipher the dark twisted threads.

Paul's job is complicated from the outset by his dislike of Lieutenant Manion. The killer is an arrogant, much-decorated veteran of World War II and Korea, and the little he confides is this: his wife Laura was assaulted and brutally raped by Barney Quill, owner of the local tavern. As soon as he had quieted his wife, he went straight down to the tavern and drilled Barney five times with his lüger. Paul's task, as he soon sees, is to admit the murder, to arouse sympathy for the wife, and to build his defense on "the irresistible impulse" which compelled the lieutenant to kill in cold blood.

For good measure the novelist — as a possible relief from the lurid — has tossed in a number of romantic details, some of which Paul notices and some of which he doesn't. Laura in her sweater and without her girdle is a budding Miss America, but Paul decides there should be no sweaters in court. Laura's little dog with the probable name of Rover has the improbable habit of carrying a flashlight in his mouth. Lieutenant Manion was a platoon leader in the war, and is still a lieutenant twelve years later (why no promotion with all those decorations?). But once the story moves into the courtroom, once Judge Weaver takes his seat and the rancorous Mr. Dancer, the prosecutor from Lansing, gets into the act, the book really begins to roll. The testimony, the cross-examination, the objections, the Judge's ruling, the infighting between Paul and Dancer, are absorbing, the kind of thing that keeps you going for a long uninterrupted stretch. Robert Traver has quite a lot to learn about the handling of casual talk and his characters' introspection, but once he gets his people into the courtroom, he calls his shots with an authority few writers can challenge.

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend \$500-\$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer to Buenos Aires—but do you know you can travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc., via bus and rail for just \$109 in fares?

You can spend \$5000 on a luxury cruise around the world. But do you know you can travel around the world via deluxe freighter for only a fourth the cost and that there are a dozen other round the world routings for under \$1000?

Do you know all about the really comfortable, low cost routings to whatever part of the globe you're interested in? India, say, and how to reach it at lowest cost via rail from Europe through France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and the Middle East? Or how to see South America economically? Which air lines Americans living down there take to cut \$30, \$50, \$75 off the top fares?

There are two ways to travel—like a tourist, who spends a lot, or like a traveler, who knows all the ways to reach his destination economically, comfortably, and while seeing the most.

Norman Ford's big new guide *How to Travel Without Being Rich* gives you the traveler's picture of the world, showing you the lower cost, comfortable ways to practically any part of the world. Page after page reveals the ship, rail, bus, airplane and other routings that save you money and open the world to you.

What do you want to do? Explore the West Indies? This is the guide that tells you how to see them like an old time visitor who knows all the tricks of how to make one dollar do the work of two. Visit Mexico? This is the guide that tells you the low cost way of reaching the sights (how \$66 takes you via 8-passenger automobile as far as those not-in-the-know pay \$5.60 to reach). Roam around South America? Europe? Any other part of the world? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford.

If you've ever wanted to travel, prove now, once and for all, that travel is within your reach. Send now for *How to Travel Without Being Rich*. It's a big book, filled with facts, prices, and routings, and it's yours for only \$1.50. Even one little hint can save you this sum several times over.

HOW TO TRAVEL — and get paid for it

There's a job waiting for you somewhere: on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas—even exploring if you're adventurous.

The full story of what job you can fill is in Norman Ford's new book *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling*. Whether you're male or female, young or old, whether you want a life-time of paid traveling or just hanker to roam the world for a short year or so, here are the facts you want, complete with names and addresses and full details about the preparations to make, the cautions to observe, the countries to head for.

You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the almost-sure way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, and the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today?" Norman Ford asks in this book as you might ask today. And he replies in 75,000 words of facts. "The answer is still a very definite Yes."

To travel and get paid for it, send today for *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling* on a money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Price \$1. Fill out coupon.

Will Your Next Vacation Really Be Something to Remember?

The surest way to guarantee a new, different, and exciting vacation is to learn the hundreds of things you can do and the places you can visit *on the money you want to spend*.

Norman Ford, founder of the world-known Globe Trotters Club, tells you that in his book *Where to Vacation on a Shoestring*. This is the man who has spent a lifetime searching for the ways to get more for your money in vacations and travel.

In his big book, you learn

- about low-cost summer paradises, farm vacations, vacations on far-off islands, on boats drifting down lazy streams while you fish.
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By the travel editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the deluxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidstships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses. Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for \$160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for \$240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

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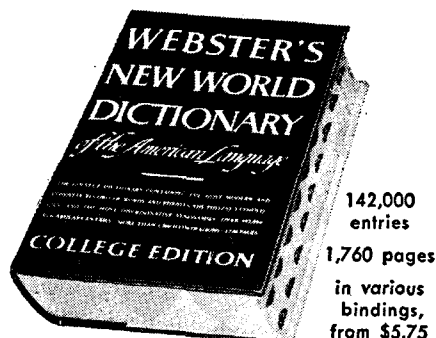
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Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

In JAMES JONES's first novel, sheer intensity of feeling triumphed over crudity of style and mind: the author was so powerfully possessed by his experience of the peacetime army, an area new to American fiction, that he was able to give his rough-hewn story an elemental vitality. In his new novel, Jones is no longer working with materials as fresh or as highly charged as those of *From Here to Eternity*, and he is even more prolix: *SOME CAME RUNNING* (Scribner's, \$7.50) stretches to about 650,000 words, the length of six average novels. The net result is that the author's deficiencies as a writer force themselves on the reader with painful insistence.

His prose — besides being riddled with such ungrammatical atrocities as "she had brought out some . . . medieval-looking candles which she liked to turn off all the lights and light and eat by the light of" — is plodding, clumsy, and repetitious; it has a drabness as dispiriting as the "eats" on the counter of a sleazy beanery. The savage passion which energized *From Here to Eternity* is muffled, and there remains the yammer of self-pity, to which is now added the earnest drone of portentous banalities. Out of the author's hope chest of ideas come tumbling all the fuzzy bits and pieces of thought solemnly cherished by an essentially primitive mind — a half-baked theory about the relation of love to writing; palaver about "Karmic attachments"; commonplace conclusions about the discrepancy between reality and the illusions men live by; and sententious inanities about "being a writer." The effect of all of this is to make *Some Came Running* an outsize example of the hick novel.

The action takes place in a small

town in southern Illinois between 1947 and 1950; and the story revolves around a familiar theme — the heavings and gruntings and churnings of the provincial writer who is "contortedly" and "self-tormentedly" struggling to come to terms with life. Jones's hero, Dave Hirsh, is a thirty-six-year-old war veteran who has just returned to his home town, Parkman, which he left nineteen years earlier. He falls in love with Gwen French, a woman of his own age who teaches "creative writing" at Parkman College. Gwen's faith in his talent draws him back to writing and she becomes his devoted literary mentor — but refuses to become his mistress. Having spread the impression that she has had a clutch of lovers, she cannot bear to let any man discover she is still a virgin. This sustained physical rejection heightens Dave's sense of his unattractiveness and his obsessive belief that all "respectable" women are inhumanly determined to deny men what men most desperately need: sex.

Meanwhile, he has taken quarters with a professional gambler, who lords it over the local chippies; and, while somehow working away at his writing, he settles into a routine of interminably boozy low life, in which his bedmate is the worst-looking and most promiscuous of the "pigs" from the brassière factory. Eventually, he marries her in the belief that she will give him "the safe calm productive life" he longs for, and he is deeply shaken by the discovery that here, too, he has succumbed to an illusion. We are asked to believe that this colossal slob is a superior human being; and further, that he is potentially a "great writer," though he cannot even speak correctly. "The Communists aint human. I seen them in Germany" is a sample of how he expresses himself.

The central strand of the novel, it is only fair to stress, is the worst part of it. The surrounding picture of small-town life contains a good many first-rate characterizations — Dave's elder brother, with his mixture of hardness and weakness, his secret lecheries, his cagey advance from modest storekeeper to millionaire businessman, is a masterly creation — and there are enough forcefully realized episodes or scenes to suggest that Jones might do a lot better if he were to conquer his thousand-page-or-more complex. As it stands,

however, his novel represents the dubious victory of six years' perspiration over lack of inspiration.

OF LOVE AND LOSS

The late JAMES AGEE was a writer at the opposite end of the literary spectrum to James Jones. He had a poet's sensitivity to and mastery of language; a depth of awareness which rescued ordinary happenings from banality and drew out of them their universal significance; the capacity to be tender without being mawkish, to celebrate life without sententiousness. His posthumous novel, *A DEATH IN THE FAMILY* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.95), has a plot so simple that it can be accurately summed up in a sentence: it describes the closely knit Follet family in the Knoxville of 1915, and the impact of Jay Follet's sudden death (in a motor accident) on his wife, his two small children, and his close relatives.

The book moves along slowly, building, note by note, a symphony of feeling: Mary Follet's immense desolation, her courage, her struggle — she is a deeply religious woman — to accept God's will without complaint; the bitter anger of her brother and her father, both agnostics, at the senseless cruelty of fate; tiny Catherine's bewilderment and her touching efforts to come to terms with her mother's explanations of death; and the varied reactions of six-year-old Rufus, who at moments understands how great is his loss, is gratified at the consideration shown him by his schoolfellows, and has pangs of guilt about enjoying his new-found importance.

James Agee died of a heart attack before he had given his novel its final polishing. But its blemishes are secondary — some sentences that grow too intricate, some passages in which the pace drags. What stands out is that *A Death in the Family* is an original and moving work of art.

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES

In his latest collection of stories, *A BIT OFF THE MAP* (Viking, \$3.50), that economic and fastidious writer, ANGUS WILSON, explores the new social geography of England, where peaceful revolution has blurred the traditional lines of class. These stories are first and foremost masterly character studies, but most of Wil-

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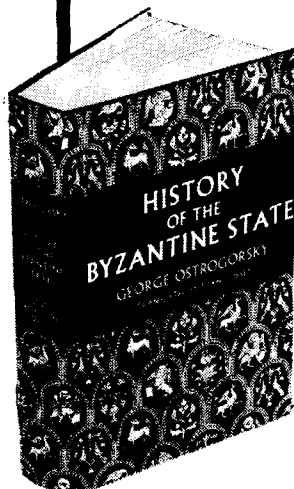
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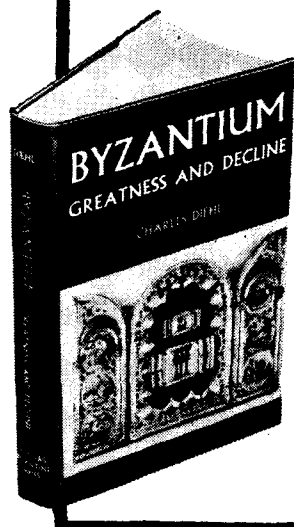
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son's protagonists are concerned, in varying ways, with getting their true bearings on the map of a changed society. Wilson's eye sees beyond the topical surface phenomena to a basic and inescapable dilemma of man-in-society — the dilemma that social standards are a product of the elemental appetite for a better life and as such are deeply felt realities, and yet they are also a source of artificiality and pretension by which life is impoverished.

This double-edged insight is dramatized in the story "Higher Standards," which focuses on a girl who has risen above her origins by winning a scholarship and who is now disgusted by the coarseness of her parents and cut off from the young men of her village. "Once a Lady" shows the reverse of the coin — the price paid by a woman who has become an outcast by marrying for love far beneath her station. "A Flat Country Christmas" registers a mordant comment on the new anti-class priggishness. The setting is a dreary development town, and the characters are two young bureaucrats and their wives, all of different backgrounds, whose friendship is based chiefly on their pride in having achieved complete emancipation from class-consciousness. The truth revealed is that they work so hard at being emancipated that they have sacrificed their identity and spontaneity. In the climax, one of them looks into a mirror and suddenly becomes hysterical — he has seen himself as Nothing.

Two of the longer stories are masterpieces of comedy. "A Bit off the Map" is a hilarious study of a cretinous and beautiful Teddy Boy — proud wearer of the tightest of jeans (striped), the most richly studded of belts, the most swirling of coiffures luxuriantly scented with *Pour les Hommes* — who has attached himself to a group of young intellectuals of the Colin Wilson school and who hangs on their every word in the expectation of suddenly discovering "the truth of it all." The combination of the Teddy Boy portrait with a devastating parody of Colin Wilson's ideas is a *tour de force*. Equally funny in a different key is "More Friend Than Lodger" — the first-person account of a publisher's wife who has an affair with the snobbish young "genius" her husband has discovered and emerges as the only one of the trio who has made the best of

all worlds. In this new collection, Angus Wilson is in brilliant form — subtle, sharp-eyed, and unfailingly entertaining.

ART BOOKS

The publication of art books, in which the United States until recently lagged behind Europe, is now flourishing as never before in this country. The 1957 fall-winter season has, I am sure, established a record on all counts — quantity, quality, and variety.

Three separate volumes focus a powerful spotlight on twentieth-century German art, of which no overall surveys have hitherto been available in English. The story of men and movements told in these books is an absorbing and important chapter in the history of contemporary art; and among the illustrations there are a great many remarkable works which have not been made familiar by widespread reproduction.

GERMAN ART OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (Museum of Modern Art and Simon & Schuster, \$9.50) is a companion volume to the big exhibition recently on view at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Edited by ANDREW CARNDUFF RITCHIE, the book is the most comprehensive survey of German art of this century to be published in English, and it is a thoroughly satisfactory job — lucid and readable, scholarly, and handsomely produced. Painting, sculpture, and prints are discussed by three different authorities; and there are 178 illustrations, 48 in color. **GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM AND ABSTRACT ART** (Harvard University Press, \$8.75) contains a catalogue of the works in the various collections of Harvard University, preceded by two general essays on modern art by CHARLES L. KUHN and JAKOB ROSENBERG. The illustrations are of fine quality, but (with one exception) they are in black and white. **MODERN GERMAN PAINTING** (Reynal, \$7.50), with its 60 superb color plates (plus reproductions of graphic work), is visually by far the most exciting book of the trio. HANS KONRAD ROETHEL, director of Munich's Municipal Art Gallery, has written an illuminating though sometimes awkwardly translated text; and he complements it with biographies of the artists and quotations from their statements about art. These three books confront us vividly with a body

of artistic achievement whose great richness comes as something of a surprise — a surprise because (with exceptions: Klee, Kandinsky, and one or two others) the major figures in German art have been heavily overshadowed by the *École de Paris*.

Most art has international, supra-regional elements and at the same time special qualities which give the work of a particular country its individual character. The modern movement in Germany was highly cosmopolitan — “culturally omnivorous” as Mr. Kuhn puts it. It absorbed the arts and crafts movement in England and its offshoot, *art nouveau*; the dark, emotional painting of Norway’s Edmund Munch; the successive innovations of the French School, the Dadaism of Switzerland, Russian Constructivism, and no end of other influences. Yet out of all this there emerged a German art which has distinctive characteristics — a psychic restlessness and nervous compression which are incorporated into the formal structure, a deepening of the expressive range, and a romantic idealism. The Germans conceived of the picture not as a self-contained entity but as a metaphor of spiritual experience, an illustration of man’s relation to the universe. A manifesto of 1912 proclaimed: “Color is a means of expression that speaks directly to the soul”; and the hugely gifted painter Marc (killed at thirty-six in World War I) spoke of “sensing the underlying mystical design of the visible world.”

American painting, broadly speaking, has affirmed its individuality through its subject matter. It opens — writes ALEXANDER ELIOT in *300 YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTING* (Time Inc. and Random House, \$13.50) — “a thousand windows on the American heritage and home. . . . No other nation’s painters have so consciously drawn their inspiration from their native land.” Mr. Eliot’s volume covers the lives and works of 147 artists; and with its 250 excellent color plates, most of them of generous dimensions, it offers us the most representative conspectus of America’s greatest paintings published to date.

Mr. Eliot was assisted by a team from *Time* magazine, of which he is art editor, and his text reflects that institution. The opening chapter sets the whole enterprise in a chauvinistic key, making the exaggerated (and surely unnecessary) claim that the

work of the American masters from Copley on “ranks with that of their contemporaries anywhere”; and the treatment of each artist is strong on anecdotal biography but rather undistinguished as criticism. The limitations of Eliot’s middle-of-the-road conventionality stand out particularly when he is dealing with the controversial abstract expressionists. His cursory and superficial commentary dismisses in a line that greatly talented artist, Arshile Gorky, and says of the persistently inventive Hans Hoffman that “his art ‘ex-

presses’ very little beyond a debt to Kandinsky.” Despite its lack of any challenging ideas, Eliot’s text has merits which make it highly inviting. He is extremely skillful at describing pictures and suggesting their particular qualities lucidly and evocatively. And his book is attractively stocked with the findings of energetic research — wonderfully readable throughout.

In the text that JAMES THRALL SOBY has written for BEN SHAHN (Braziller, \$10.00) — a volume containing more than 100 reproduc-

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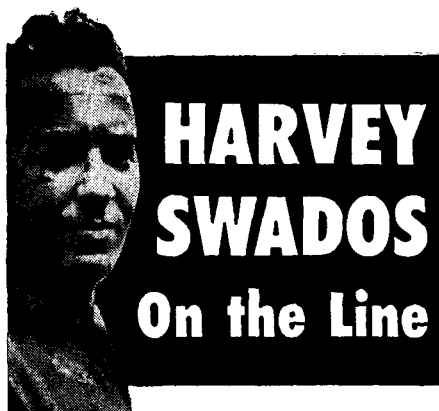
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tions, 8 in color — Mr. Soby justly says of Shahn: "It would be hard to think of an American artist whose signature is more his own." During the Depression, Shahn reacted against the aesthetic preoccupations of the European masters whose work he had seen abroad in the nineteen-twenties, and he aligned himself with the satirical tradition that comes to us from Hogarth and Daumier. His satire has seldom been overstated. "Most important," he once remarked, "is to have a play back and forth, back and forth. Between the big and the little, the light and the dark . . . the serious and the comic." Shahn's concern, as Mr. Soby neatly puts it, has been "to thread protest through the needle of reality," the realities that have absorbed him most being architecture and the human figure. Among the drawings reproduced in this collection are a contemporary "Susanna and the Elders," in which Shahn has wryly epitomized modern vulgarity; a portrait of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, made during his political ordeal, which hypnotically conveys the torment of an uncompromising intelligence; and an unforgettable cartoon of the 1948 presidential candidates — Dewey grinning wolfishly atop a piano, Truman grinning at its keyboard as he hammily performs a flourish.

The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures which BEN SHAHN delivered at Harvard have been gathered into a book, **THE SHAPE OF CONTENT** (Harvard University Press, \$4.00), and it discloses that Mr. Shahn is an artist in whose hands the pen is as cogent as the brush. His invigorating discussion of nonconformity appeared in the September issue of the *Atlantic*. "Biography of a Painting" is a fascinating exploration of the creative process, showing the whole stream of experience and associations that went into the picture "Allegory." Other chapters deal with the education, in the largest sense, of the artist and with his situation in the colleges and universities.

The title piece is a crystal-clear and forceful analysis of a central problem in aesthetics — the relation of form to content. (Form, Mr. Shahn argues, is "the manifestation, the shape of content.") All in all, this is a remarkably interesting book, which puts the reader in rewarding contact with a questing mind and a humane spirit.

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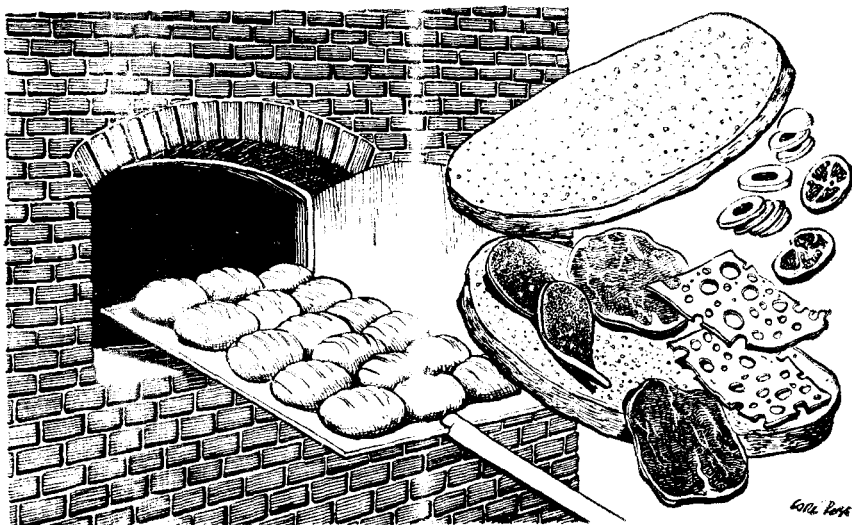
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Deerfield, Massachusetts





Accent on

It's a common lament that Portuguese bread was never able to provide a precise recipe for it. All that have ever learned from its devotees is the sentiment, "I don't really know, but they say you use water instead of milk," which could be applied to any of the countless non-Portuguese recipes for bread, on supposition without producing the peculiar crust and the fresh whiff of wheat that make Portuguese white bread so hard on the dieters.

One trouble with bread in town of course, is that it is often windup many miles, and many days away from the bakery of its birth. It seems more the product of the refrigerator than the oven, and the effect of its various preservatives is simply to make it no worse, at the end of a week or so, than it was in the beginning. Portuguese bread, by contrast, should be — and I suspect it usually is — eaten within an hour or two of the baking; not that it won't keep for a few days but rather because it is so wonderful while even the last hint of oven heat persists. In my own experience, Portuguese bread is to be found, usually in a sizable round loaf, in small bakeries on Cape Cod and "the islands," and one of the day's high moments for the summer resident is when word spreads through the waiting customers that the new batch is on sale and, impossibly hot and fra-

grant in its paper bag, the fresh loaf is sped from the bakery to the luncheon table.

With enough Portuguese bread, a luncheon becomes an all-sandwich, self-serve occasion and just about no work for anybody. Cold cuts, cheese, sliced tomatoes, butter, mayonnaise, perhaps even a few leaves of lettuce (for the food faddists) — a luncheon of this sort of thing backed by fresh Portuguese bread can go on, pleasantly, for hours. Incidentally, an excellent sandwich results from the same bread, sliced fairly thin, spread lightly with mayonnaise, and a filling of watercress and carefully selected flakes of cold halibut or, at a pinch, poached and chilled sole.

If Portuguese bread is a fine thing for the householder, a comparable prize for the restaurant-goer is the white bread served directly from oven to consumer at the Athens Olympia, an old and honored house in downtown Boston specializing in a Middle East cuisine. This is a crustier bread, but its interior is light and delicate. Baked in relays throughout meal hours, it is served at the split-second peak of its existence, too hot to handle and too good to resist. The Athens Olympia might escape the notice of the stranger — a dining room undistinguished in appearance and location — but its other offerings, like its bread, are far beyond the powers of what pass for Middle

East or Greek restaurants elsewhere, especially its saffron soup, its gril-lades, and the subtle, complex adjunct to a meat dish that the Athens chooses to call "plain rice." A great sense of hospitality attends any meal here; one gets the impression that the management and the waiters are just as finicky about the cookery as the most exacting patron would be.

Lacking a recipe for Portuguese bread, I can, nevertheless, offer advice on what ought to be its accompanying dish: Portuguese soup. Together they make a first-rate meal, and the essentials for the soup, as it was served to me by Mrs. Kenneth Bradbury of Provincetown, ought to be available in any large metropolitan market. The main ingredient is linguisa, a highly flavored Portuguese sausage which is so agate-hard in its original condition that the simmering requirement, which you might mistake for a misprint, is altogether correct. The "horticultural" beans were a novelty to me, but my wife had no trouble subsequently in finding them locally, a reddish ovoid bean, cooked and packed in a liquid that becomes part of the soup. The recipe:

- 1 lb. linguisa, diced into ½ inch bits
- 1 can horticultural beans
- 1 pkg. frozen turnip greens (if not available, spinach will do)

Simmer the linguisa in a considerable amount of water for a couple of hours, or until it is thoroughly tender. Add frozen greens and last of all add the beans, which are already cooked. Let it all simmer until a fairly thick consistency is reached. It will keep for a day or two in jars in the refrigerator if you wish to make it in advance.

Here is a soup of my wife's which has been equally well received hot or chilled: zucchini soup, another which

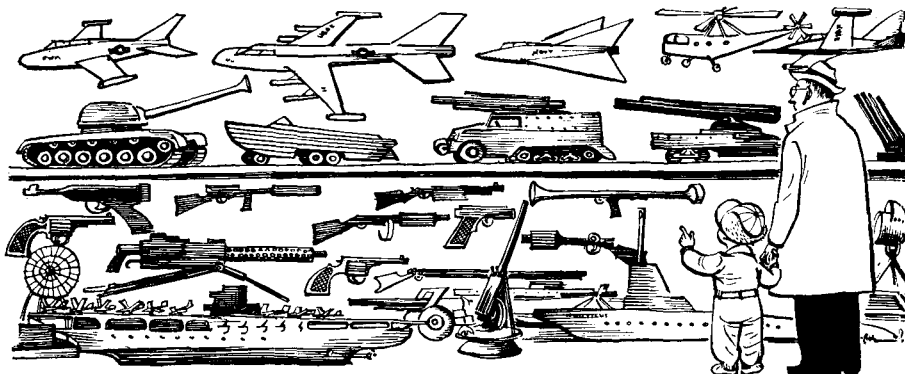
can be made a day or two in advance of the occasion. The recipe:

3 lbs. small zucchini
 ¼ lb. bacon with rind left on
 1½ cans consommé
 3½ cups water
 1 tsp. salt
 ¼ tsp. white pepper
 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
 1 crushed garlic clove

Wash zucchini *thoroughly*, remove and discard ends, and cut into small

chunks without peeling them. Cut bacon into four or five pieces and simmer all ingredients about one hour or until zucchini is thoroughly tender. Discard bacon and put soup through sieve or purée in blender. Use chilled plates if serving soup cold and garnish each with chopped chives and a small dollop of sour cream. Given a try unexpectedly in the dead of winter, the chilled version of this scores handsomely.

CHARLES W. MORTON



The Ultimate Toy

BY WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK, JR.

WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK, JR., spent most of his six years in the Army on General Patton's staff. A Virginian by birth and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, he is now on the staff of LIFE in New York.

Until a few months ago my wife and I believed that we were enlightened parents. We studied Spock and Gesell and never shouted at the children except when we were angry. But in one area of our children's development, their toys, we learned before Sputnik started to beep that our ideas were as outmoded as a Gatling gun.

We first realized how backward we were when our boy celebrated his fourth birthday. A neighbor gave him a burp gun. It is about three feet long and operates on a pair of flashlight batteries. You press the trigger and half a dozen "rounds" spurt out before you can remove your finger. It sends off a shower of simulated sparks, and the total effect of flash and roar is almost as upsetting as a burst of live ammunition.

Before the burp gun arrived we lived in the "Stick 'em up! Bang bang!" age. Battles that broke out

in our back yard raged endlessly, because neither side could develop the fire power to overcome the other. The burp gun changed the tactical situation abruptly. It enabled our side to lay down such a volume of fire that the enemy was quickly routed. But the burp gun was not an ideal weapon. It gave us the tactical advantage, but it had no effect upon the strategic situation.

What we needed was something that would deter aggression, a weapon that was so powerful that nobody would dare attack us because he would know that any attack would be met with massive retaliation at a time and place of our own choosing. In the era of nuclear fission and John Foster Dulles, I was confident that such a weapon existed.

I decided to search the stores, starting with F. A. O. Schwarz, "America's Most Famous Toy Store." Before I went there I scanned the catalogue with discouraging results. "Watch the children, if you would learn to laugh," it said. "Watch your own youngster . . . watch him push, pull, run, stomp, swim and laugh. This is a world of young fun, bounded only by the child's imagination and your love."

I was afraid that a store that concerned itself with the "world of young fun" would be a waste of time, but when I stood in front of the

store my spirits soared. The window was given over to a military display, featuring an aircraft carrier that must have been twenty feet long with a deck full of toy jets ready for action. Flanking the aircraft carrier were a pair of life-sized dummies, one in a frogman's suit and the other in the high-altitude helmet and breathing paraphernalia of a jet pilot. In front of the display, right up against the window, were a pair of honest-to-God 50-caliber machine guns.

"This is the place," I said to myself. I went in and found that for children who could stop laughing long enough to penetrate the outer defenses there was a real 20 mm. gun inside the door.

Encouraged by the presence of these weapons, I toured the store. I found automatic pistols, machine guns, rockets, and a remote-control tank that crawled across the ground with a machine gun and tank commander revolving in the turret. There were airplanes, from the half-forgotten World War II B-17 to the latest F-100 Super Sabre jet, and ships of all sorts and sizes up to the Navy's big new supercarrier, the *Forrestal*. Doting parents could buy their offspring uniforms of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force with ribbons to denote service in the ETO, the Pacific, and Korea.

For a moment, when I came across an "atomic air gun," I thought I was on the track of the ultimate toy. The clerk cocked the gun, and as she pressed the trigger a mass of pressurized air was forced out of the barrel, making a dent in a distant paper target. But this was a tactical weapon, to be used against enemy tanks and other obsolescent weapons.

I visited half a dozen other stores. I saw machine guns, M-47 tanks, a 155 mm. "Long Tom" gun, the

THE MAN IN THE AISLE SEAT

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I'm always early I'm never late.
I'm in my seat on the aisle by eight,
So that all of the people who arrive
At eight-oh-two or eight-oh-five
Or eight-fifteen will have to squeeze
And wriggle around my stubborn knees,
On which quite frequently I have put
My overcoat, while an outstretched foot
Is held in reserve with mutters and grunts,
For dealing with any later dunce.

And if anyone in my row is seated
Ahead of me, he needn't feel cheated:
In the ancient theatrical tradition,
I'll fix him good at the intermission!

Monitor and the *Merrimac*, planes, pistols, and rockets. A clerk demonstrated a rocket gun. It had five levers on a firing mechanism that looked like a miniature organ console. He fired each of the rockets separately at a target of make-believe airplanes. "The youngsters like it because you can fire a salvo," he said, and then he pressed all five levers at once and a volley of rockets hurtled toward the planes.

I also saw radar guns, elaborate toys that track a moving plane and mow it down with unerring accuracy. Nearly all of the stores had a set of toy soldiers called a "GI Battle Action Group." It included a three-star general, who looked like Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., two bazookamen, two mortarmen, two machine gunners, and a squad of riflemen, all in battle poses. For those who like to carry the realism further there was a toy-soldier set that included several badly wounded men, bleeding and maimed as they awaited ambulances coming up to evacuate them.

For a while I was afraid that the progress in toys had not matched the progress in weapons. But then there was a toy show in New York that renewed my hopes. The newspapers carried a picture of two small boys aiming a small "atomic cannon" which was "part of a 5-gauge atomic train" on display at the show. "The cannon, loaded with jelly bean ammunition, is coupled to the atomic reactor car which according to these young railroaders carries a small piece of 'uranium' under the three

blinking lights that alert onlookers to 'fissionable' materials," the caption said. "Actually powered by electric current, the train also includes an 'atomic' engine, a flat car with an 'Honest John' Rocket, and bringing up the rear a fire direction center car which resembles the familiar caboose."

But again this was a tactical weapon, designed for employment by the ground forces, and would have little value as a strategic deterrent. It was encouraging, though, and I felt certain that if this toy existed, the ultimate toy must have been developed.

Then the Russians announced that Sputnik was orbiting around the earth, and while Washington was still trying to find different ways to minimize its importance, Macy's brought out a satellite. I hurried down to Macy's toy department, which must cover at least an acre. I found planes, tanks, machine guns, and amid the chatter of burp guns, a satellite launcher.

It was a mobile plastic platform, with a revolving radar screen, a launcher, and four satellites, two of them white and the others blue. A sign on the launching platform warned the firer to "stand back when launching satellites."

I asked a clerk how high the satellite would go, and he said, "Well, I'll put it this way. They'll hit the ceiling of this room." It seemed to me that I couldn't ask for more, indoors, and that this was a lot better than the Department of Defense had done out of doors.

But I knew from reading what the then Secretary Wilson had said about the satellite being just a clever scientific trick that had no real military significance. It wouldn't have any effect on the backyard wars that I was trying to eliminate. Hard as I looked, I could not find the ultimate toy.

I was about to leave, but as a last chance I asked a clerk, "Are these all the toys?" thinking how absurd it was to suggest that there might be more.

"There are some in the Hobby Shop over there," he said.

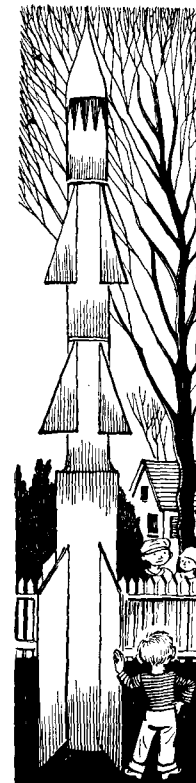
The counter of the Hobby Shop was covered with toy planes like the ones I had seen in the other stores. But then I spotted a wondrous object, right across the aisle from the butterfly nets. It was a three-stage missile, red and white, that must have been two feet high.

"What is that?" I asked the clerk.

"That's the Atlas, the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile," she said proudly, reached under the counter, and handed me an unassembled missile. The directions on the box said that it was "a replica of the Atlas, the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile . . . an accurate scale model based on the most dependable information available, of the missile designed to carry the first man-made satellite into outer space. It can also be used to carry an atomic or hydrogen warhead over 5000 miles."

It was the perfect toy. It did not fire. It didn't even make a sound. All we had to do was to take the missile home and let the word leak out to the neighbors that we had it and had successfully test-fired it, and nobody would dare attack us.

Satisfied that my search was over, I asked the clerk what age child the ICBM was intended for. She said, "He should be eight or nine. He should be able to read."



Space Travel And I

BY CARL ROSE

CARL ROSE has been illustrating the ATLANTIC's *Accent on Living* pages for over thirteen years. His article "Save Our Symbols!" appeared here a year ago.

That was a very fine issue the *Atlantic* brought out last October with those sixty-four pages on science and all. The two pieces "Reaching for the Stars" by Dr. Eugen Sänger and "The Paradox of Motion" by William R. Brewster, Jr., were especially engrossing to one who maintains an enthusiastic if necessarily nonparticipating interest in space travel. I was much cheered by Dr. Sänger's optimistic speculations on the possibilities of booking passage for a star as far off as a thousand light years — six quadrillion miles — and getting there in only eleven years $\pm$ a couple of months, or twenty-two years for the round trip. Of course, twenty-two years is a sizable slice of any man's life, but a visit to Deneb or Aldebaran is not like running over to New Canaan to see a movie, and I am assuming that Dr. Sänger's photon-propelled spaceship would have service and accommodations on a par with its advanced mechanical design, even in tourist class. No sir, I'm not frightened by that twenty-two years if the library has plenty of crossword puzzles and the lounge is stocked with playing cards.

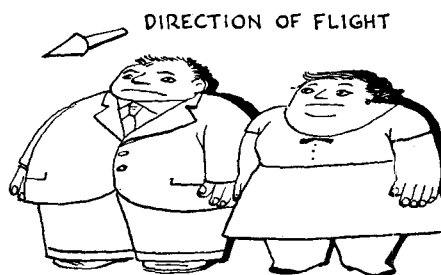
But Mr. Brewster, in the following article, troubled me by his invocation of that old FitzGerald-Lorentz contraction law. Somehow, the mathematical researches of the Messieurs FitzGerald and Lorentz led them to conclude that a moving body is shortened or flattened in the direction of its movement, and the extent of the flattening/shortening is proportional to its velocity.

The law has been accepted by every theoretical physicist, and a bleacherite like me would be foolish not to go along with them. My grandfather may have laughed at Edison and Ford, but my generation doesn't laugh at anybody, especially not at theoretical physicists. One of them, for instance, estimated that a Rolls-Royce, purring along at sixty miles, is shorter by as much as a trillionth of an inch than when it is parked in front of Bergdorf-Good-

man. A Rolls-Royce did pass my 1950 Plymouth on the Merritt Parkway the other day; it was easily doing sixty — perhaps sixty-five — and I couldn't help wondering not only what sort of miracle instrument could be applied to prove this calculation, but also whether the Rolls-Royce engineers were aware of the FitzGerald-Lorentz law. A trillionth of an inch is a pretty fine tolerance and would surely be passed by the Detroit mass producers, but you know how carefully those fellows over there put together their cars. Anyway, the contractile Rolls-Royce is not really the point of this article.

What bothers me is that when we board Dr. Sänger's interstellar cruiser (naturally, my wife would never think of letting me make the trip alone) Mr. Brewster reminds me that Dr. FitzGerald's law will be right there with us. Personally, I don't mind being flattened a trillionth of an inch or so in my Plymouth, as I rarely push it beyond fifty, even on the Jersey Turnpike, but Dr. Sänger speaks of speed approaching the velocity of light, and that is no sixty or seventy-five mph. It happens to run around six hundred and seventy million miles per hour, so if Dr. FitzGerald is correct and one is shortened/flattened in proportion to one's velocity, we're in for an appreciable amount of bodily distortion.

The physicists assure us that we wouldn't be aware of it because everything else is subject to the same process, and I'm willing to accept that, too. But Dr. FitzGerald also stated that the shortening/flattening is *in the direction of the movement*, and that's the part that has me worried. For the supposition is that during a twenty-two-year journey, the passengers would at all times face forward and remain completely immobile, not daring even to turn their heads to peek out of a porthole (viewport, in interstellar travel parlance). On this premise, we'd look like this to the nonrelative observer:

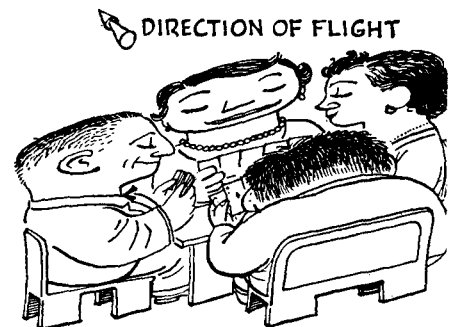


and that would be all right too, as long as

everybody and everything that are aboard undergo the same degree of distortion.

However, Dr. Sänger must realize that paying passengers cannot be held immovable for twenty-two years; they're bound to take constitutionals around the deck, not to speak of four or five daily trips to the dining saloon and visits around among the cabins and so forth. I even become fidgety on that little commuting trip between Darien and New York, and usually get up for at least one drink of water during the hour. And this would be a twenty-two-year proposition. Twenty-two years!

On any trip, long or short, somebody always organizes a bridge game, and a journey like this would certainly be no exception. In the usual north-east-south-west formation one player will face toward and his partner away from the direction of flight while their opponents sit edgewise. How speedily the FitzGerald shortening/flattening process takes place, no physicist, as far as I know, has yet adduced, but it is reasonable to assume that it will work before many rubbers are played. It follows then that this is what happens,

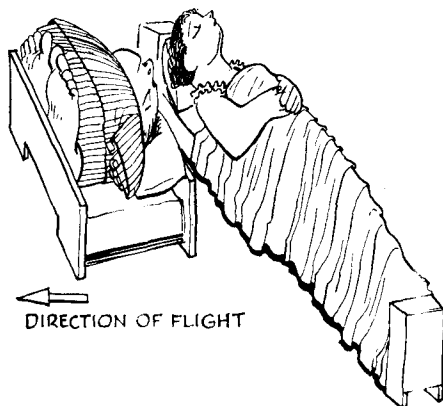


and I cannot for the life of me see how a player with his nose flattened to within a half inch of his back hair would remain unaware of the fact that his opponents' heads have been narrowed to the point where their ears are no more than half an inch apart. A man whose bidding would be unaffected by such circumstances is just plain crazy about bridge.

Wait, I'm not through yet. I've seen cabins where the bunks were arranged at right angles to each other. It would be just our luck to be housed in one such, and here again, Dr. FitzGerald's law would evoke some strange consequences. In a Pullman, I like to sleep feet forward, and so I'd take the bunk set lengthwise to the ship. It would make no difference to my wife, who

is a restless sleeper anyway and sometimes takes mild sedatives on long trips.

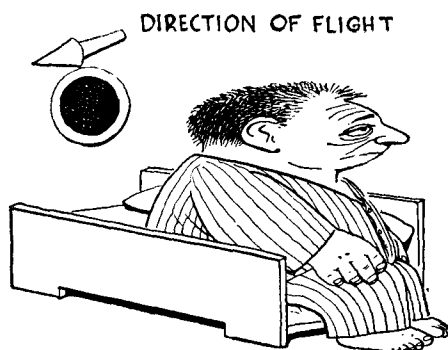
This, then, is how my wife would see me asleep in my lengthwise bunk and this is how she'd look to me in a bunk set athwart the direction of flight:



The woman I married is a dear girl, and after all these years, I am still most devoted to her. Nevertheless, it's hard to see how even the happiest of marriages can withstand such radical changes in the appearance of one's partner.

Nor are the complications over. God knows, I'm rather difficult in the morning. Arising in my foreshortened form (if I could ever move

in such an outrageous shape), I'd sit on the bed for a few minutes as I usually do, until the worst of the fog clears. The mere act of sitting would change my contours thus,



and whether my beleaguered atoms could take such treatment before my morning coffee is hardly problematical. I'm dead sure they can't. The same goes for my wife's.

The longer I ponder this Fitzgerald contraction problem, the more I visualize my fellow passengers and myself as beings made of extraordinarily flexible rubber, now flattened, now shortened, now elongated into two-dimensional profiles; and if one is lying down in the direction of flight, squattened. It would be like living for twenty-two years surrounded by those distorting mir-

rors we see in the larger amusement parks — funny and rather interesting for a time, but highly unsettling in the long run. In short, it doesn't look like the restful, carefree period I'd expect of a journey of this duration.

Unless physicists and astrophysical engineers get together and do something about this awkward phenomenon of fast motion, interstellar travel on a paying basis is in for some hard sledding, mark you my word. They'll have to amend it, abrogate it, abolish it, compensate for it — something, anything, to stabilize the human shape as we know it. Failing that, no matter how alluringly the travel posters delineate the charms of the second planet of Ophiuchus, or the third of Altair; no matter how they minimize the dangers of collision with a wandering meteorite, or how they protect me against showers of cosmic particles, or how cleverly they avoid getting lost in an uncharted spatial magnetic field or a cloud of frozen hydrogen, I'll stay earthbound, within my normal proportions, which happen to be 5' 5", 34-38-36. They are not ideal, but I don't intend to have Dr. Fitzgerald and his law fool around with them.

RELAXATION

BY R. P. LISTER

The moment that a man relaxes,
Smoothing the furrows round his eyes,
A hungry host of rates and taxes
Lights on his shoulders with hoarse cries.

The grisly specter of inflation
Beats at his head with loathsome wings;
The voices of A Certain Nation
Bellow uncomplimentary things.

Systems and creeds and dread diseases
Wrinkle his nose with fresh disgust,
And from reverberating breezes
Trickles the radioactive dust.

Better grip what we lay a hand on,
Stuff a stiff ramrod up our backs.
Someone will steal the ground we stand on,
If for a moment we relax.

May I Trouble You for Your Slide Rule?

BY A. C. GREENE

A. C. GREENE lives in Texas and was formerly a bookstore owner and teacher of journalism. At present he is on the staff of the Abilene Reporter-News.

It was a long time a-coming, but now I am in full revolt, determined to overturn the smug statistics of the merchandising researchers.

They're so cocky, so precise about what they'll make me buy, how much I can spend, where they'll let me go. They never quote comfortably sloppy round numbers, but always figures primly calculated to the toenail. "The American male will eat 15.7 pounds more mutton this year"; "You'll buy 3.8 new shirts in the next twelve months"; "13.6 per cent more families will drive their own car on vacations and will spend \$109.72 per member for an average vacation of 11.2 days."

For years I responded like a well-bred cage mouse, eating 1.4 apples per week, reading 2.2 books per month, driving my car 8900.8 miles per year. All because some omnipotent researcher told me to, so that he could in turn tell the fruit dealer, the bookseller, and the service station operator what to have ready when they saw me headed their way.

It got so that I could imagine their conversation as I walked down the street ("You'll wear out 2.1 soles of 1.97 pairs of shoes this year").

"Look," the head buyer for Schneer Bros. Haberdashery would say, "here comes Greene. Get ready 2.17 pairs of trousers, 51.3 inches of belting, 4.2 pairs of socks, and .98 bottles of after-shave."

Blinders, the assistant, would put in his two cents worth: "Regular or 'lectric on that after-shave, boss?"

"Good question, Blinders. We'll sell 22.5 per cent more 'lectric shave this year than last."

McGrind, the credit manager, peers over their shoulders. "His credit rating will drop 2.13."

"But he's spending \$131.66 more with us this year," the head buyer pointed out. "Let him worry about his credit rating."

The big explosion came as I paid for a cup of coffee. Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew that the cashier at Walgreen's wasn't looking out for my forgetfulness every day when she asked, "Need blades?" I say I knew it, but it hadn't disturbed me. But that day something gave; someone slammed a final door, a time bomb ticked an ending tock.

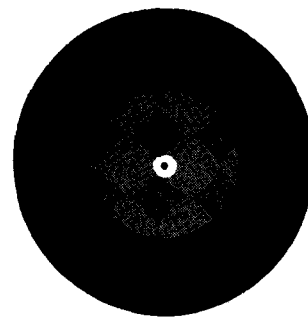
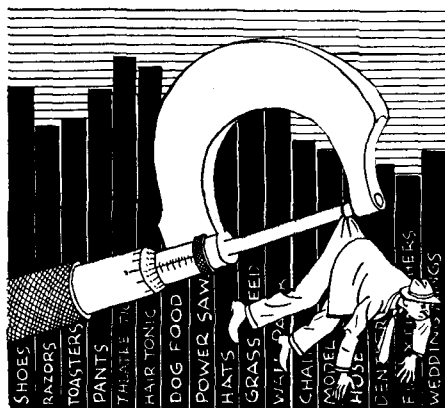
"Need blades?" I snarled. "I'm on to you, young lady. Someone told you I was going to buy 6.3 more packs of blades this year if you asked me every day, didn't they? Well, I'm not. N-O-T." They had me under sedatives for 3.1 days.

Now I am deliberately, seriously wrecking their numerical playhouse. I see an Old Favorite toothpaste in a new carton ("Your customers will take home 5.5 more tubes per year in the new, striped packaging"); I read where 13.9 per cent more puppies will change to Grossgott Bone Biscuit, and what do I do? I rush into stores asking for Old Favorite — in the old blue, speckled box.

And I hunt up the pet supply stockboy at the supermarket and I inform him that, beginning this year, I will feed no more Grossgott Bone Biscuit to any puppy I might ever happen to own.

Then I turn and walk right by that huge, shiny pyramid of canned English peas ("Mass display sells 41.7 per cent more"); I pass up the charcoal briquets ("Americans are moving outdoors. They'll eat 56.4 meals on the patio this summer") and reach for a dusty, lonely jar of chutney ("Exotic condiments to slip in Midwest by 9.6 per cent").

I'll show 'em who's boss — 46.3 per cent of the time — 6.7 times out of 9.99!



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Magnificat in D

Kurt Redel conducting soloists, Philippe Caillard Chorus, Munich Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18465; 12"

By virtue of its sound, majestically big and clear, this is probably the *Magnificat* to buy, but it is not an unflawed performance. Mr. Redel slips occasionally into the bump-bump-bump style of conducting Bach, and the soloists don't sound exactly overrehearsed. Still, *Omnes Generationes* thunders out very excitingly.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7

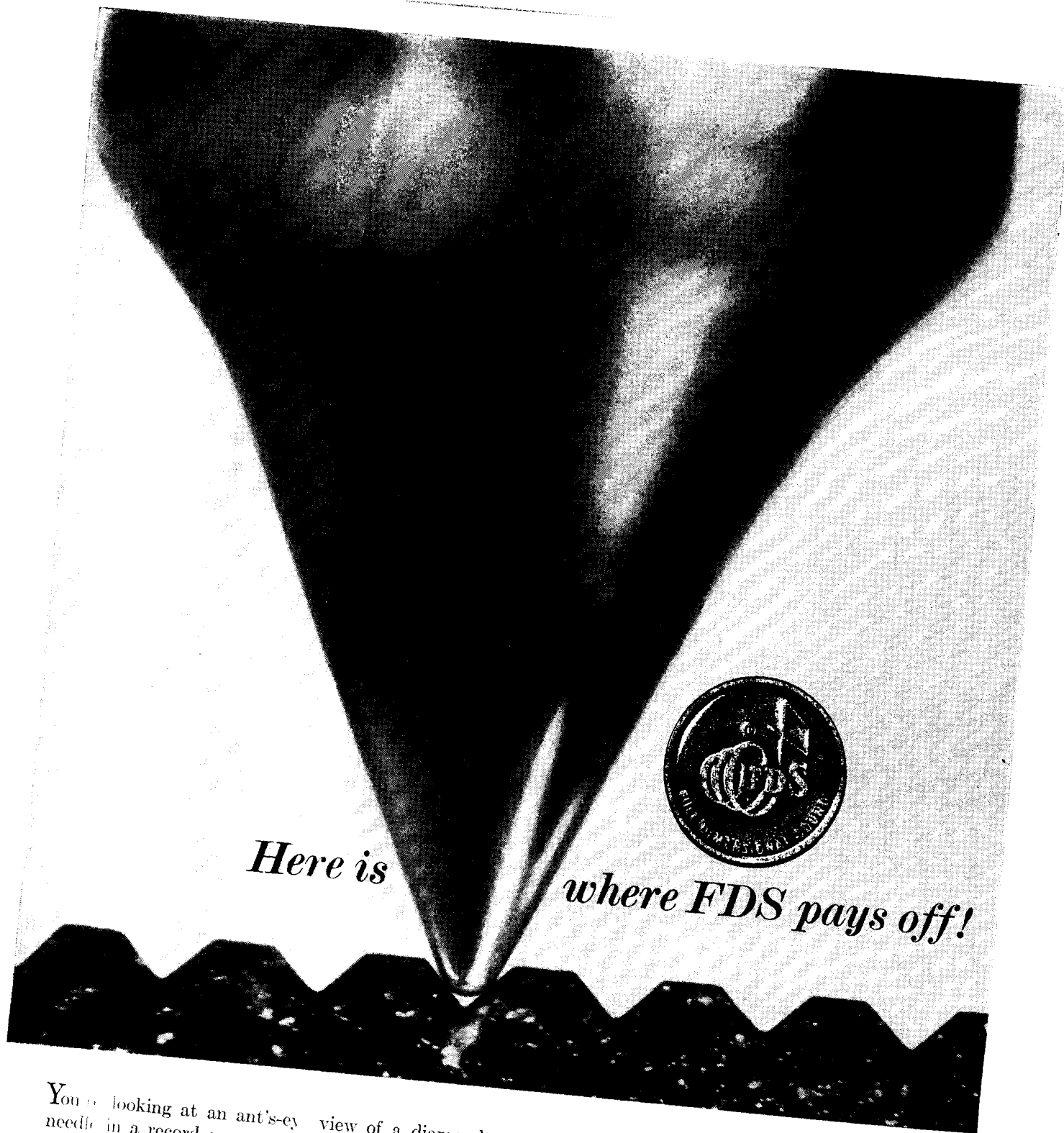
William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8398; 12"

Steinberg has taken for his model what I consider the best of all possible models, the Toscanini performance with the New York Philharmonic (itself available on a Camden reprint). He is a little stiffer here and there than the Maestro was, and he does not adopt Toscanini's quickstep version of the trio. Otherwise the similarity is striking and — given Capitol's very fine engineering — affords us something to be grateful for. This is the Seventh Symphony that I would buy.

Berlioz: L'Enfance du Christ

Charles Munch conducting Florence Kopleff, Cesare Valletti, Gerard Souzay, Giorgio Tozzi; New England Conservatory Chorus, the Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6053; two 12"

Charles Munch would seem to have some special understanding of Berlioz's ecstatic and tender little Bible story (which really isn't little at all, though it keeps you feeling as if it were). No other recorded *Infancy* remotely approaches this, in any



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way. Indeed, I suspect everyone concerned of being (secretly) angels. And that includes the Victor sound technicians.

Bizet: L'Arlesienne Suites No. 1 and No. 2; La Patrie Overture

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35460: 12"

It is impossible not to invoke, in paraphrase, a too-familiar TV commercial. Beecham's done it again. If you think you have heard the Arlesienne suites, you haven't, not unless you've already bought this record. It yields a sort of first-night thrill which lasts forty minutes and is enhanced by the utter familiarity of everything that sounds so new. Inexplicable but marvelous.

Hindemith: Symphony in B-flat Schönberg: Theme and Variations Stravinsky: Symphonies for Winds

Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble; Mercury MG-50143: 12"

The 1951 Hindemith symphony gets top billing in this collection, but I like it least. It is loud and shows off Mr. Fennell's gifted ensemble to wonderful advantage, but its Germanic whimsies take a long time to get airborne. Schönberg's Variations (1943 and very American in tone) are much nimbler. And the brief Stravinsky symphonies, which recall both the Mozart Wind Serenade (No. 10) and the *Rite of Spring*, are a little circus of masterly variety acts. The record's sound is out of this world.

Mozart: Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"; Divertimento in D, K. 131

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35459: 12"

There are now about twenty versions of the "Jupiter" in the catalogues, of which this seems to me the best. It is better, indeed, than Beecham's previous recording of it. It is distinguished by great sobriety in the first three movements, effectively setting off a rocketing drive in the finale. When you realize what's going on, it seems unassailably the right way to play the symphony, and no one else has done it just thus. The sound is up to the high Angel standard. For some reason, the divertimento on the overside strikes me as being performed a little unenthusiastically, and it is short one movement. This

is quibbling, though, in view of the merits of the "Jupiter."

Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3

Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia ML-5212: 12"

Angel brought forth, last year, so excellent a version of the "Organ" Symphony, led by André Cluytens, that I am a little sorrowful to demote it to second place. But consider what has been brought against it. Ormandy and Biggs know this music as if it had been born in them. The Philadelphia Orchestra might have been trained with just its requirements in mind. And, finally, Columbia actually rented Boston's Symphony Hall to make the recording (the chief need being the Allen organ there). The result is all silk and star fire. If you don't believe me, play the last movement. And play it loud!

Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier

Herbert von Karajan conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Otto Edelmann, Christa Ludwig, Teresa Stich Randall; other soloists; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 3563 D/L: four 12"

The competition for this new Angel *Rosenkavalier* is the 1956 London album, with Kleiber as conductor, and it is very hard for me to choose between them. The Angel has the newer sound, but the London is still excellent. Kleiber maintained a breathless continuity, but Karajan nearly matches him. The London has, I think, the better casting in all but one role, but the one role is the role: the Marschallin. And no matter how adequate Maria Reining seemed in 1956, she is pallid now beside Schwarzkopf, who will nearly break your heart. But so — almost — will the Vienna Philharmonic in the London set; their violins seem Strauss's own. However, I guess I would pick the Angel. It is a beauty.

Great Sacred Songs

Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; Sir Adrian Boult conducting chorus, London Philharmonic Orchestra; London 5335: 12" Really nothing need be said about this, except to indicate the contents. To wit: Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer* and (from *St. Paul*) *Jerusalem*; *Silent Night*; *Jubilate*; Gounod's *O Divine Redeemer*; the Parry-Blake *Jerusalem*; *O Come, All Ye Faithful*, and *Abide with Me*. Mme. Flagstad is a marvel of taste, diction, and tone.

Sir Adrian does nobly. The recording is newly made and clear as daylight.

At the Drop of a Hat

Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, composers and performers; Angel 65012: 12"

The two writer-musicians who decided to perform their own *révue intime*, and drew capacity audiences to see it in London most of last year, called the production a "farrago." It is extremely funny. Its high points probably are the Gnu who points out that he is a gnoother gnu and the sordid theatrical tale of the "planting" of the first hit song in a show — *Greensleeves*. But there is much more, and most of it delightful.

Songs of Couch and Consultation

Katie Lee, lyricist and singer, with guitar and orchestra; Commentary Records CNT-01: 12"

One of the wittiest young entertainers in the nation, Katie Lee comes tunelessly now to the overdue assault on what is best described as Popular Psychiatry. Her titles largely explain her songs (which live up to them) — *Shrinker Man; Stay as Sick as You Are; Schizophrenic Moon* (keep shining). Best of the lot: *Gunslinger*, a ballad styled after *High Noon*, in which it is pointed out to the Western bad man that killing people is merely an attention-getting device and that, anyway, 93.6 per cent of his victims were accident-prone to begin with. If your dealer hasn't the record, send five dollars to 6381 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Eleanor Roosevelt, in Conversation with Arnold Michaelis

Recorded Communications, Inc.; RCI-102: 12"

Mr. Michaelis, after two notable interviews — with Adlai Stevenson and Bruno Walter — recorded for other companies, now has launched a series of his own, to incorporate recorded conversations with the world's leading citizens. He begins the series with a resounding success. Mrs. Roosevelt delivers a true self-portrait in words and tells us just what we want: what goes on inside the person who has become a public figure. It is a candid portrait, too, with appreciations, criticisms, and some delightful and deeply touching reminiscences. And, while it is warmly informal, there is no rambling. This is a record to cherish.

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A-2

Writer Versus Reader

BY PEG BRACKEN

PEG BRACKEN is the pseudonym of Mrs. Roderick Lull of Portland, Oregon. Her verse, articles, and stories have appeared in many magazines.

I think writers are admirable, on the whole, and I often wonder where they get all their ideas; but I do wish some of them wouldn't try so hard to make their readers feel backward.

There is really no need to. You don't shoot a sitting duck, and that is what the reader is, once he picks up the book — innocent, passive, vulnerable. Yet these writers continue to take their unsportsmanlike pot shots.

For years, one of the more popular ways of cutting the reader down to size was the Obscure Title bit. For instance, a writer would name his book *This Rondure, This Haven*. Sometimes he would tell where it came from, but more often he wouldn't — because it was part of a line from one of his own numerous unpublished works, and this fact wouldn't have looked too good on that random page you sometimes find between the title and the copy-right.

But wherever it came from, it worked. It had the reader musing, uneasily, "This rondure . . . this haven . . . Shakespeare? No, it doesn't sound quite . . . Spenser? Perhaps a lesser-known line of Spenser's? So many of Spenser's lines are lesser-known that it just *might* be. But no, there's a modern something about it. Benét? Ciardi?" In any case, by the time the reader had finished mulling it over and had come up with nothing, he was properly chastened before he turned to page 1.

Another stout weapon in the writer's armory — one which is frequently used in Letters and Biography — is what we might call the Boomerang Footnote (footnote which makes you wish you had never turned to the Appendix). For instance, the reader is reading along and comes to a line like this:

Said M. Bergeret, with his characteristic small smile, "It is merely a matter of 'the turn of the sheet.'"²

Of course the reader hustles to the Appendix in the legitimate hope of

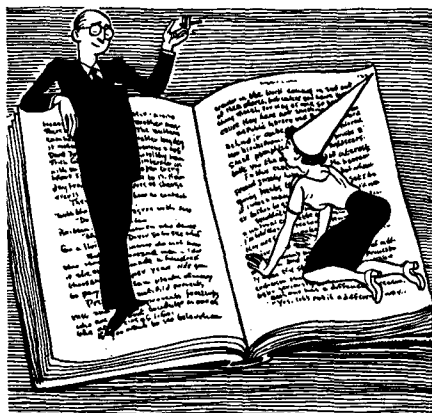
finding something gamy. What he finds is: "Ch. 39-2: Bowdlerization of Crotius' famous Palatinate rebuttal" — which is enough to put any reader in his place for keeps.

The Underplayed *Mot* is another one which you bump into now and again; and for sheer subtlety it makes Machiavelli look like Laurel and Hardy. You can recognize it easily because it begins with a disclaimer: "It is a commonplace that . . ." or "It is a truism to say . . ." or any of a dozen others.

But to give a concrete example. The writer is doing a thoughtful piece on the effects of television on the American family. He rolls up his sleeves and begins:

It is, of course, a truism to say that the typical American, known to all the world as an irresistible force, is becoming an immovable object. Yet, one must not overlook . . .

See, only see, how much the writer has accomplished here with one neat sentence! In the first place, he has out-and-out lifted an excellent phrase belonging to somebody else (in this case, to Mr. Louis Kronenberger, *Company Manners*, Bobbs-Merrill, Library of Congress catalog card number 53-9861). Here is a stolen gem to lend glory and glitter to the writer's own stodgy prose. Here, also, is a fast right-left to the reader; for the writer's airy implication that the whole thing is old stuff



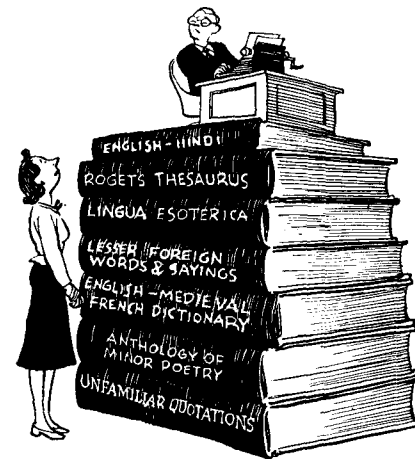
leaves the reader unhappily and apologetically aware that he is terribly, terribly behind the times.

One other technique that deserves mention here is the Foreign Word or Look-at-All-the-Stickers-

on-My-Suitcase approach. Here, the writer writes, for instance:

The summer had a dreamlike quality. Sam loafed through Southern France, savoring the girls, the humble *vins du pays* (regional wines), the strong hot sun . . .

Well, sir, this makes a reader pretty mad. He didn't have to have a simple thing like that translated for him, for goodness' sake! His high school French stretches that far.



Yet, on the other hand, he feels uneasy because he knows, deep within himself, that that's about as far as it does stretch. And after all, this writer seems to be pretty handy with the language. Like the way he handled that dialogue in the café and everything. Maybe the reader had better quit being such a slob and brush up a little. It's a shame to let things like that go. . . . Right here you've got a worried reader. Worried bad.

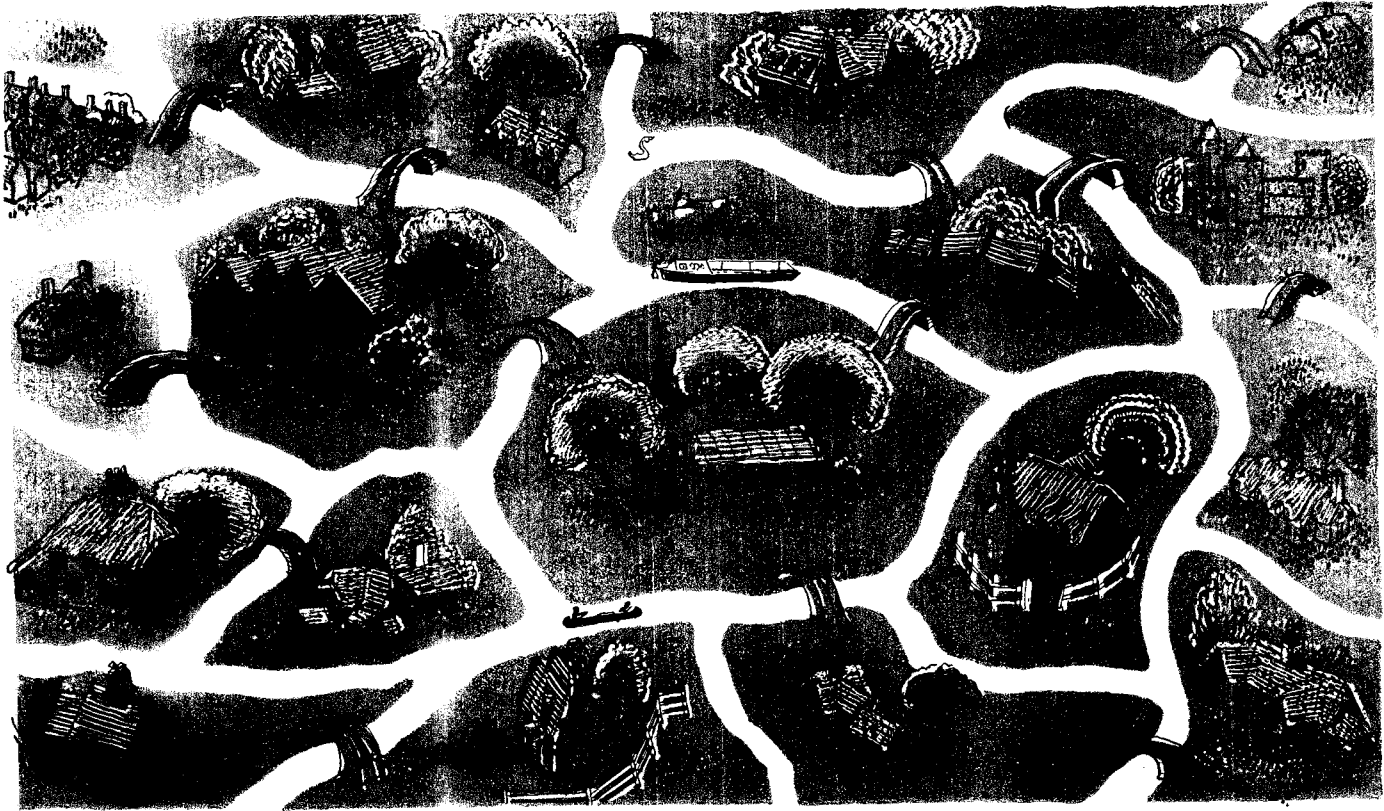
However, the writer can also err in the other direction:

The moment had a dreamlike quality. Sam heard, as though from far away, Ragusi's soft slow voice. "B'wami, umbili o poona mambozo." Then Sam knew, saw, understood.

Which is a lot more than the reader does, of course; so this makes him pretty mad too. As you can see, in this foreign word business, the reader ends up over a barrel either way.

Perhaps there is only one solution. Perhaps the only way to even the score is for all readers to change their spots and start writing. And — judging by the publishers' current listings, and to paraphrase a remark alleged to have been made to Oscar Wilde under circumstances much too well known to be related again here (see Appendix 379-4) — they are, friend. They are.

pleasures *and* places



ENGLAND BY CANOE

BY PAUL BROOKS

Imagine paddling your canoe through a Constable landscape.

The start of a canoe trip is always a magic moment, but I can remember none more full of promise than that precarious July launching in the Thames above Oxford. Precarious because neither my wife (the better half of many a voyage) nor I felt at home in our tippy, well-laden sixteen-footer; we hardly dared wave back to the Oxford don and his wife, so helpful in getting us off, so sure that we were going to capsize. The heavy wooden canoe was strange. So, in fact, was the whole idea.

One associates a canoe with the wilderness, with escape from man and the man-made. This time we sought the opposite. Like anyone who has traveled in Britain, we'd had provocative glimpses of its vast network of old canals, of those long gaily painted boats laden with coal or converted for holiday cruising.

Obviously a canoe could go wherever a "narrowboat" could, and many places where it couldn't. We had chosen the West Country, the loveliest part of middle England, where the Oxford Canal and the River Avon border the Cotswold Hills.

Port Meadow, the ancient Oxford town common, was dotted with black and white Holsteins and little brown ponies; the spires of the university receded in the background. On the opposite bank a row of huge poplars lined the towpath. A pair of swans shepherded five mouse-gray cygnets, one parent at each end of the long line. A heron, close cousin to the Great Blues of our native Concord River, rose lazily from the shallows, and we heard the sound of a skylark. We should have put it on tape; we were to have no more lark weather for ten days.

Early that morning, my wife had remarked happily to the chamber-

maid at the Mitre on the pretty day. "Well, yes, it does look nice *now*, mum." She knew. We had set out between showers; now they were closing ranks to produce a steady downpour. (All our best trips start in the rain.) Above King's Lock, whose brilliant flower beds are the pride of the lockkeeper's wife, we turned off into a narrow passage through the reeds known appropriately as Duke's Cut. Instantly the broad, civilized Thames vanished. We felt shut in and strangely remote, and for a moment were back in that winding channel through the reeds in an Ontario lake, where on our first wilderness trip we almost got lost before we began. Today the route was clear; instead of a beaver dam and a faint blaze on a tree, we came to a narrow, untended lock (the first of scores we were to operate by ourselves) and a neat sign reading "Oxford Canal."

Duke's Cut is named for the Duke of Marlborough, but it might well commemorate another duke whose enterprise, coupled with the genius of an engineer, two centuries ago changed the face of England. In 1759 Parliament passed "An Act to enable the most Noble Francis Duke of Bridgewater, to make a navigable Cut or Canal" from his coalpits at Worsley to Manchester. A woman, as usual, was indirectly responsible. Disappointed in love, the Duke had deserted London society to apply his vast fortune to the wild scheme of canal building. Luckily, through such men as Josiah Wedgwood of pottery fame, he met a brilliant engineer named James Brindley. Together they persisted in the face of doubt and ridicule and of appalling construction problems — tunnels and embankments and aqueducts — and within two years of the passage of the Act, the first boatload of coal was towed through the completed canal. It had been proved possible, and the canal-building boom was on.

Thus in the midlands was woven that web of water that would draw together and nourish the infant industries of Britain. Obviously one of the first necessities was an umbilical cord joining the midland cities — Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry — with the Thames. So, happily for idle boatmen like ourselves, the Oxford Canal is one of the oldest and by the same token most beautiful. Its embankments are faced with



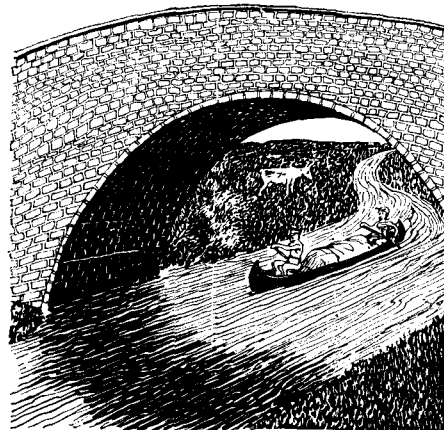
the sandstone that is the glory of Cotswold villages. It does not, unlike many later canals, run straight and dull between big cities, but like a placid river follows the winding contours of the land.

Now as we left Duke's Cut and headed north on the canal proper, we knew only vaguely what lay ahead, but we had the essential

equipment for a holiday excursion: good maps and few commitments. At the Map House on London's St. James's Street, I had bought the appropriate Ordnance maps, known to every reader of English murder mysteries (you'll find one in the glove pocket of the Bentley) and surely the finest of their sort in the world. Scaled one inch to the mile, they show every hill and valley, every road and footpath, every river and canal, lock and weir, and — so essential to our purpose — almost every pub. Luggage was simple: a five-by-seven tent, food for the first few days, bottled gas for cooking, a few semi-respectable garments for big town stops, raincoats, rain hats, and a rubber sheet over all. By wilderness standards, where every ounce counts and you take it with you or do without, our load was heavy and disorganized. And our plans were amply vague. Like the early canal builders, who respected the contours of the land, we asked only for freedom to follow the contours of the day.

Before leaving Oxford we had obtained from the office of the British Waterways a travel permit for "canoe — with use of locks." It's one thing to be permitted the use of a lock, and another to use one. But we soon caught on to the drill. Where the canal is climbing, it goes like this (with my wife in the stern and me on land): Shut top gates, crank up bottom "paddles" or sluices (to lower the water level in the lock), open bottom gates, canoe enters lock, shut bottom gates, drop bottom paddles, raise top paddles, wait four or five minutes for the lock to fill (this was my favorite part), open top gates, jump back in, and you're off. The paddles are cranked up with a "windlass," a tool like a tire wrench which is issued with the travel permit; the gates are operated with simple leg power applied to the end of a massive wooden sweep that balances the gate itself. The canoeer's-eye view of this routine is rather dramatic: the entry into a long, narrow, watery

grave with dripping, moss-covered walls rising two stories above you; your view limited to an oblong patch of sky; the heavy thud behind you as the gates close; the wild rush of water as the top paddles are raised; the slow levitation into the light; the new landscape at your resurrection.



We soon found that a canal, like a river, will take you places you will never see from a highway, and that a canal is even better than a river because your eye is level with, or even above, the coun-

try. In either case you are not merely an observer speeding by. Sometimes you can be a source of information. The maintenance man clearing the towpath rests for a moment on his scythe: "Did you see the *Water Rat* below the bridge at Twyford?" A boat, unlike a car, is part of the landscape (some canal boats are bright additions to it) and a tent is a home if only for a night. You meet the farmer on whose land you camp. (You'd jolly well better; the one time we failed to, he appeared with a gun at half-cock.) Your tent pegs give you the feel of the local topsoil; your reception, the feel of the man. We found that there is no one more hospitable than the English countryman — or countrywoman — if you take your time and give him a chance to make the generous gesture.

Never on setting out in the morning did we know where we should sleep that night. The first week's lodgings went like this: 1) "bed and breakfast" in a canalside cottage, the bed just vacated by the son of the family, who works nights; 2) under a bridge along the towpath; 3) a tent in a mowing; 4) a guesthouse in Banbury; 5) a sheep pasture; 6) a pig farm; 7) the Crown Hotel in Warwick. Of these, the bridge was the one least likely to be listed by Duncan Hines.

"The law," said Anatole France, "in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges." If a law exists in England against sleeping under canal bridges,

I am confident that there are few second offenders. Aesthetically the bridges on the Oxford Canal are superb: stout but graceful arches of weathered stone or brick, no two quite alike, varied occasionally by a tiny wooden drawbridge of Brindley's original design. They are merely crossings between pastures for sheep and cattle. The bright yellow lichens growing on the inner walls might have warned us that a stone bridge makes a damp bed.

But tonight, in rain too heavy for unpacking the tent, we chose the only sheltered spot in sight: the shelf where the towpath went under a bridge, eight or nine feet of level ground between the inner wall and the water's edge. Bats flitted in and out as we cooked supper. A curlew wheeled and dipped, with wild cries. "'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call." Our bridge was no Locksley Hall. By dawn we knew that unless we were to grow lichens ourselves we would somehow manage henceforth to sleep under a roof — be it cotton, thatch, or tile.

I said that we didn't make plans, but I take it back. On our Ordnance maps we learned to search for the letters "PH" where the line of a road crosses the blue ribbon of the canal. The principal use of my watch was to strike a "PH" within the midday business hours of twelve to two. (The English countryman, of course, has a built-in chronometer which brings him automatically to the threshold of the nearest public house at the stroke of noon.) A country pub is more than a bar, it is a state of mind and a nourishment to the soul. It is a club without dues, a community center without committees. Here old friends meet daily, but strangers are welcome. Our canoe

was a sort of guest membership card to the club. "Fancy you two flying all the way from America to do a trip on our canals!"

Nowhere did we get a warmer welcome than at the George and Dragon near Fenny Compton. Here we left the canoe at the pub while we thumbed a ride in a fish lorry (the buses being on strike) to the nearest town for supplies; and here it was that the proprietor forced upon me his treasured copy of Rolt's *The Inland Waterways of England*, with an autographed picture of the famous Joseph Skinner of *The Friendship*, reputedly the last narrowboatman in Britain to be using a mule. Two days later, while I was sketching beside the canal, my wife called out. A mule was coming round the bend. And so we met Mr. Skinner and his wife, and in a moment had traveled back two centuries. As they worked *The Friendship* through a lock, he fed a pan of oats to the thirty-year-old mule, and we admired Mrs. Skinner's gleaming brasswork in their snug cabin behind the load of coal.

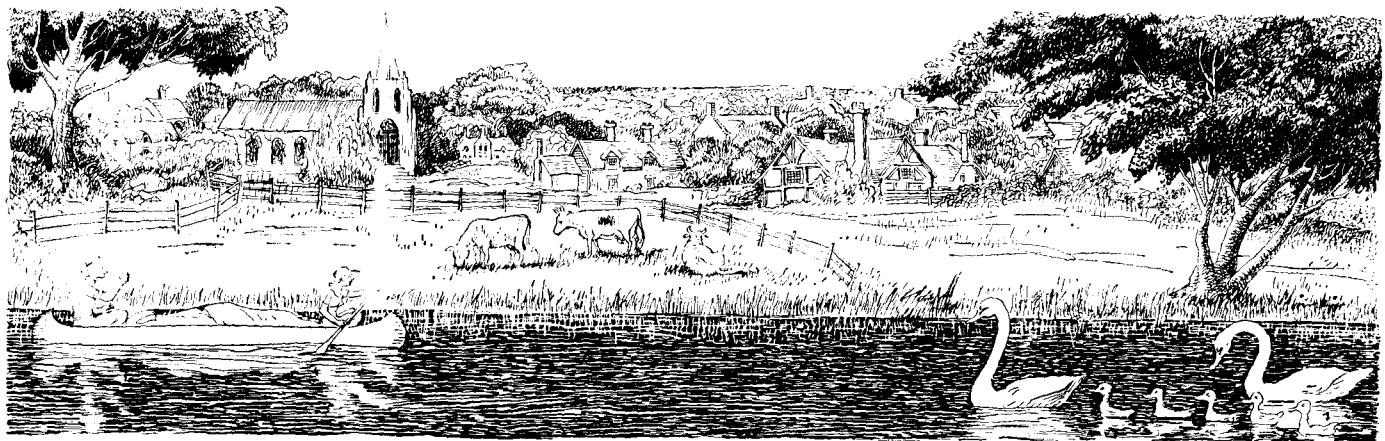
Their vessel had changed little in design since the Duke of Bridgewater's day. Owing to restrictions of the narrow-gauge canal locks, the dimensions of a narrowboat are as fixed as the dimensions of a sonnet. Cargo-space most of its length, cabin in the stern, it is approximately seventy feet long and seven wide. One boat fills a small lock; two abreast, a large one. The diesel engine has generally replaced the horse or mule, and two boats frequently work in tandem, the power boat towing the "butty." But not all is utility. The pride of "the gaffer and his missus" (he steering the power boat and she the butty) is the rich painting on stem and stern and cabin, the decorated waterpot and stool, the polished brass and lace-

work within. The traditional painting motifs — roses and diamonds and castles with mosque-like turrets — probably originated with the gypsies. It is a pleasant shock to meet a load of coal in such gay dress, as if one were to encounter a mural instead of a number on the side of a Northern Pacific boxcar. And pleasant to find canals still in commercial use.

Between Banbury and Fenny Compton the canal had climbed in twelve giant steps to "the summit" at Clayton Top Lock, on a level with the tip of Banbury church steeple. Then came eleven enchanted miles of lockless paddling. "Remote, circuitous, utterly peaceful," Robert Aickman, founder of the Inland Waterways Association, describes it. "Wormleighton and Marston Doles: they are the places in which to forget the modern world. You see a farmhouse; then half an hour later you see it again, equally near or far, but in the opposite direction." The pastures, with their flocks of sheep and fat dairy cattle, are bounded by dense thorn hedges, teeming with tits and wrens and countless other birds that find them perfect cover. The farmers measure distance in terms of fields: "You'll find a spot for your tent three fields on." It is a gentle land. Old — but age alone does not bring serenity to a countryside.

In the Western Hemisphere, the land that isn't still virgin is likely to have been ravished. In England nature has apparently never been something to be conquered. On an island too small for wasteful dalliance, the farmer learned ages ago to love and to cherish the land with which he lives.

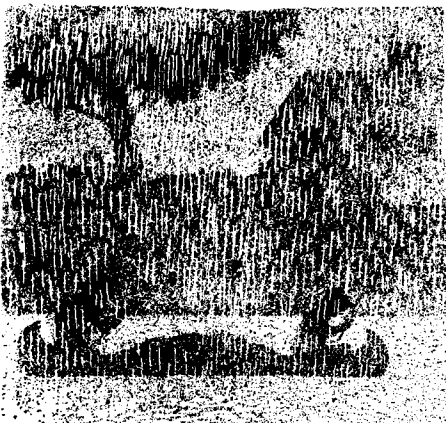
Entering the Grand Union from the Oxford Canal is like entering a highway from a country road, the



impression heightened by a huge "road sign" at the junction. As we turned west toward Warwick, we met a stiff headwind and decided to play the mule. Attaching forty feet of light rope to the bow, one of us walked the towpath while the other steered. For the one it was like flying a kite, for the other like sailing.

By mid-afternoon we were sail-striding through the factory district of Leamington, with appropriate comment from the local urchins; in another hour we had arrived, tired and bedless as usual, in Warwick. What appeared like a waterside tea-room, with bright painted doors and flower boxes along the embankment, turned out, in characteristic English fashion, to be a coal wharf. And quite characteristically the manager emerged from his office to see what he could do for us. In a matter of moments our ship had a safe berth and we had a soft bed in a hotel, and before we left town three days later we had several new friends.

As it approaches Warwick, the Grand Union Canal crosses the river Avon on a massive stone aqueduct. There is no official connection between the two waterways. But we were able, by snubbing our long rope around a tree, to line the canoe down the steep and slippery incline into the river. The previous afternoon we had scouted our route from a window of the Great Hall of Warwick Castle, quietly discussing currents and portages in the river directly below us as the guide pointed out the ancient armor and the heads-



man's ax. Now we slipped beneath the chains designed to thwart larger craft and returned the salutes of the tourists hundreds of feet above us in the same window. I doubt that there is a better way to sense the sheer mass of a medieval fortress

than to glide beneath its walls in a tiny open boat.

Man made the canals but God made the rivers, and even the well-tamed Avon showed the difference. The neat towpath was replaced by ragged banks and great overhanging trees; patches of reeds higher than your head reduced the channel in many places to a narrow corkscrew. Families of moor hens, the downy young like tiny dark chicks, ske-daddled before us in alarm; mallards rose like rockets; wood pigeons flapped heavily from the oaks. Instead of dead water between locks, a lively current carried us along, broken only by the weirs at old mill sites, where we had to portage or slither barefoot down the slippery stone.

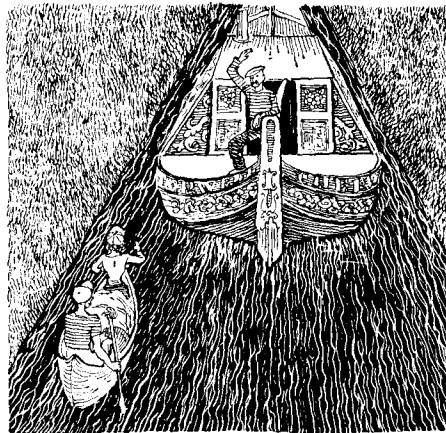
River travel has no sharp edges; scene flows into scene. The little spotted fawn in the deer park of Charlecote House, startled, as it nurses its mother, by the strange object drifting through the nursery. The gristmill with its huge water wheel slowly turning; within, the grinding roar of the millstones, the open sacks of tawny flour, soft to the touch. The golden, gently sloping fields of wheat and barley, the rich green pastures, the red Hereford bullocks, the black-faced sheep.

The idyl was rudely interrupted at Stratford. Here the Avon, lined with caravan (trailer) camps and public baths, is as quiet on a summer afternoon as a logging river in a spring freshet, with excursion boats forcing passage through a jackstraw tangle of mismanaged skiffs and weaving punts, none having any apparent relationship to the Bard.

Below Evesham the Avon becomes broader and deeper, and thereby hangs a heartening tale. Don't forget — as if you could! — the name of Wyre Piddle. Here in an old mill we found the riparian headquarters of the Lower Avon Navigation Trust, an amazing organization of boating enthusiasts who are repairing the locks and, stretch by stretch, making the Avon once more a truly navigable river. Their membership, we learned at the club bar that night, includes practically every occupation except parson and undertaker.

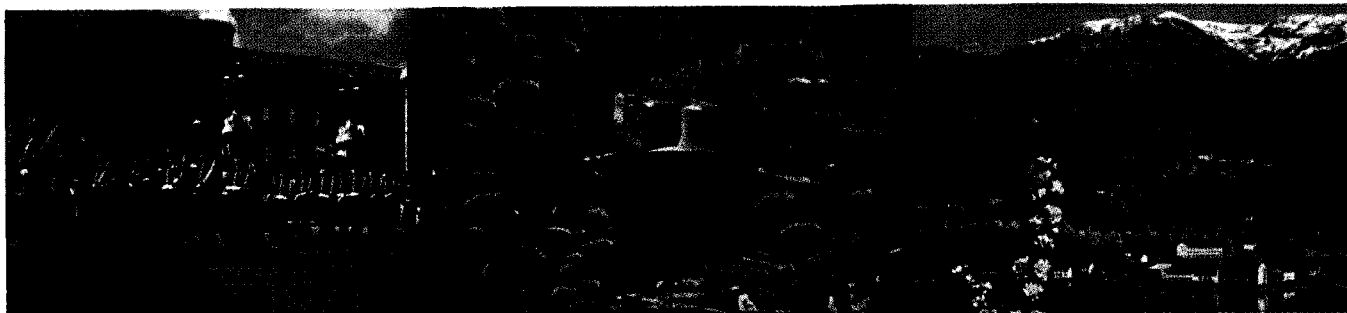
From the Wyre Mill Club to Tewkesbury, where the Avon flows into the Severn, was one long day's run, perhaps fifteen miles, with three locks and two thunderstorms. By

late afternoon we were standing beneath the great Norman arches of the Abbey, and by evening we were having a beer at the historic Bear, with the principal narrowboatman in the midlands. He offered to take us on down the Severn, an



unexpected extra dividend to a trip that we thought was over. Farewell to the Avon, farewell to our canoe. From here it would go back to Oxford by rail. Next morning I paddled it to Shakespeare's Boatyard, and left it for shipping in the competent hands of Mr. William Shakespeare.

An hour later we were basking in the bow of a silently gliding narrowboat, blessedly inert after those weeks of hard paddling and lock tending. Surely this was the crowning hospitality in our planless progress. While the *Mercury* went slowly through the Gloucester docks, we slipped off to visit the great cathedral, then rejoined her for the trip down the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal. An attractive but business-like waterway, it is as straight as the Oxford Canal is tortuous, hand-maiden not to the hills but to the sea. Countless old "swing bridges" opened before us; as the afternoon wore on we met heavy-laden seagoing tankers, their decks almost awash. The salt in the air and the gulls perched on the posts along the towpath showed us that we were approaching the Bristol Channel. Westward we could see the broad reaches of the Severn Estuary. Our trip was almost over. But as we sat in the sun plotting future voyages — longer ones perhaps, in longer, dryer boats — we knew that our concern with the canals had barely begun. We had traveled only a tiny fraction of the inland waterways, but already far enough to know that they lead straight to the heart of England.



1. ☐ Changing of Guard, Stockholm, Sweden
☐ The Swiss Guards, Vatican City, Italy
☐ Changing of Guard, London, England

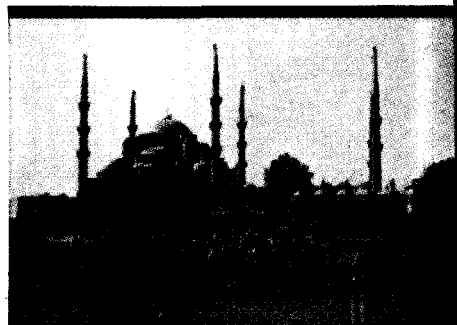
2. ☐ Port of Reykjavik, Iceland.
☐ Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
☐ Castle Orth, Traun Lake, Austria

3. ☐ View of Hardanger, Norway
☐ Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland
☐ Harbor of La Condamine, Monaco



4. ☐ Ancient Vianden Castle, Luxembourg
☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
☐ Tower of Belem, River Tagus, Portugal

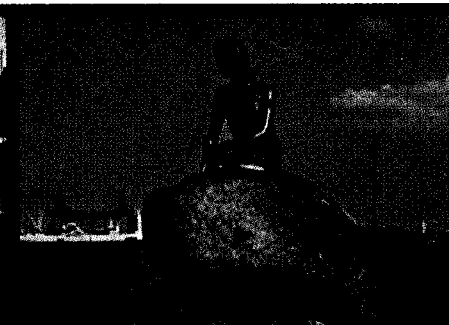
can you identify these EUROPEAN VACATION highlights?



5. ☐ The Mezquita (Mosque), Cordoba, Spain
☐ Chapel of St. George, Athens, Greece
☐ Sultan Ahmet Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey



6. ☐ The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands
☐ Canal Scene, Bruges, Belgium
☐ The River Liffey, Dublin, Ireland



7. ☐ The Lorelei, River Rhine, Germany
☐ Venus de Milo, Paris, France
☐ "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

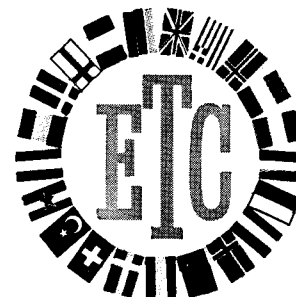
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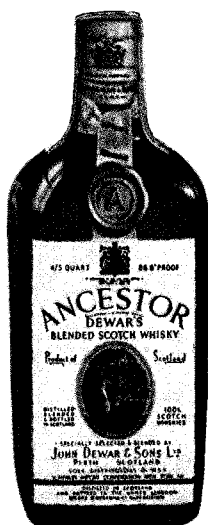
ANSWERS:

1. Changing of Guard, London, England. 2. Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. 3. View of Hardanger, Norway. 4. Olavinlinna Castle, Finland. 5. Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey. 6. The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands. 7. "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark.

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